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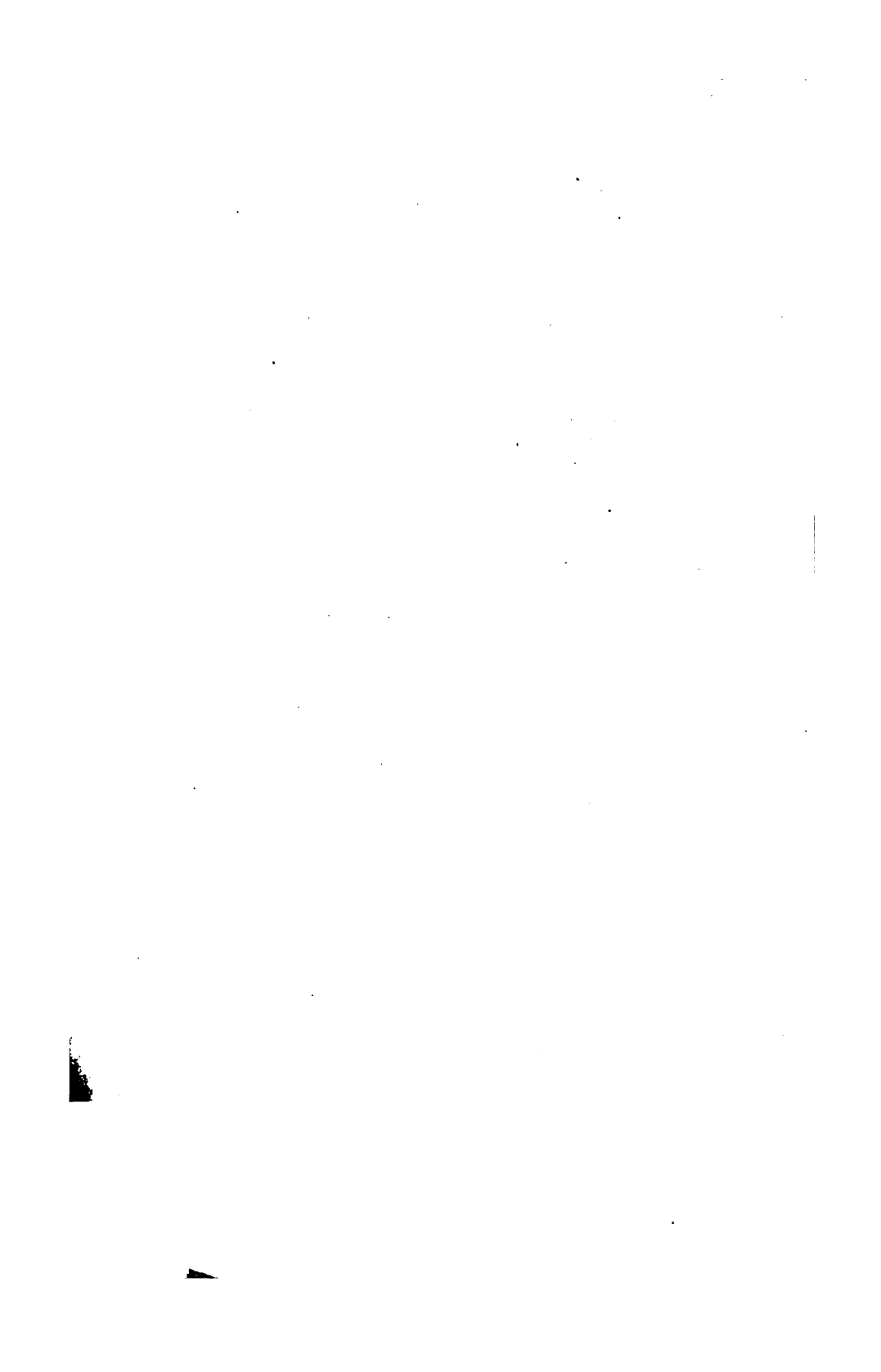




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I D A :

OR,

THE LAST STRUGGLES OF THE WELSH

FOR

INDEPENDENCE.

BY

ALICE SOMERTON,

AUTHOR OF "ONLAND."

The state that strives for liberty, though foiled,  
And forced to abandon what she bravely sought,  
Deserves at least applause for her attempt,  
And pity for her loss.

COWPER.

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To the Right Honourable

THE

DOWAGER COUNTESS OF DUNRAVEN.

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MADAM,

To you, in whom a high order of talent and love for the refined and beautiful are fully combined; whose extreme benevolence, with all the dearer qualities of woman, has won for you unbounded esteem and veneration, I dedicate this work, by your Ladyship's kind permission.

My object in writing it has been to convey a true idea of the manner in which Wales became incorporated with England, and for this purpose I have been particularly careful to collect accounts of historical events from authentic sources, and introduce them in chronological order in the following pages.

I trust that my attempt to bring before the mind many long-forgotten scenes, in which the wel-

DEDICATION.

fare of our nation was deeply concerned, and to throw light upon some of the ruined records of the past, may not be in vain, but that this little work will meet your Ladyship's kind approbation.

I am, Madam,

With sincere respect,

Your Ladyship's faithful Servant,

ALICE SOMERTON.

*March 20, 1858.*

# I D A.

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## CHAPTER I.

'Tis liberty alone, that gives the flower  
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume ;  
And we are weeds without it.

COWPER.

At the entrance of a lovely valley in the Berwyn mountains, where the dark frowning steep of Arran Fowddy towers high above the surrounding summits, stood Maelor Castle, for ages the paternal home of the Maelor family, who in weal or woe appear to have held important sway over various portions of Wales. Descended from the Royal tribes,\* they inherited great possessions, which invested them with power and enabled them to hold a high position in their native country.

At the close of the reign of King Richard the Second of England, Griffyth ap Maelor, the possessor of the castle, died, leaving his widow with one daughter just seventeen, and one son four years younger.

On a bright spring morning in the year 1400, the castle windows were thrown open, and Lady Maelor's

\* From the ninth to the twelfth century, all the chief families in Wales were classed into twenty tribes, five of which were termed Royal tribes, and fifteen Common tribes.

daughter, the young Eleanor, stood with tearful eyes gazing into the valley, so deep in thought that her lover, Gilbert Ddu, entered the room, and stood for some minutes unperceived by her side.

A soft touch to the maiden's arm roused her from her reverie, and, as she started round, she saw Gilbert beside her, but instantly turning her head away again, she sought to hide a tear which at that instant was rolling down her cheek; Gilbert, however, had perceived it, and taking her hand he said, "What! weeping, Eleanor? Art thou a daughter of Llewelyn's line, and canst weep because the spirit of thy country burns to throw off the oppressive yoke of England? Nay, it must not be. I know to gentle ears like thine there can be nothing pleasing in the call to arms; but to mine it would not be unwelcome; and, dear Eleanor, it is much for thy sake I would join the standard of revolt, for I long to see everything that is English driven out of our land, and the brave men, who are now enduring such cruel tyranny, freed from their oppressors. This can only be accomplished by a desperate struggle to throw off *entirely* the power of England. And, dear Eleanor, the time is not far distant when that false man Bolingbroke will know to his hurt, that a few brave hearts still beat in Wales."

"Nay, dearest Gilbert," said the maiden, as she returned her lover's caress, "I could not weep to see thee take up arms to rid Wales of oppression; I could rejoice in thee for that! but where is the hope? The chain of servitude becomes stronger every day, and they tell me Henry of England is too powerful a foe for Wales. Hast thou forgotten, Gilbert, that the

new garrison in the valley occupies one of our own castles, which the new King of England has chosen to appropriate to his own use, without our having power to refuse. I have felt to-day that my heart burned to revolt for such a ruthless act; but I am powerless, and it was of that I thought when the tear was in my eye."

While Eleanor spoke, traces of sorrow vanished, and the proud blood mounting to her brow, a deep tinge settled on her cheek, while her eyes seemed to flash at the remembrance of English oppression, and, throwing her arms round Gilbert's neck, she asked if it were possible to see her country free?

"It will, it must be," replied Gilbert, "if only for such as thou. For though there are many who may deny that the spirit of the brave Llewelyn lingers, yet was not thy great ancestress Catherine a daughter of that noble prince? and it must not be that while one child of his royal line remains, Wales can *tamely* bear the loss of freedom. Alas! too many have lately felt the loss but lightly, because England has somewhat favoured them; and in the gaiety of the late King Richard's court, they have allowed their hearts to be won from their own country. But now the king is dead, they have lost their patron; the new king is not the man to court their smiles, and they are already returning home, to feel, as we do, some of the evils of oppression."

"Who are returning home again to Wales?" inquired Eleanor; "no one yet has told me."

"I have heard," replied Gilbert, "and, dear Eleanor, you must not look upon it as an idle tale; but Vychen,

Jorwerth Ddu, and Glendower, thy mother's cousin, with many others, will feel it hard to swear allegiance to the very man who they know has murdered the king they loved, and perhaps unjustly wishes to lessen their lands, as he has already done thy mother's; and if they rise to throw off his power, I shall surely join them."

There was much warmth in Gilbert's manner as he spoke, and he seemed to look anxiously at Eleanor for a reply.

"Go! Gilbert, go!" said the maiden. "Let it never be told that a weak girl's love forbade thee joining in a nation's cause. Nay, Gilbert, I know the tyranny of Henry Bolingbroke will be hard to bear, and I would rather urge thee on than bid thee stay; anything rather than tamely submit to such injuries. What have we done that a regiment of English soldiers should be stationed so close to us, and moreover, placed in one of our own dwellings. It is time Wales showed a little spirit. I should never mourn to see thee join the standard of freedom—no, dear Gilbert, I could love thee all the more for thy brave heart."

There was more enthusiasm in Eleanor's speech than Gilbert had expected, for he knew her to be of a gentle nature, and almost feared to tell her aught of the evils which, in all probability, the usurpation of the throne of England would cause to her countrymen; but her family having been one of the first to suffer from the dethronement of King Richard, she awoke to the reality of the oft-told story of subjection, and was ready, too, to revolt against the oppressor.

Gilbert Ddu, Eleanor's lover, was three years her senior; they had been betrothed from their earliest years by their parents, and Gilbert having been early left an orphan, Eleanor's parents had given him a home, brought him up with their own children, and made him an equal sharer in every joy, as he was in every family suffering. Years had rolled by since the art of war had formed the chief lesson taught to Welsh boys. Hunting, fishing, hawking, and such-like sports now occupied all the time not employed in the religious services peculiar to their country, or the exploring old legendary lore. Yet it sometimes happened that a Welsh youth learnt somewhat intuitively how to wield a sword or draw the bow more skilfully than the sovereigns of England liked. As a check upon this, it was the policy of King Richard the Second to continue the system pursued by his predecessors, and while Wales was peaceful, entertain at his court the chief members of the Welsh families, while their young sons and daughters were educated and early initiated into English manners. Thus by a mild and wise policy, the noble youths of the subjugated country imbibed the principles of the English people, and the spirit of the Bardic and legendary teaching imperceptibly waned.

During the unhappy contests between King Richard and his barons, in the early part of his reign, the Welsh chiefs supported him and furnished troops, which being followed by an unshaken fidelity, that sovereign bestowed upon those who attended his court a good share of his patronage, and was less harsh to the Welsh nation than his predecessors had been.

Still the native spirit of freedom only slumbered, and there were many who longed for the hour to come when they might once more struggle to be *free*.

The mild rule over the Welsh by King Richard, was after all not conducive to their happiness, for the Lords of the Marches \* took advantage of

\* In the reign of William Rufus, Rhys ap Tudor, the King of South Wales, was compelled to take up arms against some of his rebellious chieftains. Eineon, one of these, being defeated, left his own territory and joined himself to Jestin, the Lord of Glamorgan, who agreed with him, that if he would marry his daughter he would help him to attack King Rhys again. Eineon consented, and then Jestin crossed over to England and asked some of the Normans to lend their aid. It was the policy of the English not to refuse, so they sent Robert Fitzhaman with an army, and twelve Norman knights, to help in the attack, which was soon made, and King Rhys was defeated.

Now Eineon asked Jestin for his daughter, but he refused to fulfil his promise, which so excited Eineon that he secured the assistance of the Normans, defeated Jestin, and deprived him of all his possessions, which the Normans took care to parcel out amongst themselves. Fitzhaman reserved for himself the chief part, with the seignory of the whole; that which he gave to his knights they held as fiefs under him. The land given to each knight was called a merch, or manor. Thus, under the Feudal system, the Lords of the Marches were established in Wales.

Fitzhaman's success allured several other Norman nobles, and upon their petitioning the King of England, he gave them permission to go at their own cost, and conquer any territory they could from the Welsh, and hold it in fealty to England.

This liberty was given on the plea that the Welsh had refused to pay the annual tribute to William Rufus, which had been demanded of them by King Edgar, Harold, and William the Conqueror.

The last asylum of the Britons was now broken into, and South Wales was subdued.

The Lords of the Marches secured their conquests by thickly peopling their territories with the English, and building strong castles and fortresses.

North Wales, comprising Anglesea, Caernarvon, Merionethshire, and parts of Denbigh and Cardigan, maintained its independence longer, and kept up against its invaders a spirited but unequal con-

it, and exercised undue authority over the subject people. Griffyth ap Maelor was one who felt all the evils of this petty tyranny, and while he thought most deeply of the subjugation of his country, he cherished a kind of fierce hope that some one might ere long rise up and struggle once more for freedom. Many an old legend and prophetic page of the future glory of Wales inspired his bold heart, and with his daughter Eleanor—his little son upon his knee, and Gilbert, the last scion of a house as noble as his own, beside him, he tried to impress their young hearts with some of the bitterness of oppression. The same old bard taught them all, chanted in their ears their own peculiar patriotic songs, and while around their mountain home every thing spoke peace and resignation to the English rule, within the castle, in a small room, every art that could mould a boy into a warrior, save alone the battle-field, young Gilbert learned, and the desire to take up arms against England grew stronger as he grew in years.

Not solitary, indeed, was Gilbert's desire, the chieftain's young son David caught the spirit too, and there was a deep earnestness in his boyish eye when, after hearing the conversation we have given between Gilbert and Eleanor, he came forward, and laying his hand upon Gilbert's arm, said,

"I too will join the fight."

"You, David!" said Eleanor, with surprise; "you

test, until the death of David, the brother of Llewelyn the Great, when the sovereignty of the ancient British empire ended.

Insurrections arose to recover the lost independence; the most important of which was that under Owen Glendower.

are but a boy, and would make but sorry figure before English soldiers."

"I know I'm but a boy," said David, his cheek reddening, "but for all that, I will draw a bow with any Englishman; you know, Eleanor, it was my arrow that slew the wild buck after even Gilbert had more than once tried, and, moreover, I went out alone to the forest to hunt him. I shall not lose my courage then when I face the cowardly English."

"I never thought you would, dear David," replied Eleanor, affectionately. "I thought of age more than bravery; we all know thou art brave."

"And we will be very proud of him in our ranks when we declare war with England," replied Gilbert.

Lady Maelor sat in an adjoining room, with an embroidery frame resting upon her knee, and a paleness crept over her finely-chiselled features as she heard the conversation of her children, for *she* knew something more of the power of the English king over Wales than to expect that any of their bright dreams of hope would ever be realized. Moreover, she felt it to be unwise in them to give utterance to such thoughts; so laying aside her frame, she rose from her seat to go to them.

"Hush! hush! my children," she said, softly, as she entered the room, "be cautious in your words about the power of England; the injury we have so recently received may well make us speak harshly, but it is mockery to speak of freedom. Gilbert, thou shouldst have known better. Hast thou forgotten that we are now surrounded by English troops, who for aught we know are watching us, especially as it is

known that we were reluctant to give up our dwelling yonder in the valley to the English for a garrison. Forbear, then, to repeat what I have just now heard, for if any of those English minions heard thee, their king would brand us all traitors."

"Brand me traitor, dear Lady Maelor," said Gilbert. "*No!* that he can never do. When did I ever swear allegiance? I never swore it, and I never shall. King Richard was irresolute and unwarlike, and thou knowest that I had bitter cause to hate him. But it was not so; I pitied him, even though one of the few acts he did in Wales was to make me penniless. Yes, I pitied him, and to his murderer, the cruel usurper of his throne I shall never bow; and methinks thou wilt not blame me, for it was thy noble husband who gave my heart the undying love of freedom. Stay me not, then; but if a struggle comes, and methinks it will, forgive me if I join the Patriots."

"Gilbert, thou surely speakst in riddles," replied Lady Maelor. "Why have such strange thoughts possessed thee? Wales *never can* be free again. Nothing but the breeze that sweeps across our country can boast of it, and even that England would chain if it could. My son, it is our lot to mourn; people may come after us who will not mind the yoke, but with us, the near descendants of Llewelyn, it makes the spirit bow."

"Listen, Lady Maelor," said Gilbert, "and I will tell thee what I have not even yet told Eleanor."

"Not many nights ago, I was standing in the eastern tower, looking from the turret window into the valley, and as if by instinct my eye wandered to

my old summer residence, where I saw a proud-looking man, dressed, not as we dress, but in the pampered garb of the English court; I watched him for some time, and how it was I cannot tell, but with my head resting beside the window I fell asleep; when I awoke the moon was high, and the strange man was gone. I never shall forget that night, for I had had a dream. I dreamt that Wales had risen, and a large banner, on which the word Freedom was written, waved everywhere. There was a noble chief who led us on, (for I was there.) I saw the sword, the battle-axe, and the bow, and the red blood-stream dyeing the sides of the mountains. We fought bravely, we conquered, and the English army fled. When the fight was over, we placed our chief upon a throne, put a crown upon his head, and called him King. That moment, — ‘Wales is free!’ rent the air, and I awoke. Oh! it was terrible. Alas! only a vision. I tried to sleep again, and so I did. But this time a dark cloud hung about everything. Still I saw the battle once again, and my own sword gleamed; but a cry of weeping women seemed to rise above the battle din, and I turned round to see from whence it came; just then, a spear pierced my left arm, and it fell powerless, but with my right I struck the foeman down. Again a deep moan fell upon my ear, yet still I heard the murmur—‘Wales is free!’ That dream has never left me; its scenes have risen before me at the altar, and I have told it all to the abbot, from whom I’ve learnt to look back upon it as something dawning for our country.”

Eleanor had crept nearer to her mother as they

listened to Gilbert, and David's cheek turned pale, though with arms folded he appeared to listen with manly confidence. Superstition as inherent as the love of freedom, readily attached a fulfilment to Gilbert's dream, and a tear started to Lady Maelor's eye, as with earnestness she said, clasping her hands over her bosom—

“Oh, Gilbert, is it possible!”

“Why not?” he replied; Henry of England has already added something to the yoke which oppresses Wales, and there are some who will, without a murmur, submit, but not all; it will be hard indeed, for those who adhered to, and loved King Richard, to bear the usurping power of his murderer without resenting it.”

“Peace, rash youth! what is it thou wouldst say?” fell on his ear at this moment, and turning round, he saw the abbot enter the room, but before he could speak to him, the old man approached Lady Maelor, and said—

“Pardon me, lady, but methinks this young man's mind is wandering; bid him, I pray thee, with thy son and daughter, join the hunting party which I see making for the castle. Gilbert's cheek is pale, and the mountain breeze will do him far more good than staying in these bright mornings.”

Lady Maelor accepted the abbot's suggestions, and requested them all to go and join the hunt. They immediately obeyed her wishes, and bidding her adieu left the room.

“Good Father,” said Lady Maelor, when her chil-

dren were gone, "Gilbert has somewhat troubled me with a recital of a dream—I scarce know what to think of it; but I fear something terrible is about to fall upon us. It was very oppressive of the new king to appropriate one of my dwellings to a garrison for his soldiers. What right had he to send and demand accommodation of me for his hirelings—is it not enough to make one revolt?"

Lady Maelor had now shown a feeling she had checked in her children, and the abbot replied—

"But, lady, King Henry only occupies your castle, yonder, for a time, and has he not promised you a recompence?"

"A recompence," said Lady Maelor, with contempt; "is there a recompence, can there be one, for the loss of freedom? No! England, with her petty tyrants, has by degrees robbed us now of everything save this one castle; this I suppose will be demanded next, especially when the king hears we are not so loyal as he could wish. We who are older may restrain and smother feeling, but children cannot; and mine too well know the shadow which fell over their father's heart, and as thou hast this morning heard, they will have little scruple in resenting injuries which he had to endure; though, holy Father, *I* have no hope now;" and turning away, she covered her face with her hands.

Lady Maelor had indeed no hope that her country would ever rise from the abject state into which it had fallen; the enthusiastic and brave heart which had ever led her to *hope*, was slumbering with its ancestors beneath a broad stone in the castle chapel,

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and she had already felt the increasing power of England.

"Despair not, daughter of a Royal line that never knew despair," said the abbot; "suffering purifies, and when Wales is free, she will know how to prize her freedom."

"Ah! is it so, good abbot; dost thou then hope for Wales? ill-used, down-trodden Wales."

"I do, my daughter. Such dreams as Gilbert's come not from earth. Visions in olden times made weak men brave, the boy a warrior; and though it is not told that such things often fall to us, yet now and then some favoured one is allowed to look beyond the present and see the future. Strange tidings come occasionally from England, and if report be true, the usurper is already ill at ease."

A shout in the court-yard below caused Lady Maelor to start, and she hastened to the window to learn its cause, when another and another shout greeted her from the full joyous heart of youth. Three sons and two daughters of a Welsh chieftain, two miles distant, had joined her own, and mounted upon horses they were all just setting off. Eleanor was the fairest of them all, and as she sat upon her noble grey, her riding dress fell in graceful folds over her feet; a silver band fastened it at the throat, and round her slender waist it was confined with a girdle; the sleeves were full, drawn in at the wrist, and her flowing hair was confined in a caul of silver net. Shading her face was a broad-brimmed velvet cap, with a feather falling carelessly back upon her shoulder. Close to Eleanor's side rode Gilbert, dressed in a dark

tunic reaching to the knees, and from his throat, where a heavy brooch fastened it, fell a kind of loose cloak, brought round behind into the belt at his waist. His legs were bare, and upon his head was a dark velvet cap, upon which Eleanor had worked a hawk, the insignia of his house. His fine manly form, grown to perfection beneath the invigorating air of the mountains, added no little pride to Lady Maelor's heart as she watched him ride away with the fair beauty beside him.

## CHAPTER II.

Upon a great adventure he was bound,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Which of all earthly he most did crave,  
And ever as he rode his heart did yearn,  
To prove his puissance in battle brave.

SPENSER.

WHEN the last of the hunting party disappeared amongst the windings of the hills, Lady Maelor turned from the window, and again addressed the abbot.

"Good Father," she said, "what is it thou hast heard of the English court? Methought they were all very peaceful there; the barons proud of their new sovereign, and moving hand in hand in everything."

"They were, lady, for a time, but it was only while King Richard lived; now he is dead, and midnight murder stains the new king's hand, it seems as though the blood of Richard cries for vengeance, for the barons have already shown a disaffected spirit, and some of the noblest men in England have fallen."

"But," asked Lady Maelor, "will that affect our country? If a struggle comes on England, what can Wales do?"

"Ah, daughter," replied the abbot, "that is not for me to say; life passed, as mine is, in the cloister's gloom, in chant or prayer, or training the young,

knows little of the world without; yet methinks if a struggle comes on England, Wales will struggle too.

For some time after the abbot had gone, Lady Maelor sat alone, meditating upon the strange things she had that morning heard. Her heart was sad, for she could not bring herself to think that any hope remained for her country; for though naturally of a brave fearless nature, she had become sorrowful under repeated injuries from England, and the loss of her husband. Leaving her, however, to her own reflections, let us turn to her children. After they left the castle with their companions, they rode on over bank and brae, for the white doe they had come out to hunt was in the forest about three miles off; and as their good steeds bore them onward, many a laugh rose above the sound of the horses' feet, and echoed amongst the hills, while the faithful hounds, as they bounded along, seemed fully to enjoy the diversion.

The forest at length was reached, and it was not long before the white doe was started, when the hunt began. Eleanor kept beside Gilbert for some time, but reaching a thick difficult part of the wood, she halted, with her two fair companions, at the cottage of an aged harper, while the others plunged into the forest after the doe. The old man seeing them approach, rose up from a rustic seat beneath a tree, and began to welcome them by playing an old Welsh air. "Welcome, fairest daughters of Cambria," fell from his lips as the strains ended; "mine is a rude dwelling, and I have rude fare. The oaten cake and yon rippling stream supply my wants, and I rest, at night

upon a heather bed. Mine is a poor welcome ; but if thou hast lost thy way, thou wilt not despise it."

"Nay, good Morgan, hast thou forgotten me?" said Eleanor.

"Forgotten thee!" replied the harper, gazing intently at her. "Not now I've seen thy face more plainly ; but thou hast grown since last my cottage gave thee shelter. Ah, 'tis a year since thou and thy brother were overtaken by the storm. It seems thou hast long forgotten me, else thou hadst been here before this. But forgive an old man, almost blind with age, and not always the best in temper."

Eleanor and her companions smiled at the old harper's remark, and, after having alighted from their horses, they left them standing beneath the shade of some trees, while they seated themselves upon the grassy bank near the harper's seat.

"Come, good Morgan, wilt thou tell us something, or play upon thy harp?" said Eleanor, "for we must stay with thee until the hunters return."

The harp was struck, rich deep sounds also fell with such power from the minstrel's tongue, that the three fair girls were heedless of the passing hour as they listened attentively to the song. They had sat some time, strain followed strain, when the sound of a horse's tramp was heard, and Eleanor turning round, saw Gilbert coming through the trees.

"Thou hast returned soon, my son," said the harper; "perhaps thou hast lost thy companions, or maybe, the Lady Eleanor attracts thee back."

"Rather say it was thy song," replied Gilbert, leaping from his horse, and sitting down beside

Eleanor. "It is nearly two hours since we left, and the white doe is slain."

"What! hast thou slain the white doe?" said the harper. "Nay, thou hast not done that?"

"One white doe indeed we have slain," said Gilbert; "and though the hunt was short, it was sharp, and we nearly lost her."

"Poor thing!—poor frightened thing!" replied the harper; "and thou hast slain her. Oh, my son, it was a cruel deed. Alas! alas! the feet of the Mold-warp already tread upon the dragon's path, and the white doe must die!—everything gentle must fall."

Gilbert sat for some minutes gazing earnestly at the old man; at length he said, "Thou art gloomy here in the forest all alone; Lady Maelor would be glad to see thee partake of the hospitality of the castle, for thou art getting old."

"For which reason, my son, I would rather dwell in the wood; for here I can sing and talk over prophecy and ancient legend, and here, too, I can dream; but I might be disturbed were I in Maelor Castle, so near the English. Dost thou ever dream, my son? I do—oh, such dreams!"

"We have heard you sing," said Eleanor; "canst thou tell us something of thy dreams?"

"Nay, daughter, they are not for gentle ears like thine;" and, rising from his seat, he fixed his eyes earnestly on Gilbert, as he said, in a deep, sonorous voice, while with his hand he pointed before him, "My son, when you see yonder hills covered with the slain, and hear the cry of mourning women echoing through the land, remember when you slew the white doe, and

that old Morgan told you he had strange midnight visions."

The manner and attitude of the harper, with his silvery hair and beard, and his strange, rough garb, which only covered a portion of his body, his legs and arms being bare, did not heighten their desire to linger, and they rose up to go.

"Haste not away," said the old man; "if years elapse between our visits, I shall see thee no more; but time was when the sons and daughters of Cambria thought better of their bards than to desert them thus."

"Nay, nay," replied Gilbert, "we neither desert nor forget thee, though it is true that we have not seen thee lately; but many a long lesson thou hast given me, and many a song and legend I've been proud to stand beside thy knee to learn."

"But a lovely maiden has since then taught thee songs and legends which I never learned," said the harper; "but thou must watch her well, or the Mold-warp may smite her as thou hast this day smitten the white doe."

During the latter speech, Gilbert had helped his fair companions to mount their horses; then springing upon his own, he said—

"We must leave thee now, but we will soon come again."

And Eleanor added—

"Yes, good Morgan, long, long before a year has passed by."

Gilbert was thoughtful as he rode home, for the harper's strange remarks had deeply impressed him,

and he kept close to Eleanor lest evil might be lurking in her way. The harper's visions, too, not unlike his own, struck a chill to his heart, and a feeling of terror came over him as superstition already brought before him a visionary fulfilment of his dream.

The day, with its many incidents, at last closed—the hunting-party reached home in safety, and sat together once again in the same apartment where we first introduced them to our readers. It was a lofty room with walls of massive thickness, in which were deep recesses leading to the windows; the roof was carved, and from it hung heavy drapery, corresponding to the rich, dark colour of the roof. Between the folds of drapery in one place were suspended two pictures resembling Eleanor and her brother, and on the opposite side were pictures of their parents.

The sun was sinking in the west, its last golden rays just tipped the mountains, and threw a soft shadow into the room. Reclining upon a couch, fatigued with the day's diversion, was Eleanor: young David lay before the pine-wood fire, and Lady Maelor bent over her embroidery, while Gilbert, seated on a stool near to Eleanor's feet, read aloud from an old manuscript.

A bark from David's hound in play with his young master, or the entrance of a servant with the lamps, was all that interrupted them until the chapel bell summoned them to vespers, except when now and then Gilbert rose up from his seat to attend to some of Eleanor's girlish fancies.

An expression of deep thought seemed to be upon the faces of all as they sat together this evening, and

each heart seemed to have its own peculiar source of reflection. Gilbert, as he read, was far away in thought with the harper in the forest. David, though he sometimes noticed his hound, fancied himself more than once in the battle-field, and Eleanor, though she appeared to listen attentively to her lover, was wrapped in the thought of her coming bridal, and saw in him all the joy she desired. Lady Maelor's thoughts were different. Her conversation with the abbot had deeply affected her. While her husband lived, the English oppression had not roused her spirit above contempt; but now, when scarcely a year had passed since his death, she was compelled to give against her will a home to King Henry's armed men, she began to feel her free, undaunted bosom heave to resent it.

The prayers were breathed, the evening song was ended, each sought the couch of rest, and night brooded round the mountain home.

"I cannot sing to-night, Eleanor, love," said Gilbert, a few evenings after; "but here are flowers—I have been to the forest to get them; cannot you copy some upon the scarf your little fingers have plied so long for me?" and as he spoke he bent over and kissed her.

"I'll try, dear Gilbert," replied Eleanor. "I am glad you are home; David has been seeking you; his bow is broken, and some arrows need repairing, else he will not be ready for the hunt again to-morrow. Have you forgotten it?"

"Nay, love, how could I forget it, when thou hast promised to go too."

Lady Maelor laid aside the book she had been reading, to gaze at Gilbert as he spoke, and thoughts of a pure love like his swept over her heart. But the charm which had blessed her life, and robbed oppression of its sting, was gone, and the memory came back like a sweet, sad note. Eleanor and David were all the joys earth had for her now, and for them, vivid imagination conjured up a thousand ills; war—rapine—separation—grief; Eleanor's bright eye dimmed and her bosom torn. It was too much for the mother's heart, and as Gilbert closed the door upon leaving the room, she buried her face in her hands and wept aloud.

"Mother!" exclaimed Eleanor, and starting to her side, tried to comfort her, but nothing could stay those tears. The last year, so full of sorrow, had worked a change in Lady Maelor's heart; still the traces of an impetuous nature remained, and beyond all power to control, her tears fell thick and fast.

"I'm better now, dear girl," she said, as she ceased weeping, and pressed a kiss upon her daughter's lips, who immediately inquired the cause of her grief.

"I cannot tell thee, Eleanor," she replied, "but it ever will be so with the human heart, and thou wilt doubtless feel it soon enough. Without our power to check, a sadness creeps unbidden across the soul, a lurking sorrow clings to us, though everything around us is as bright as ever; still the heart at times grows sad, and we know not why."

At this moment the door of the apartment opened, and an attendant, bending low, said—

"Lady, a stranger seeks an interview; he comes in

peace, and now waits thy pleasure in the Strangers' Hall."

"A stranger, Jestin! from whom, pray, has he come?"

"He has not told me, lady; but he has travelled far," replied the servant.

"Go, then, Jestin, bid him rest awhile, and I will see him in the Audience Hall, at seven o'clock."

Jestin did as he was desired, and at the appointed hour conducted him to Lady Maelor; who, attended by the chief bard, the resident monk, and a few vassals, had entered the Audience Hall to receive him.

The stranger was a tall, dark-looking young man, apparently about twenty years of age; he was dressed in a black tunic, which had a binding of white fur at the cuffs, the throat, and round the bottom; his legs were bare, and the shoes upon his feet showed that he had indeed travelled some distance. A dirk was in his belt, a quiver full of arrows at his back, and a bow was slung over his left shoulder. His hair, as black as his dress, fell in short thick curls round his neck, and a cap of the same material and colour as his tunic, with a band of white fur, was upon his head. One solitary feather, plucked from the heron, and stuck in the side of his cap, completed his costume.

Lady Maelor was a tall, majestic-looking woman, with flowing hair, not a shade lighter than her visitor's, her brow was lofty, and the whiteness of it was heightened by her large, dark, lustrous eyes. Sorrow had not yet left its trace upon her countenance, though there was occasionally a sadness about her mouth as she spoke.

Her daughter was unlike her, both in form and complexion, though she had her beautiful features; but David was the very counterpart of his mother, with the advantage of possessing the manliness of his father.

Lady Maelor started as the strangely-dressed man entered the Audience Hall, especially as, without doffing his cap, he approached her; but before she could speak, he said—

“Is it the widow of the noble Griffyth ap Maelor, the descendant of the great Llewelyn, and rightful possessor of all this lordship, that I have the honour to see?”

“I am Lady Maelor, stranger,” she replied; “but since the power of England wrested piecemeal from our hands the lordship you name, I have scarcely anything left but this one dwelling.”

A shadow passed over the stranger’s face as he listened; but when Lady Maelor ceased, he said, as he removed his cap—

“Then to thee, most noble lady, I kneel; I come from the region round Snowdon, to lay all I have at thy feet, and follow, if need be, the departed fortunes of thy house, or win them back again from England.”

“For such generous devotion I fain would thank thee,” replied Lady Maelor. “But rise, young man, and tell me who thou art.”

“I am one, lady,” said the stranger, rising, “who, perhaps, has suffered less from the English power than any other chief in Wales; but, lady—why? No thanks to English leniency, my dwelling is too bleak for England’s tenderly reared sons, and they pro-

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nounced me loyal, rather, perhaps, than come and share my home. It was there, lady, in my mountain dwelling, my unfettered, unmolested boyhood passed; and when manhood dawned, I learned the meaning of the words I had so often heard; and determined, as I could wield a sword and my aim was sure, to come and use them in thy cause. Three hundred sturdy men wear this, the heron's plume; it needs but me to call them, and they are thine."

A tear of gratitude beamed for a moment in Lady Maelor's eye as the stranger spoke; but gazing at him, she said—

"Thine is a noble offer, and I fear to wound thy devoted heart, for thou must indeed feel sympathy without interest, yet I cannot accept thy gift. Return again to Snowdon, for if one spot of Wales is *free*, it is there; go, then, and enjoy thy freedom, and gather round thee all the strength thou canst, for wise men, learned in ancient prophecy, tell us that the time is not far distant when Wales will once more take part in a struggle."

"I too have heard the same, lady, and more; yes, I have heard, nay, read, that the immortal Uthur promised returning glory to our land. *Uthur's star*, lady, hast thou not heard of that? Ah! I see thou hast; well, it *will* beam, even though its precursor may be strife: indeed, not a week has passed since I heard that there was trouble in the court of England, and that thy kinsman Glendower had returned to Glyn-dwr-dwy, broken in spirit for the death of the King, and with his heart laid bare again at some wrong he is suffering from a neighbouring baron."

"Is it so?" said Lady Maelor, as a shadow clouded her radiant features. "Tell me, ere thou sayest more, who thou art—thy dress and badge are quite unknown to me."

"Call me Knight Evan, lady, but at present I pray thee ask me no more; and perhaps thou'lt grant the boon I have to ask. I know something of thy heart, how much it would rejoice to see Wales freed from the yoke of English tyrants; let me carry a greeting to thy kinsman Glendower, tell him of thy bereavement, and the injury so recently inflicted on thee by the English King."

"Go and tell him all thou wilt, brave, noble knight," was the reply, "but not to-day; the night is closing; stay until the morrow: indeed thou must not go; my sons and daughter will be proud to welcome thee."

"Hast thou, then, more than one son, lady? methought thou hadst but one."

"I have two, sir knight, but as yet *one* only calls me mother. Gilbert, the eldest, is an adopted child, the future husband of my daughter. David, the youngest, is a mere boy, a child; this is his fourteenth year. List—they come!" and raising her hand as if to enjoin silence, she gazed at the door through which she expected them to enter.

Evan gazed with surprise as the young party, at the command of Lady Maelor, entered the room, and they in return were somewhat astonished at him, though it was his strange appearance which struck them more than the finding a stranger with their mother.

It was the custom at Maelor Castle, as indeed at all

Welsh residences, to be hospitable to strangers, one portion of the edifice being allotted entirely to their use, as well as places near the lower end of the table in the dining-hall. Since the death of Griffyth Maelor this latter part of the hospitality at the castle had been removed to a hall in the strangers' apartments, so that his widow knew very little of those who accepted the kindly shelter of her roof, except when they came upon some special errand, either from the Lords of the Marches, who were now nearly all Englishmen, or with some message from her own persecuted countrymen. If the former was the case, the visitor had first to see the resident monk; after which, notice of his visit was given to Lady Maelor; when in due order and becoming dignity she saw him, or not, at will. If, on the other hand, it was one of her own race who sought an interview, the kindred woe swept away all form, and as soon as possible he was admitted to her presence.

## CHAPTER III.

He found, as seated by his side  
In that rude cavern lone,  
The heart beneath that monkish garb  
Was patriot like his own.

A WEEK had passed since Evan came to the castle, and he was still a guest; a kindred spirit seemed to link him to Gilbert, and David's heart beat high with delight at receiving his praises for skill in drawing the bow.

Eleanor was also charmed, and forgot the scarf she was before anxious to finish embroidering for Gilbert, beside whom she sat for hours listening to the stories the young Knight Evan told about his home at Snowdon. Their mother listened also with a pleasure akin to their own, and bade him tarry.

"Lady Maelor," said Evan, when the second week had commenced, "to-morrow morning I must leave the kind hospitality of thy house, and go on my journey northward to the town of Corwen, which lies at the end of a vale called Glyndwrwy, at the north of the Berwyns; somewhere thereabout is thy kinsman Glendower, and I would haste to reach him, for some weeks ago a powerful neighbour seized upon some of his land. It was Reginald de Grey, the Lord of Ruthin; they have long been foes, and I would go and see how matters stand with them now."

Much more than this Knight Evan now told Lady Maelor, and when the morning came, she had so far entered into the injury inflicted upon Glendower, that she was anxious for Evan to go on to Glyndwrddwy.

Gilbert and David each wished to accompany him, but they withstood the desire for the sake of their mother and Eleanor.

When Knight Evan left Maelor Castle his path lay all amongst the mountains: he had never been that way before, and there was no road to guide him. His way from Snowdon to the Berwyns had been attended with difficulty, and it was the same with him now, especially as he drew near the spot where he expected to find Glendower, for he was unwilling to inquire respecting his road.

Sometimes in dense woodlands or deep valleys he was obliged to retrace his steps, and it not unfrequently happened that in returning he lost his way: thus he unintentionally crossed the Berwyns, and found he was nearing Llangollen, instead of Corwen, the place he had set out for.

It was early morning, and only a few of the people had risen, when Evan entered Llangollen: he had no knowledge whatever of the locality, and simply asked the first person he saw the way to Corwen; he then passed through the narrow street, intending to go thither. As he crossed the old stone bridge a distant matin bell fell upon his ear, and he recollected that Crucis Abbey was somewhere near at hand.

Following the sound of the bell he neared the Abbey, but the sound ceased, and the matin song commenced before he could enter.

While he hesitated, a monk emerged from the low-arched doorway at the side, and bade him welcome. Evan was about accepting the invitation, when a thought struck him that the monk might be able to guide him; so instead of entering the Abbey, he asked the way to Corwen.

"Keep onward," said the monk; "take the first turning to the left, cross the river at the ford, and thou'lt see a narrow path—*that* leads straight to Corwen. Or thou canst return a little way towards Llangollen, and bear to the right; it will be all the same."

Evan thanked the monk, and ventured to ask if he could tell him aught of Owen Glendower, who he had heard lived somewhere thereabout.

At the mention of Glendower's name a faint "hush!" fell from the monk's lips, and he turned sharply round to see if any one was near; then he inquired the cause of Evan's errand, and told him to be cautious how he spoke of the man he had just named.

Evan did not answer the monk's inquiry, but instead, asked if Glendower and Lord Grey were foes; but the monk was wary, and would not answer him.

"This is no place," he said, "to talk of things like these; but if thou wouldst know more, pursue yon little path beside the stream which runs behind the Abbey, until thou seest a cross cut in the deep grass; ford the water, push aside the branches of a drooping tree, and thou'lt see a cell—enter—I will follow."

The monk left Evan, and as he crossed himself he entered the arched doorway again.

Evan stood for some moments after he was left alone, listening to the low chant within the chapel walls, and as he turned, a thought of treachery came over him ; but grasping with one hand his bow, while the other seemed instinctively to rest upon his dagger, without a thought of fear he followed the monk's instructions, and entered the pathway : soon he came to the cross, forded the rippling water, and pushed aside the branches of the tree. The cell was hewn in the solid rock, which towered high above Evan's head : on one side, cut by no rude hand, was an image of the Virgin, with the infant Jesus standing beside her ; and on the opposite side hung a crucifix.

The silence of that lone cell struck Evan with a kind of reverential awe, and bending on one knee, he dipped his hand into the water which stood upon the rude table in the centre, and as some unintelligible words fell from his lips, he crossed himself and bowed. Evan had not sat long before the monk appeared. He was a tall, dark-browed man, and his dress contrasted strangely with his companion's. He wore a long white cassock, and over his shoulders was thrown a loose black cloak ; this latter garment was fastened with something of a martial style at the throat, and hung rather gracefully about him. Tight-fitting stockings were on his legs, and sandal shoes upon his feet ; his hair was cut close, and there was a tinge of grey upon his long beard. A small cowl was upon his head, and a large black cross hung from his neck.

"My son," he said, as he entered the cell, "comest thou in peace, or is thy heart inclined to warfare ? Should there be strife between Lord Grey of Ruthin,

and Glendower, the chieftain in yonder vale, England may interfere; if so, is it for England or for Glendower thou wouldst draw thy bow?"

Evan gazed at him, apparently thinking how he should answer; this being perceived by the monk, he continued—

"Young man, I know thy device—it is from the heron's wing; knowest thou that those who wear that badge have never bowed to England?"

"I know it, holy father," replied Evan, feeling assured that he might speak, for there was a gleam of native patriotism in the monk's eye as he spoke, which neither monkish vows nor dress could hide; "but tell me, as thou hast promised, all thou canst about Glendower and Lord Grey."

According to Evan's wish, the monk told all he knew of the wrong inflicted by the powerful Lord of Ruthin.

Evan listened attentively, and more than once rose up in indignation to pursue his way; but the monk's keen eye saw how the words had affected him, and he entreated him, upon promise of more information, to stay.

It was nearly noon before they separated; and as Evan was going, the monk gave him a friendly caution not to be too rash either in word or deed.

Evan had not proceeded far on the road before he heard footsteps behind him, and, laying his hand upon his dagger, he turned quickly round; but he found it was only the monk, who soon told him the cause of his coming after him.

"There is a fresh rumour at the Abbey this morn-

ing," he said, "that Glendower is likely to resent the injury he has received from Lord Grey; how, or in what manner, I know not; but, under the circumstances, it would not be wise for thee to go to the castle alone. Let me bear thee company, sir knight."

Evan refused to grant the monk's request, and as he rested his hand upon his dagger, he declared that he would go alone.

"Nay, my son," replied the monk, "thy dress is strange, and may excite suspicion. Touch not thy dirk, or I shall say thou art unused to fight, and that it is something new to thee to wear such weapons. Let me escort thee, noble knight, for thou art impetuous, — I can see daring in thine eye, and thou canst not think that degradation fronts thy warrior heart, if for a short time thou art under the guidance of a cowed monk."

Somewhat ashamed, Evan turned to go on, as he said—

"Bear me company, holy father."

Winding their way amongst the mountains, and fording a shallow part of the river Dee, Evan and the monk at last reached Owen Glendower's dwelling; and the stillness which seemed to reign there so struck Evan, that he remarked, as he passed on, that there seemed very little indication of anything else but peace, or else Glendower must think it an easy matter to resent the injuries of Lord Grey.

Again the monk checked him for giving expression to his thoughts, and showed him in silent whispers how unwise any outward appearance of resentment would be.

"Some hundred eyes are watching him," he added, "therefore he has great need to be quiet in his movements. Something must be done; he must get redress, or he will strike a heavy blow. I hear he is about petitioning the King of England, and if he receives justice he will be satisfied."

"Justice from the King of England," said Evan, with a smile; but a touch from the monk silenced him, as he summoned, at the same moment, the sentinel at Glendower's outer gate.

The castle was a noble-looking building, and Evan stayed to gaze at the solid masonry of its outer walls; the deep, wide moat, too, which bounded it on three sides, seemed as great a barrier as the inaccessible rock on the other; and the mountains, towering higher and higher in the distance, seemed to shut it in entirely from the outer world. Some of the mountains were barren, others clad in rich verdure, and here and there between the openings, the scene was relieved by rich clusters of waving trees. The rippling water of the stream, striking against the fragments of rock which lay in its course, and the little rivulets leaping down the sides of the mountains, added sweet music to the beauty of the scene.

The sentinel, seeing the monk approach, threw back the gate upon its ponderous hinges and lowered the drawbridge; then, as the monk's presence was a sufficient guarantee for the conduct of the strange-looking man who accompanied him, they were admitted without a word.

Within the castle walls several people were astir, and as they crossed Evan's path in his way through

the courts, he noticed that they gazed at him rather strangely, but not a word was spoken until Evan entered a detached building, when the monk said—

“Here, sir knight, I must leave you for awhile, for without ceremony I can go to Sir Owen Glendower, and tell him of your arrival.”

The monk soon returned, and requested Evan to follow him, and they walked together over to the entrance door of the castle; when, after passing through various halls and passages, they reached the apartment where Glendower and a few bold, warlike-looking men were assembled.

Glendower's dress was rather rich in appearance—a dark purple tunic slashed with white fitted closely to his form, which was far beyond the ordinary size of men, and fell in thick folds over his hips; his throat was bare, for he had turned back the collar of his tunic. A large brooch fastened it upon the middle of the chest, and another upon the right shoulder kept in order a richly-embroidered scarf which crossed to tie under his left arm; his legs were encased in tight-fitting stockings embroidered at the side, and upon each shoe was a bright clasp; his hair fell back from his forehead, which was noble and expansive, and there was such a flashing in his large, piercing eye, that even the dauntless Evan for a moment hesitated to approach him; but soon the brave heart regained its confidence, and told its errand—told how, at far off Snowdon, the news had come of wrong and robbery committed by Lord Grey, and of the burning desire to help to punish the offender.

Owen Glendower listened to Evan's impetuous story, and his heart warmed at his enthusiasm.

But soon a dark cloud lowered on the chieftain's brow, when Evan told, with increased bitterness and warmth, of the injury inflicted upon Lady Maelor by the English.

"Is she not thy cousin, most noble chief," said Evan, "and will it become her kinsman to let the English rob her with impunity?"

"It shall not be, bold youth," said Glendower. "Already I have petitioned the English parliament to redress my own wrongs; I now await their answer; after which I will attend to the injuries inflicted upon Lady Maelor."

"Await their answer, noble chief; what if they do not answer thee? Or even if they do, and it does not meet thy wishes; pardon me, my liege, but thou hast but one course left; thou must take up arms and win redress for thyself, and I will call three hundred war-like men to bear thy banner."

"Wait the command, rash, bold young chieftain," said Glendower; "when there is need, we will accept thy offer, and be very proud to hail thee captain of so brave a band."

Though as he spoke, something bright swept over his face, for Evan's enthusiasm had touched a chord in his own heart.

## CHAPTER IV.

Friends, but few on earth,

The face of faithful friend, fairest when seen  
In darkest day.

POLLOK.

OWEN GLENDOWER,\* like Lady Maelor, was a descendant of Llewelyn the Great; his family had always suffered by the inroads of the English into Wales, and many of them had fallen in the various struggles for independence.

Time with its many changes swept over the oppressed country. English customs and English sway, with the tyranny of feudal lords, sat heavily upon the hapless people, and more than once the free native spirit rose; but English numbers in warfare prevailed, and by the time one century of subjugation had passed, instead of the Welsh becoming reconciled to their conquerors, they hated them more than ever. Still, during the reign of King Richard the Second of England, in addition to the children of the Welsh chiefs, who by the royal pleasure were requested to

\* Glendower's father's name was Gryffydd Vychen, his mother's name was Ellen; she was the daughter of Thomas, who was the son of Llewelyn, son of Owen, son of Gryffydd, son of Rhys, son of Gryffydd, son of Rhys, son of Tewdor and Eleanor Goch, daughter and heiress of Catherine, one of the daughters of Llewelyn the Great.—THOMAS.

reside in England, there were not a few who held some office about the king; and some, whose minds had risen above national prejudice, resided in England from choice.

We must not, however, suppose that in their noble bosoms the love of freedom had died out; indeed, many proofs were soon given that it only needed the opportunity to call it forth, when it would be displayed as much as ever.

Owen Glendower, unlike the scions of many Welsh houses, passed his youth entirely within his own native vale, and every opportunity was offered for his father's household bard to inspire his young heart with everything relating to the lost freedom of his country. Yet ere he grew to manhood, his innate love of learning, and the liberal education he had received at home, induced him to take advantage of the facilities open to him in England, and proceed to London to pursue his studies at one of the inns of court. In due time he became a barrister, and thus we see the young Welsh chieftain lay aside the ancient codes of Moelmutius, Howell Dda, and Bleddyn-ap-Cynfyn,\* to study the laws of that nation which had subjugated his own. A few years of his life passed by in this way, when, for reasons unknown, he quitted the bar, and became squire of the body to King Richard, who knighted him; and many other acts of royal favour being shown him, he became strongly attached to his royal master. His brave spirit was roused when the king was injured and in-

\* Howell Dda, Bleddyn-ap-Cynfyn, and Moelmutius, were ancient lawgivers of Wales.

sulted by the parliament, and he clung the closer in the hour of need. When the disturbed state of Ireland compelled the king to sail thither with an army to quiet it, many who had professed love for the monarch refused to go; but it had no terrors to Glendower, and he attended his royal master as before.

Readers of our country's history know the sequel:—Henry Bolingbroke, son of the "time-honoured Lancaster," suddenly returned from a well-merited exile, and making a stand against the sovereignty of Richard, assumed the reins of government. Richard now hastened to return, but was delayed by a stormy sea; at length he reached Conway, where he was met by Percy, Earl of Northumberland, a man whose family owed to him all their distinction, and who, out of common justice, should have remained his friend; but who, under the garb of loyalty, inveigled him to Flint Castle, where he basely betrayed him, and gave him over to his foe, to whom he was compelled to surrender up his kingdom.

The gloom of a lonely prison was now King Richard's lot, and Glendower shared it also, for he preferred the fallen fortunes of the master he loved to anything in King Henry's court, where, had he forsaken the deposed monarch, he might have met with advancement; but nothing won him—nothing tempted him to desert his hapless master, and he was one of the few who remained with him nearly to the end, though by staying in that lone cell he incurred the displeasure of the new sovereign, and became, like his master, a State prisoner.

In a few months, however, the new king's mandate

opened the prison doors to all save the deposed sovereign, and Glendower was compelled to go; but even then he lingered about the place, until he heard that a cruel death had terminated Richard's woes, when he returned to his own country to brood over the wrongs of his murdered benefactor.

Glendower's friendship in this instance will ever remain a noble trait in his character, and though historians may differ in opinion about him, some may panegyryze, and some condemn, we would unhesitatingly say that he who unflinchingly, without prospect of reward, stands in the hour of popular rage beside his benefactor, who has scarcely one friend left, is a person of no mean heart, but one whom the world too little appreciates.

Glendower's property was in the lovely Vale of Glyndwrwy, or as it is generally called, the Valley of the Dee; and a short distance off, in the deep recesses of the Vale of Llangollen, stood Crucis Abbey. High upon a lofty conical mountain, about two miles from the abbey, was the ancient castle of Dinas Bran, and about ten miles northward was the important town of Ruthin.

King Edward's first act after he had nearly sapped the root of Welsh independence, was to confiscate the estates of the nobles, and bestow them upon his own countrymen. The lordship of Ruthin was given to the English family of Grey; and as the estate bounded that belonging to the Glendower family, many feuds had arisen between the two neighbour Lord Marchers, causing bitter heartburnings.

It was towards the end of February when Glen-

dower returned to his patrimony. His sorrow at the late king's death was deep and sincere, and his indignation against the new sovereign scarcely knew any bounds; yet this latter feeling might have slumbered; but, as though fortune willed it otherwise, a series of petty ills, succeeded by injuries, followed him from those who were unwilling to forget that he was one of the late king's strongest partisans.

It happened that a few years previously to king Richard's death, Lord Grey of Ruthin seized upon some portion of Glendower's land; but by a regular course of law he was compelled to restore it.

Scarcely, however, had the king's death become known, before the ruthless lord seized the disputed land once again, and Glendower, as before, sought to recover it by appealing to the law; but his royal patron was dead; and though he appealed to England, he had little faith that he should get redress from the parliament, though he asked for nothing beyond simple justice.

The plea of Glendower was read before the assembled barons; Lord Grey was there. The matter passed over, and Glendower waited in vain for an answer, though the cruel Lord of Ruthin took care to inform him that the present parliament gave little countenance to any persons who had adhered to the late king.

For a long time the chieftain waited for an answer to his petition, but none came; and can we wonder if his noble bosom burned to resent the injury he had received?

## CHAPTER V.

Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,  
And, as the slave departs, the man returns.

T. CAMPBELL.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH had not been long upon the throne of England before he too truly felt the weight of his ill-gotten crown. At his first parliament, one less determined than *he* had not been able to maintain the royal power; for on that occasion, despite his presence, forty challenges were accepted by quarrelling barons; and nothing but death or banishment was able to check such proceedings.

A deadly conspiracy was also formed against the king's life and those of his strictest adherents; the discovery happily prevented it; yet it greatly increased his anxiety, especially as, through the punishments he was compelled to inflict, many powerful families were bereaved, and he well knew that hatred towards his own person had great sway over the hearts of many of his subjects.

Several English barons were with the king in his palace at Westminster, when he inquired of the Earl of Northumberland if the people in Wales were peaceable?

"They are as quiet, my liege, as your majesty's

good soldiers can keep them," was the significant reply.

"Ah! what news have you, then?" inquired the king.

"None, my liege; no courier has arrived for several days. Yet they are quiet there, else the ever-watchful Earl of Arundel, or the noble Lord of Ruthin, would have sent your majesty word ere this."

"It is our pleasure that they remain so," replied the king, apparently gratified at the earl's remark. But on the following day a courier arrived, and requested to speak to the sovereign. The man was introduced to the minister of state whose duty it was to receive such persons; but, to the astonishment of all, he stoutly refused to deliver his message, except to the king himself.

"Whence come you, sir?" inquired the minister, in anger.

"From Wales, my lord; from the Lord of Glyn-dwr-dwy, Bromfield, and Yale, with a petition to the king, and unless I deliver it to him, I shall, with your leave, return at once to Wales."

The minister endeavoured to show the man how such a proceeding was in opposition to the rules of court; but the honest Welshman was not in a frame of mind to study that, and told the minister that he was ready to return home to his master.

News from Wales was an important matter, welcome in any form to the king, which the ministers well knew; so, after some time elapsing, and every precaution being taken, the man was admitted to the

king's presence. He approached the royal seat, dressed in the rude, homely garb of his country, and with one knee bent, he drew from his bosom a paper, and presented it to the king. The paper was accepted, and the Welshman, bowing, rose up to leave the room.

"Stay," said the monarch; "it is our pleasure to know thy name."

"Rees-ap-Halk, an please your majesty, born vassal of his lordship Owen Glendower."

"Carry to him our royal pleasure," replied the king. "We will give attention to his request."

Then the man bowed, and left the room.

The contents of the petition were soon known. It was a charge against Lord Grey of Ruthin, and a request, in few but eloquent words, that the king, unbiassed by party feeling, would restore to Glendower the disputed land.

As the Earl of Northumberland read aloud the petition, a shadow passed over the monarch's brow, and he appeared undecided; but his barons round soon helped him on this point, by trying to show that there was an ill spirit in the request.

"Pardon, my liege," said one David Gam; "not many days ago, the lands mentioned in that petition were awarded by your majesty's most faithful barons to Lord Grey of Ruthin; and such a request is, methinks, an insult to thy royal parliament."

"We think thee bold," replied the king, "still thou art acute; yet we would have thee quit our presence for the present."

David Gam withdrew; and the king, incensed by

the hint given about Glendower, cast the petition aside.

A week had passed since Knight Evan had been an inmate of Glendower's castle, when the trusty courier returned from London, gave an account of his interview with the king, and his hope of success. Another week elapsed; no royal mandate came to the chieftain, though there was one to Ruthin Castle sanctioning the recent decision of the parliament, and giving additional authority to Lord Grey to keep the long-disputed land.

Oh, how the chieftain's bosom heaved when the fatal intelligence arrived; but the experience he had so recently had with the deposed king had disciplined his heart, and he was able to control his wounded spirit; while Lord Grey rejoiced in the victory he had achieved over him, and hastened to Dinas Bran to tell the Earl of Arundel the result of Glendower's petition.

"I have not forgotten," he said, as he sat in converse with the earl, "his proud, haughty manner when the tyrant Richard favoured him. When the king's power was gone, methinks it had been better for him to have changed his opinions; but you know that up to the day of Richard's death he held the same high bearing, and, for my part, I believe he would be one of the very first to give some trouble to the present government."

"Thou art sagacious, my lord," replied the earl, with a smile; "surely ere long his majesty will take thee into his own especial confidence, for methinks he has a thought similar to thine own about this same

Glendower ; and perhaps it is on this account that he intends to summon all the lords and barons both in England and Wales to come and do him homage before he goes to war with the Scots."

"Ah! he is wise," was the reply: "adversity is a good school; it teaches wisdom and prudence."

"Thou hast learnt those lessons well, perhaps," said the earl; to which Lord Grey replied, there was little doubt of it.

When Glendower found that not only had the parliament refused to do him justice, but that the king himself had treated the petition with contempt, and allowed Grey to inflict the injury with impunity, many bitter thoughts rose in his mind as to some plan to adopt, and to recover the land by force of arms seemed the only resource. Now came the mighty struggle in the chieftain's bosom; he looked round upon his large family of motherless children, and his heart revolted at the idea of exposing them to the vindictive wrath of the cruel king who had so lately murdered his friend. No! he could not strike yet; other thoughts came in the hour of need, and acting upon their impulse, he at once called together his retainers and vassals, and told them in heart-stirring language of his injuries from Lord Grey, and the unjust treatment he had received from England; then, as they closed and crowded in that ancient hall, with the pale moonbeams falling softly upon them, the harper's song, telling of some bygone glory, made their devotion to their chieftain stronger than ever; and though the hearts of all burned with fire, many of them listened sadly to their chieftain's appeal.

"Think well, then," he said, in the conclusion of his address, "my true-hearted, faithful vassals, of the noble Gryffydd, how he supported the bravest of our princes—the immortal Llewelyn—helped him to give battle to England, lived to a good old age, and died before his country was fettered. To me, his lineal descendant, possessing not only his land, but some of his spirit, Lord Grey, as I have told you, offers insult, and steals away my inheritance.

"The English parliament, whose power I was willing to acknowledge, refuses to give me justice, and even the king himself spurns my petition.

"Oh! my faithful vassals, it must not be, indeed it shall not be, that Lord Grey insult me thus, and steal away the land left me by my princely ancestors; something shall be done, and I have decided to go to Ruthin to-morrow, and obtain if possible an interview with Lord Grey, after which I may perhaps regain without strife the land I am determined not to surrender without a struggle."

"Glendower for ever!" pealed again and again along that high, arched roof; and when the sounds were dying, two bards revived the patriot spirit by singing again, with all their peculiar native power, a song of some bygone victory.

Loudly the cheering once again rose upon the air; then the vassals departed, to assemble again on the morrow.

It was a bright morning, Owen Glendower's vassals were up betimes, and a banner waved proudly from the battlements of the castle.

It was early when the chieftains appeared, and with two hundred vassals and retainers Glendower set out to Ruthin. Near to himself walked three noble-looking sons, and close beside him, too, was Knight Evan.

When the company left the castle, Glendower, remembering the superstition of the times, and especially its influence upon the lower orders of his countrymen, requested them to bear towards Llangollen, ford the river Dee, and pass Crucis Abbey, for though somewhat careless of the abbot's blessing himself, he knew the effect it would have upon his followers.

They were seen as they drew near the abbey, and the abbot, with a few monks, came down to the river Dee to meet them.

"Comest thou, Sir Owen Glendower, in peace or war?" inquired the abbot.

"In peace," was the reply. "I go, holy father, to Ruthin Castle to see Lord Grey, to ask him to restore my land; but if he refuse, I cannot now give answer for the result; for something here," and he laid his hand upon his bosom, "will not allow me to bear such injuries."

"Stay, stay, my son; it looks not well to go to Ruthin with such a train as this. Lord Grey has a strong garrison at the castle, and he might misconstrue thy coming in this manner."

"Holy father," said Glendower, "Lord Grey has dared and done, and so must I. Besides, how wouldst thou have a chieftain go? None but my own vassals accompany me, and I go in peace."

"Kneel, then, noble chief," replied the abbot, and raising some water from the river as it flowed past, he sprinkled him, signed him with the cross, and then in solemn reverence looked upward, as with his hands clasped over the chieftain's head, he asked a blessing on the undertaking.

There was something striking in the scene,—the sun-tipped mountains, with the wild bird soaring upward in the rays—the many waving trees—the flowers blossoming upon the steeps—the solitude, and the noble abbey from which in flowing vestments the priests had issued; then the dark, impregnable castle of Dinas Bran, high upon the mountain behind, and the calm, silent waters of the Dee, with the chief kneeling beside them.

There was a pause—no words save the abbot's prayer fell upon the ear—it was ended, and Amen sounded from every tongue.

As the abbot had expected, Lord Grey saw the company approaching Ruthin, and he sent a messenger to inquire their errand, though it was not out of fear, for the castle was strongly fortified, and, as the abbot had said, was also well garrisoned.

Glendower received the messenger and dismissed him, with a request that Lord Grey would grant an interview; then the chieftain and his vassals waited the answer.

The request, as more than one heart amongst the company anticipated, was not granted, but refused in terms little calculated to suppress the storm which was evidently gathering in Glendower's bosom.

He stayed a moment after the messenger had come back to him again, then he returned the following, written beneath the shade of a tree, under the consciousness of another insult from his oppressor.

"I, Owen Glendower, Lord of Bromfield and Yale, Baron of Glyndwrwy, request you, Reginald de Grey, Lord of Ruthin, to consider the injustice of taking to yourself a portion of my own hereditary lands; and I require of you to restore it again, within three days, to me the rightful owner."

A sinister smile played over Lord Grey's face as he read the document, and the demon of malice rose above all other feelings when, without any hesitation, he returned the following answer:—

"I, Reginald de Grey, Lord of Ruthin, Baron of Glyndwrwy, charge you, Sir Owen Glendower, to remove instantly from my territory. The most noble Parliament of England and Wales will, with true justice, redress any wrong you may at any time suffer."

As Lord Grey had sneered at the message he had received, so Glendower in return frowned at the answer. There was in that bitter reply no acknowledgment of his titles, but Lord Grey had without scruple taken one of them to himself. Such an insult, added to the injury he had already received, came heavily upon the chieftain; but with no outward appearance of anger, save a deeper tinge upon his cheek, he immediately ordered his vassals to return home to his own castle, where, upon the grass within the castle walls, he read aloud the insulting message of Lord Grey; and the heart of every lis-

tener became so full of indignation, that had he been guided by them, he would at once have attempted to inflict summary punishment upon the offender. No persuasions, however, could induce him to attempt anything rashly, not even those of his own sons, and Knight Evan, who vainly tried to influence him. All he required of his people was secrecy, so as to elude suspicion, and readiness to assist him if he should require their help.

When Glendower retraced his way to his home Lord Grey despatched a trusty soldier to keep watch upon his actions, and bring an account of all that transpired; but it happened that the man, not being a native, lost his path over the mountains, and therefore failed in obtaining the desired information.

For Glendower's sake this was well; for the indignity he had received gathered dark and powerful as he walked silently homeward, and when his heart at length burst with all the long-slumbered passion of his nature, he gave way to words which in quieter moments he would have feared to utter. Words which fell deeply into the hearts of his hearers, to gather force, until every bosom there beat high to rush to their chieftain's standard.

Lord Grey took care to go at once to Dinas Bran, to communicate to the Earl of Arundel the affair which had just occurred.

"He is a cunning knave," quoth Grey, "and methinks 'twere well the king honoured him with a secure hostel under his own royal care."

"Nay!" replied the earl; "his majesty hath a little more wit. It would undoubtedly be more safe to have

one who is likely to be turbulent under arrest than at liberty here; but you must remember that his family connexions are powerful and distinguished, so that to place *him* under arrest would perhaps do much harm. This is not desirable at such a time as the present, when an ill-feeling is showing itself in so many parts of England. Besides, the king's most excellent parliament have advised him to be as conciliatory as possible for the present. There will be time enough yet to entrap our wily neighbour."

"But, noble earl," said Lord Grey, evidently much annoyed at his friend's coolness, "see what the fellow continues to call himself, in defiance of the decree of the parliament. His majesty should surely see this document; it is nothing short of open rebellion."

"Preserve it for the present," replied the earl; "the clever lawyer has, methinks, gone too far in this; it will turn to account soon enough."

"But while we stay, will he not sow sedition among the people who are under him? Some hundreds came with him to-day, and near to him I saw a strangely-dressed man. I scarce can recollect how he was dressed, but I am certain I saw the heron's feather in his cap. Now, those who used to wear that badge never swore allegiance to the kings of England; you must remember, noble earl, that they were a northern family, and I have not heard of any one assuming the badge again, since so many suffered rather than renounce it."

"Ah!" said the earl, with surprise; "the heron's feather. Oh yes, I remember, they were the Evans; I thought the family was extinct; perhaps it was only a trick of Glendower's—but nay! he was bold in it;—

the fact will serve us when we need it, but at present it is our best policy to be quiet, and even should a little disturbance arise with this fellow, a thousand or two good English soldiers will soon quiet him."

Lord Grey was not satisfied, but he said no more: the Earl of Arundel, he knew, stood higher in the king's favour than himself, therefore he could not well oppose him; yet for all that he began to meditate upon some plan by which, unknown to the earl, he could convey the information to the king.

The day had closed when Lord Grey returned home to Ruthin Castle, and his first business was to inquire for the soldier whom he had sent to watch Glendower. The man being afraid to tell his master that he had lost his way, assured him more than once that everything was peaceful; still, the fact that Owen Glendower had collected together a threatening body of men, was duly noted down, and an additional page told that the good soldiers of—not his army—but his most gracious sovereign's, were well prepared to suppress any attempt at an outbreak.

Is it possible to suppose that under any circumstances Lord Grey would have acted so ruthlessly? His family, and that of the Earl of Arundel, had suffered more or less during the whole of the reign of Richard II. Change of fortune in the ruling power of the realm had changed theirs also, and it was an easy matter for them to quiet their consciences, and believe that every act was influenced by duty to their king; and it was perfectly right to check the power of any one, no matter how much they oppressed, if they thought that power might lead to evil results.

Better far had it been, and would be in the present day, if man, instead of wounding the heart of his foe more deeply, and heaping contempt and insult on the unfortunate, sheathed the dirk of malice, and as a brother, offered a helping hand to him whom the reverses of fortune had brought low.

## CHAPTER VI.

Oh! woman's love is a holy light!  
And when 'tis kindled, ne'er can die.

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN Owen Glendower had dismissed his vassals, he returned with his guests and sons into the castle, where they all became seriously impressed with the day's proceedings. Jorwerth Ddu, the husband of his eldest daughter, was amongst them, and long he meditated with the chieftain upon some future course. The day at last departed, its painful events were over, and while Lord Grey and the Earl of Arundel held converse about Glendower at Dinas Bran, he had cast aside his scarf and tunic, and, wrapped in a loose cloak, had thrown himself upon a low couch, in one of the apartments where his children usually joined him.

"Come hither, Janet, and tell me where thy young brother Madog is, and my little Margaret," said the chieftain to a fair young girl, about eighteen, who was the first to enter the room.

"At thy request, dear father, we kept Margaret within the castle to-day, and she sleeps soon to-night."

Glendower arose from his couch, crossed over the spacious hall, and entered a room on the opposite side, where he bent over a little bed, and pressed a kiss

upon the rosy lips of a sleeping child. "Bless you, darling!" fell from the chieftain's lips, and he returned to his daughter Janet.

"Draw nearer, Janet, and tell me what has passed this day amongst you all; where are thy sisters, that they cannot come and greet their father to-night?"

"They know not, father dear, that thou art yet at liberty to see them; but let me tell them, and, like me, they will come immediately."

"Nay, child, tell them not, they are not like thee; thou art like thy mother, they are not; else why keep from their father until they are sent for? It would be well if they always stayed my bidding. It is not thy case, dear girl. Kiss me, Janet, and then go bid them come."

Fondly and caressingly that fair young girl twined her arms round her father's neck, for she felt something had disturbed his noble heart, and a painful idea of what it might be made her own beat high; she turned to go, when the door opened, and Elizabeth and Jane, two more of Glendower's lovely daughters, entered the room.

"Welcome, my daughters, welcome; methought ye had forgotten your father: your sister, here, has been with me some time. Where are your brothers?"

"Father," said Jane, the younger of the two, "as we were passing along the northern gallery we saw them standing near the drawbridge, with Knight Evan; the bridge was lowered, and Evan seemed as though he were about to leave. Is it so, dear father?" and as she spoke, a deep colour mounted to her cheek.

"Thou seemst to be concerned about this brave young knight, who has thought well to favour us with his presence; come, my daughter, heavy trouble is about to fall upon our country, and I cannot give thee hope of happy love; besides, thou hast but lately passed thy sixteenth year,—only last week, methinks. Thou hast begun betimes to think of love: had thy dear mother lived, she would have taught thee, child, a different lesson."

There was something rebuking in the father's voice, and the colour fled from his daughter's face as he spoke, for the last of all her thoughts was love for Evan. She had looked upon him as the companion of her brothers, and the noble friend of her father; and she had heard that he commanded three hundred warlike men, whom he offered to her father to assist him in punishing Lord Grey. No other thought had yet entered her pure young heart, yet it beat strangely when she saw the drawbridge lowered, Evan standing near, the quiver refilled with arrows, and the bow slung across his shoulders. He was going, she could not doubt, and a glimpse of the day's proceedings came before her.

"It was for thy dear sake, father," she replied, "that I asked about Knight Evan: have I heard aright that Lord Grey has insulted thee again?"

"He has, my daughter," replied the chieftain; and as he rose and quickly paced up and down his apartment, he added, "ask me nothing more; young ears like thine should hear of better things than wrongs and insults which may end in strife."

"Of all that, dear father," continued Jane, "I saw

much before we left England. Poor King Richard! and yet I sometimes hear he did great wrong."

"As yet Henry of England has done no better," said Glendower, with some warmth; "nay, he has done worse. Remember King Richard was thy father's friend—they murdered him: it is our duty to love his memory and mourn his fate: never, then, my daughter, repeat the calumny that malicious hearts would cherish! nay, let his enemies do that."

It was night, the vespers were over, and save the measured tread of a few sentinels which rose upon the breeze, or the occasional barking of some restless hound, all was still and silent.

The young Jane sought her couch, but not to sleep; more than once she rose and gazed earnestly from her window over the distant hills—she scarce knew why, yet she felt thankful that the moon shone brightly, and that the threatening storm cloud had passed far away into the east.

There was a traveller upon those hills, about whom she felt her heart growing every hour more anxious, and something seemed to shorten the breath she would fain have given out in deep sighs. Evan had gone—she had looked for him in vain in the chapel at evening prayer, and it was only a passing whisper amongst her brothers which told her he had left. With him went the lightness of that young girl's bosom, and it was no longer for her father's sake she thought of him. Her heart had unconsciously twined round that brave young mountaineer, and alone in her own chamber, where no one could check the heaving bosom or see the rising blush, she sat till the

morning dawned, gazing along the path Knight Evan had taken.

Not only in the maiden's chamber did the moonbeams fall, they shed their gentle light over the wanderer's mountain path, and also sent a mild gentle ray into another chamber of the castle, where that young girl's father stood, with a troubled heart, at the casement, looking out upon the broad lands which lay before him. That territory was his, handed down by a noble lineage, and he was determined to maintain his right to it all.

For a long time the chieftain stood gazing out upon his patrimony, and reflecting upon what had befallen him. One way only seemed open to him, and that was to take up arms. He felt himself to be at the entire mercy of a powerful man who hated him, and who had long sought opportunity to do him wrong, though until now his power had been limited, but the bond which had kept him in check had been removed, and all his long-accumulated hatred, generated in an unprincipled heart, seemed about to fall upon his victim at once.

"Does he think I am helpless?" asked Glendower of the abbot, who was passing the evening with him, and before whom he had again given way to anger. "By the Holy Virgin, I am *not* helpless. I have seen this tyranny increasing, and, unless it is checked, I know what the result will be. Every inch of land in Wales will become the property of the English, to whom we shall have to resign every right we have. Father Abbot, this is hard, and I will never submit to it. I yield up my land!—No! I will light

a fire in Wales which shall take something to quench, and will die before I surrender!"

Thoughts of the deep wrong he had suffered grew more terrible as night drew on, and when he addressed the abbot, there was a dash of passion in both his manner and words, but the recluse was not alarmed, and mildly answered—

"Nay, nay, my son, harbour no ill thoughts—wait a little. King Henry may think better of thy petition, and thou mayst get redress. Thou surely hast some one in parliament to speak for thee?"

"Holy father, I have no one; and if I had, he would not be heeded. When Trevor, the Bishop of St. Asaph (more faithful to me than to King Richard), asked the assembled barons to consider well the injury done me by Lord Grey, they upbraided him, and declared they cared nothing for such barefooted rascals as the Welsh. Barefooted! by heaven, they shall find we are lion-hearted when we renounce our allegiance."

"Nay, the Holy Mother prevent it," piously ejaculated the monk. "One had hoped for peace, but I fear this reign will be as troublous as the last."

"Ah! Richard's reign was not the most peaceful," replied Glendower; "but say, was it all *his* fault? What say you to the conduct of his uncles, with the bishops and courtiers who in his early years pretended to guide him? Indisputably they did all the wrong, though as yet King Richard only has suffered. How did his brutal murder fall upon thy ears, good abbot?"

"True! true! Yet we cannot forget facts. Had Richard governed more wisely, and, above all, kept

his word as it became a king, there had been no need of Henry of Lancaster to return."

"Need, father abbot! what need?" said Glendower, his face reddening; "he had broken the laws of his country, and rebelled against his sovereign, for which, instead of suffering death, he was banished for ten years. Was there any need for him to return before the time?"

"Yes!" replied the dauntless abbot, "when King Richard took advantage of his absence, and appropriated to himself the estate of his foe, which he had no right to touch. I say, noble chief, Henry *had* a right to return, and he has well avenged himself."

"Shame on thee," said Glendower; "is it thou that canst thus look upon revenge, and so soon forget the king who so long conferred on thee his favour, let thy order dwell peaceably, and who never exacted of thee anything harsh. Leave his enemies to think thus ill of him, not we, whom he befriended—we must think only of his virtues."

"Virtues!" muttered the abbot, as in the still hour of night he bent his way back to Crucis Abbey, "I saw none in King Richard, and if trouble comes on Wales, it will be the result of his unkingly rule."

Incautious monk! there was a listener to his words, and he had not proceeded far before a stranger joined him, but absorbed in his own reflections he had not heard the approaching step, and started as a deep voice said—

"Was ever moonlight scene more beautiful, holy father?"

"Never," was the instant reply; and as he spoke, he turned round to see who addressed him.

"Something has been passing in this valley to-day," was the next remark; "perhaps a gathering. Knowst thou, holy father?"

"Indeed! a gathering? ah!" said the abbot, evading the question; "all has been quiet with me."

"Quiet," said the stranger, apparently surprised. "Art thou not, then, under the fostering care of the chieftain of Glyndwr, Owen Glendower?"

"Nay, my son, Crucis Abbey fosters me," was the mild reply.

There was a pause, and for some minutes they kept walking on in silence, side by side, in that moonlit glen.

"The monks of Crucis Abbey," said the stranger, suddenly, "were much esteemed by the late King of England; though, perhaps, like thyself, they forget to be grateful for his kindness."

"Young man," replied the abbot, in a strong, stern voice, "accompany me no further; I know thee not, and if I did, it would not be to thee I should confess;" and he hurried on along the narrow pathway.

"Stay, ingrate!" said the stranger, as, rushing after him, he grasped his arm; "wrong not the name of the murdered king, who never injured *thee* or thy order, for thou *hast* made confession. Shouldst thou do so again, let not yonder tree be the shrine, lest some one, regardless of the sanctity of thy order, overhear thee, and pierce thee through."

The abbot made no reply, for the strange man was gone, and the moon at that moment passing behind a

cloud, the whole valley wore an aspect of such deep gloom, that he trembled with fear. When he reached the abbey, the vesper hymn was done; and as he passed through the low, arched doorway, he turned and threw back a sigh upon the world without, at the dread thought of the sanctity of the abbey being violated if Glendower had recourse to arms. As the shades of night grew darker and deeper round that sacred edifice, and the wind in soft murmurs whispered by, the incidents of the day returned in deep thought to the abbot's mind, and he sat long in the silent chapel trying to penetrate the veil which hung over the future destiny of his country. For Glendower he had much to fear, knowing as *he* did the race to which he belonged; and should the fire which had burned in the bosoms of his ancestry kindle in his heart, there would be a struggle—desperate indeed. Then for England—the abbot knew there was a usurper there, and though the veil of futurity was impenetrable, something whispered—not along the vaulted roof—not into the abbot's ear, but direct to the heart's deepest core—and the old man started—saw in one moment scenes which were closed to outward vision, and as big round drops started beneath the silvery locks upon his forehead, he knelt upon the cold stone floor, and breathed a prayer for Wales.

## CHAPTER VII.

Lone, lone was that hour, and the light dimly burning,  
Increased, in the darkness, the phantoms I saw ;  
The shades of the dead were in numbers returning,  
And scenes of the battle passed by me once more.  
I turned, grasped the form that was nearest—it vanished—  
My blood chilled, I trembled—'twas, dear one, for thee ;  
Oh Eleanor, darling, my heart has not banished  
The thought I must leave thee, our country to free.

On the third day after Knight Evan left Glendower's dwelling he arrived at Maelor Castle, where he was most heartily welcomed.

"Thou art looking weary," said Lady Maelor, "but thou wilt stay with us and rest ; methinks thy journey to our kinsman has been fraught with cares, for thy eye is not so bright as when we saw thee last ; but tell us not of any troubles, for this is a happy time with us, and we must not hear of anything that would check our joy."

"Art thou happier now than ever, lady?" said Evan, as he gazed at the tall, noble-looking woman before him ; "perhaps thou hast received recompence from England for some of thy injuries, or other joys may have befallen thee."

"I have received no recompence from England," replied Lady Maelor, "nay, I had almost forgotten my injuries ; though thou hast recalled them, still,

brave knight, we will not now speak of them. We are pledged to be joyous for a time, for to-morrow evening, in our little chapel, Eleanor and Gilbert are to be united, and we must not hear of sorrow now."

"United, lady! what, at such a time as this?" said Evan. "Oh! if they would listen to the tale I have to tell, they would see a need for putting aside bridal joys, at least until the trouble coming upon Wales has somewhat passed over."

"Ah! brave knight," said Lady Maelor, with a sigh, "Gilbert is not more sanguine than thou art about a respite from trouble with England, but long ago this was the time appointed for his marriage with my daughter, and to-morrow evening, as I have told you, the event will be celebrated."

A deep sigh escaped Evan's bosom, but before he could speak again a light, joyous laugh fell upon his ear, and Gilbert and Eleanor entered the room. There was another greeting then, and Gilbert, as he held Evan's hand, said, "Tell us of thy travels, and how matters now stand with our kinsman, Owen Glendower."

Evan at this request glanced to Lady Maelor, who gave him permission to proceed, and as they all sat and listened to the tale of wrong, both as concerned that inflicted by Lord Grey, and also that by the King of England, Gilbert's bosom heaved and his dark eyes flashed, while as a contrast Eleanor's fair cheek turned paler. David's lips were compressed, and a deep glow spread over his face; while his mother's lips turned white, and her eyes grew dim; but it was over—she shed no tear—the coming

burst of sorrow was thrown back into the heart, and one low sob alone escaped, for the latent spark of her race—the love of freedom—rose foremost in her bosom, and laying her hand upon Evan's arm, she asked if there was anything she could do to assist Glendower.

"I go, dear lady," replied Evan, "to Snowdon, where I shall wait until a stripling, Glendower's youngest son, brings me word from Glyndwrddwy; and, mark me, thy noble kinsman has no alternative but to take up arms, or the rapacious Lord of Ruthin will humble him to the dust. Humble him!—nay, lady, I did him wrong; a spirit like his cannot humble to a tyrant, and when the hour comes for him to show his might, wilt thou spare that bright boy—thine only son? Think not of self, but let him don the coat of mail, to doff it only when Wales is freed from oppression."

"Such, sir knight, would have been his father's will; a mother's heart might be unwilling to fulfil it, but when she joins the patriot's cause, her heart is there."

"Dear mother," said David, as he kissed her cheek, "I would my father were alive to bless thy noble heart."

"My son," replied his mother, "thou art growing old in speech. Ah, I see thou hast lately grown apace, and I have never thought thy mind was growing too."

"Mother," said David, "it was not until King Henry's soldiers made me feel that I was no longer free, it was not till then I learned to think: now

bitter feelings are oftentimes foremost in my heart, and, mother, I feel that I am not a child."

"God shield thee, boy," replied his mother, as bending over him she kissed the cheek upon which had mantled some of her own heart's fire.

"Dost thou tarry long, Knight Evan?" was the next inquiry.

"Nay, lady, with to-morrow's sun I rise, and ere it sets I hope to be getting near my home. Indeed, my heart grows impatient, for though I have not told thee yet, a young girl, her name is Ida, waits my coming, and she must already wonder why I tarry; so with thy leave, kind lady, to-morrow I will go on towards my home."

"Ah!" said Lady Maelor with a smile, "young Ida waits thee, poor girl! Oh! truant Evan, though perhaps her heart, like thine own, thinks lightly of bridal moments. Come, tell me, canst thou not stay and join the happy group to-morrow evening, though it may not be to celebrate a victory, which perhaps would suit thee better? Come, sir knight, we shall not regard thy friendship unless thou wilt consent to stay, even though Ida may be waiting thee."

There was a little sarcasm in Lady Maelor's manner, as well as in the words she uttered, which went direct to Evan's heart, for his coolness was not real, it was a relighted flame of enthusiasm which had prompted him to speak lightly of Eleanor's marriage; since then he had thought of the young girl who waited him at home, and of bridal joys which he too hoped some day to share. A momentary reflection was

enough, he could not refuse Lady Maelor's request, so consented to stay.

Night, with all her gentle influence, soon sped on. It was the eve of the bridal, and Eleanor, in prayer and watching, passed the hours alone, while a faint light glimmered through the chapel windows, where Gilbert knelt before the altar. The deep silent prayers of those two young bosoms were not the only orisons breathed, for their mother's heart was heavy, and unperceived she, too, passed through the chapel door, and knelt down in her accustomed place beneath one of the windows. There was not a sound without, for it was one of those calm, clear, moonlight nights with which we are so familiar in early summer, and the solitary lamp which burned upon the altar only increased the chapel's gloom, and Lady Maelor wept while she prayed. A deep-drawn sigh startled Gilbert from his devotions, and he turned and gazed down into the darkness of the chapel, which would have availed him nothing had not a bright ray of moonlight fallen upon Lady Maelor as she knelt. Something thrilled through Gilbert's bosom when he saw whose devotions were being offered with his own, and he would have gone and knelt beside her; but even though the spirit of his devotion was broken, he submitted to the superstition of his country, which forbade interruption in the hour of prayer, especially previous to a marriage. The awful calamity which would surely follow such a desecration of that solemn time rose in an instant before the otherwise bold heart, so he left Lady Maelor to pray alone; and as she had unperceived entered the chapel, so, when he arose from his knees, she was gone.

Gone!—Something spectral—something supernatural, must have been in that kneeling form he had seen; and a coldness swept through Gilbert's frame as his eye once more glanced, with the quickness of terror, down into the dark gloomy chapel, as rapidly he turned to the door, and in another instant was out in the open court-yard, where he drew a longer breath than before, for he felt terrible objects had surrounded him.

It was early morning when Gilbert crossed the court-yard, and entered the castle; heavy mists still hung round the mountain tops, and the sleugh-hound had not risen from its lair. Gilbert stayed one moment—turned round, and gazed toward the place he had just left; and it was not until the castle door had closed after him, that he felt certain his midnight companion was not still beside him. He listened for a brief time as he passed near Eleanor's chamber; all was silent there, but as he drew near the one occupied by Lady Maelor, one little ray of light glimmering from beneath the door fell across his feet as he passed, and the low, gentle murmur of a half-suppressed voice struck his quick ear, making his own heart respond, and dispersing every feeling of terror which had come over him. Gilbert knew now that Lady Maelor had indeed knelt with him in the lonely chapel—that for his sake, and for Eleanor's, her heart was still saddened, and he wondered why she should sorrow; a second thought told him, that beyond youth's fair picture of life, lay a torn and bleeding country. Then he remembered his dream, clasped his hands upon his breast, and with soft, gentle step, hastened to his own chamber.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Her eyes filled with tears as the clouds gathered fast,  
She trembled with fear at the stormy wind's moan ;  
She knew he was breasting the terrible blast,  
And all for the loved one who waited him home.

He crossed the dark mountain—'twas, Ida, for thee,  
He leapt the deep ravine, the cataract's foam ;  
What mattered the tempest, like it, he was free,  
And could dare it to reach her who waited him home.

PERHAPS, reader, thou art already far on in some sudden calamity which thy own imagination has conjured up, by which the expected marriage of Gilbert and Eleanor is stayed, and that a hopeless love, with all the attendant fluctuations of joy and grief, is to be their lot until the end of this volume. But thou art for once mistaken ; there are more to figure upon the page of story than Gilbert and Eleanor, and it may perhaps be well to tell thee that there will be blighted love and disappointed hopes in more bosoms than one ; and there will also be the noble and devoted heroism that marks a woman's deep affection, and thou wilt perhaps say that it was well Eleanor and Gilbert were so early married.

The lamps were all lighted in the little chapel, wreaths of beautiful flowers hung about in profusion, rich banners and drapery hung gracefully from the roof, and every little emblem of the event about to

take place was carefully arranged, so as to have the best effect. The hour arrived, the guests assembled, and solemn strains echoed along the chapel roof. Before the altar, dressed in the peculiar-looking vestments of the Cistercian order of monks, stood the abbot from the abbey hard by, and on either side were some monks. Twenty harpers stood about the door, striking their harps with greater power as the bridal party entered. The music was now stayed, and for some minutes not a note was struck, for every one bent low in silent devotion. Rising again from their kneeling posture, they all approached the altar, Lady Maelor leading the way. Her dress was of the richest texture, emblazoned with her family crest, a coronet of gold was upon her head, a large black cross hung from her neck, and across her shoulders was a loose mantle of white.

Eleanor's dress was a simple white robe and mantle, which fell gracefully around her slender form; a wreath of pale flowers interspersed with leaves, bound together with silver cord, was upon her brow, and in her hand she held a small glass crucifix.

Various hues and colours were reflected as the lights fell upon the many different costumes of the guests, amongst whom Knight Evan was not the least conspicuous; and the grey-haired harpers, as they stood about, with the pale light falling upon their silvery beards, represented one of the national customs of the country, and added an important feature to the scene.

Now the abbot's voice rose high, sometimes alone, sometimes mingled with others, and as it died a

solitary note struck by the harpers sweetened the echo.

The vows were exchanged, the glass crucifix broken, and the abbot, after he had given his blessing, gathered up the fragments, and the marriage was over. Then Gilbert folded Eleanor to his heart, but a mournful breeze came at that moment through the opening of the hills, and seemed to increase its wail as it swept round the chapel. Ever superstitious, they all gazed from one to the other, and Gilbert again strained Eleanor to his bosom.

The moaning breeze swept onward, and the bridal party left the chapel; preceded by the harpers, they all passed through the wide portals of the castle, and joy and happiness, regardless of any future, once again sounded in Lady Maelor's home.

Every heart was gay, and every face was bright upon that joyous time, and Lady Maelor seemed to enjoy it most. Twenty years had passed since she, in the bloom of girlhood, had come a bride to that mountain home; this event now recalled all that happy time, but she dared not dwell upon it, and seemed to partake more largely than any in the festivity. Knight Evan watched her in those soul-wrapt moments, saw the quiver on the lip though the eye was bright, and then turned away to another scene. He sought an aged bard, bade him lay aside his harp, and tell him something legendary of Wales. To this the aged man readily complied, when Evan implored him to divine, if he could, the result of the pending strife between Glendower and Lord Grey. Long they conversed together, and the bard was, perhaps, as

enthusiastic as his listener, for they were unconscious of the music having ended, or of their lamp having ceased to burn, until some one seeking the bard, reminded them of the advancing morning.

The months of March and April, generally stormy and wild amongst the mountains of Wales, had this year been unusually calm; May too, had passed, but with the moaning wind that swept round the chapel, the native element seemed to return. Breeze followed breeze, and while they rejoiced within the castle, the storm cloud lowered. The morning came, the wind swept by, yet Evan, equipped for travelling, came to bid Lady Maelor adieu. At first she tried to induce him to tarry longer; then, as she remembered the young girl who waited him, she ceased to importune.

"If thou shouldst join the wars," she said, "thou wilt bring Ida here, she will be happier with us than alone; carry our warmest greeting to her, Knight Evan, and tell her she will meet a sister's love in Eleanor."

Evan pressed the hand that lay gently upon his own to his lips, and then said,—

"Adieu, noble, generous lady, I will never again leave Ida at Snowdon. I will bring her here ere long, then I shall be free to meet the future."

Evan went—the threatening storm had no check upon the heart beating high with love, neither did he seem to hear the remark of the old man who opened for him the postern gate, that a tempest was lowering.

It was noontide, all the fury of the storm had burst forth, and Lady Maelor's heart grew anxious, for she

knew well how difficult the mountain path would be to travel. Again and again she looked from her window to see the direction the storm was taking, and she fondly hoped he was still before it, yet it kept advancing rapidly, and she feared he might be overtaken before he could find shelter. He had passed the deep hollow just beyond her dwelling, for she had seen him ascending the opposite mountain, but she knew no more; many hills and deep valleys she knew lay in his way, and she grew fearful. Mountain born, she knew he had no fear in traversing the wilds; yet when a tempest raged, and the mountain torrent swelled, sometimes the strongest were lost. Her heart grew still more excited as the day closed without any intermission of the storm; and when the household bard shuddered as the wind howled by, and told her it was a fearful night, she clasped her hands together in alarm as she thought of Evan, and perhaps more of the young girl who waited him at home.

Other hearts were anxious on that stormy night. Evan, battling with the wind and breasting the storm, kept on, sometimes scarcely able to keep his footing as he descended some slippery hill side, then often using his hands as well as feet to climb some rugged path along which the torrent rolled and the wind blew furiously; on, on he went—there was Ida beyond, round whose home he well knew the storm raged also, and he longed to calm the growing terror of the young fond bosom which had not yet known a sixteenth summer.

Far away from the path which Evan trod, and the home that sheltered Lady Maelor, another heart was

uneasy. Owen Glendower sat with a sad and troubled mind, as the battlements of his dwelling were also lashed by the hurricane. He had vainly tried to hope that some message might reach him from England, but he had at last grown impatient, and his bosom burned with a desire to turn upon his foe. He had more than once gone over all the ancient laws of his own country, and also those of England, with which he was more familiar, and was fully satisfied that his plea and petition to the King of England were just; then came the bitter thought that, in open violation of every law, justice was denied him, and as a natural consequence, his mind sought a resource.

Little did Glendower think that while, with a restless heart, he sat in his spacious apartment framing some plan for the future, his enemy, Lord Grey, meditated his destruction. A writ had arrived in Wales from the King of England, summoning all the lords and barons in the principality to come and do him homage ere he accompanied his army on an expedition against Scotland, and as ill-luck would have it, it fell to Lord Grey to serve the writ upon all whom it concerned in North Wales. This was indeed unfortunate, for upon reading over the names of those to whom the writ was to be made known, Lord Grey saw the hated name of Glendower, and not content with the illegal seizure of the land, the demon of malice arose, and blunting every feeling of honour, he determined not to make known the message of the king to Glendower in time for him to appear and do homage; so that in addition to the idea that the king already had of his disaffection, a good oppor-

tunity would be given to accuse him of open disobedience and disloyalty.

But, leaving Evan to pursue his way to Snowdon, and Glendower to ease his own mind as he best could, we must mark the action of Lord Grey of Ruthin. He was prompt in issuing the notice of the king's writ, taking perhaps more trouble than under other circumstances he would have done; and before many days had gone by, the barons in North Wales knew their sovereign's will; and Lord Grey, doubtless supposing he had acted with all due policy, if not with honour, made all preparation to leave his noble dwelling in charge of his garrison, while he joined the cavalcade of barons to London.

Could we for a moment, dear reader, close our eyes, and draw up beneath their lids that long-forgotten scene, when all the barons of the realm were commanded to come and do homage to the usurper king, we should see one baron of noble mien, with a clear, open brow, and a bright, keen eye, standing near the person of the monarch, evidently proud of the favour his royal master had shown him. That baron, reader, was Lord Grey, he had come from Wales, with all whom he had summoned, and a ray of pride spread over his handsome features. But there was one Welsh noble whom he had not summoned: Glendower was not there, and a frown rose upon the monarch's face, when he inquired why the Lord of Glyndwr was absent. There was no need of a second inquiry, he who had been guilty of such treachery had no intention of favourably representing his victim's character; and disaffection and dis-

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loyalty were very soon ascribed to the absent, injured baron. Lord Grey's cruel, treacherous conduct succeeded well, and the position of the King of England not allowing him to adopt any measures to check anything rebellious, save the most severe ones, he ordered a royal writ to be served upon the person of the disaffected baron, and commanded him to appear before him without delay.

## CHAPTER IX.

We must behold no object save our country,  
 And only look on death as beautiful,  
 So that the sacrifice ascend to Heaven,  
 And draw down freedom on her evermore.

•                      •                      •

They never fail who die  
 In a great cause : the block may soak their gore,  
 Their heads may sodden in the sun ; their limbs  
 Be strung to city gates, and castle walls,  
 But still their spirit walks abroad.

BYRON.

WHEN Lord Grey set out from Ruthin on his way to London, the news of his absence soon reached the Vale of Glyndwrwy, and a spirit of just retaliation prompting Glendower, he collected all his vassals and seized back again the long-disputed land. Mark the surprise at King Henry's court when, almost as soon as that monarch had given his royal mandate for Glendower's arrest, the news of the proceeding arrived ; and wrath, perhaps mingled with a little fear, swept away all other thoughts, and he ordered Lord Talbot to accompany Lord Grey to Ruthin, where, with the assistance of the garrison, and that belonging to the Earl of Arundel, at Dinas Bran, they were to seize, if possible, upon the rebellious baron.

Desolate indeed must the heart be that has not one

friend, and it often happens that when least expected a friend appears. It was so now with Glendower. A youth fond of adventure, a sort of page belonging to some favourite at court, weary of the monotony of his life, sped away at the first intimation of the punishment about to be inflicted upon our hero, and on the good steed which had so often helped him to pass away the time, he set out to the Vale of Glyndwrwy. The horse, as fleet of foot as the youth was of thought, dashed on with his light and well-trained young rider, and was soon far away from those who would soon be making preparations to follow him. Glyndwrwy was gained, and the act of the youthful stranger was in all probability the turning point in Glendower's career. That light, fancifully-dressed youth bore beneath his gay, happy face a heart more befitting a warrior than a page, and as with warmth and earnestness he told his tale, his listener awoke as it were to the reality of his position. There was something too genuine in that boy to distrust him, and Glendower stood for a moment with folded arms gazing at the bearer of such terrible news; but the die was cast, the impress of a whole nation's wrongs came before him, and he hesitated no longer.

Safety for his family was the hero's first thought, and under cover of night they were all removed to another dwelling. But ere he could collect all his vassals, his enemies (whose movements were as rapid as their wishes) surrounded his castle, and prevented, as they supposed, his exit from the Vale. Thus suddenly surprised, they expected to secure him; but at

their appearance he had taken to flight, and while they wasted some time in getting possession of his lands and patrimonial residence, he was safe with his family in the mountains.

Lords Grey and Talbot were enraged when they found their prey had escaped, and scarcely knew how to proceed, except to scour with the utmost vigilance every secluded spot around them : this they did, but they were so continually harassed that they gave up the search with disgust. Talbot returned to England, and Lord Grey, hating his foe all the more, retired to Ruthin Castle to wait until the king returned from Scotland.

While these matters had been passing with Glendower, Evan's brave heart had not allowed him to rest. He had inspired his three hundred vassals with a desire to revenge Glendower's injuries, and had provided for the safety of Ida.

They had been gay at the castle in the Berwyns, and the old man at the postern gate was perhaps the only one who had not forgotten to be watchful : he ever and anon paced along the door of his little watch-tower, and gazed out over the distant hills ; he saw the travellers coming. Evan's noble mien he knew, but he gazed long at the slight female figure seated behind him on his dark brown steed. The castle gates fell back as the travellers approached, and soon the beauteous Ida was in Lady Maelor's home. Other eyes besides the warder's had watched the strangers enter the court-yard, but the quickness of thought which was one of Lady Maelor's characteristics, brought back in a moment Evan's words

when he left the castle before, and self-possession seemed to forsake her as she saw him enter the castle gate.

"I will bring her here ere long; then I shall be free to meet the future," were Evan's words at parting, and *she* knew what future he meant. For a moment she stood unmoved at her window; but there was bravery in the heart over which a terrible thought had swept, and suddenly starting, she turned, and with perhaps a paler lip than usual, made for the room where she knew her guests would be waiting her.

"Welcome once more, Knight Evan, welcome," said Lady Maelor, "thou hast indeed returned soon to us;" then taking the young girl's hand, she added; "and is this Ida?"

"This *is* Ida, Lady Maelor," replied Evan, "and to thy noble care I shall be proud to give her, until I can again always be near to guard her; but she is safe with thee." Then, as he laid her other hand upon Lady Maelor's arm, he said, "I give thee, noble lady, this young girl, who needs a mother's care. She is a precious legacy to me—all I have; thou wilt guard her well while I follow the fortunes of our country."

"I will, Evan!" replied Lady Maelor; and throwing her arms round Ida's neck, she said, as she embraced her, "I have one daughter, but thou must be to me another; we will make thee happy."

Ida, with all a young heart's warmth, returned her new friend's caress, and then turning to Evan, she said, "I shall indeed be happy here."

Evan knew it, otherwise he had never brought her—

for let the passion of his heart have what future it might, she was all to him now, and he had never thought that there could be any other of earth's daughters half so beautiful, nor one whose life and happiness could be so linked with his own.

Ida soon became known to Lady Maelor's family, and her exquisite form, with her radiant face, held captive every heart: but time sped on, and Evan, who was beginning unconsciously to yield some of the lover to the warrior, returned to his home at Snowdon.

Let us now turn to Glendower. In his secret abode in the mountains he collected his vassals, fortified his position, and gathered to his cause many influential members of his family. They assembled in that mountain wild, and like their prototypes in the time of the first Edward, with hearts burning at their country's wrongs, long and earnestly they sat and tried to see if there was not some source through which the cruel oppression could be stayed. It could *not* be stayed, and the Welsh chieftains knew from bitter experience that the crisis they had now reached would end only in a brave stand against such sweeping tyranny. Sometimes they thought of appealing personally to the king, and showing the treachery of Lord Grey; but oh, it was hard to influence his mind against a favourite, especially when it was at present necessary for his own safety that he should ensure the support of the most influential of his nobles: and what were the Welsh? A race whose power was dying out, who were already overrun by their neighbours, and whose support or hate was of little moment compared to the more powerful English. Bitter

reflection. The Welsh chieftains felt its truth, and there was a pause;—then the decision was told, and Owen Glendower arose, and with all the power of a bold, fearless heart, writhing under injury, insult, and scorn, told them he was determined to defy the English power to do him any further wrong.

“Brave sons of Wales,” he said, “I know you love your country, and mourn her loss of justice and, alas! of freedom. But shall it always be so? Nay, rise and unite with me to renounce the power of Henry Bolingbroke in Wales, though in England he be the acknowledged king. Follow me—I will lead you on to battle, to conquer or die. Die!—yes, die; better lie within a hero’s grave than see Wales fettered, subjugated, humbled to a tyrant’s will. Let us, then, unite our efforts, and with a single-hearted love of country, in *one* decided struggle, try to set Wales free. Henry of England is great and powerful, and he will try to crush us; but better thus than be crushed by the haughty lords, who ignobly rob us, then in falsehood and treachery would bring us to the block. Rise, then, with me—our bleeding country calls us. Follow—I will lead you on to conquer or to die!”

“Glendower and freedom!” rent the air as he ceased speaking, and ere the day closed, five hundred weapons of war were given out to his supporters, and his relatives and friends returned to their homes to collect additions to the gathering army.

Four of Glendower’s brave sons, thirsting for revenge upon their father’s foe, took up arms, and the fifth—young Madog—a mere boy, toiled over mountain paths, along tracts he had never trodden

before, and on the fourth day reach Snowdon, where he found Knight Evan. Soon the brave three hundred vassals were ready, and according to their chieftain's orders, they started in small companies along different roads to the Vale of Glyndwrddwy, from whence they could without much difficulty go on to Sychnant, near which place was Glendower's secret encampment.

Young Madog, though greatly wearied with his journey, was anxious to return immediately, but Evan would not consent until he had fairly rested. On the fourth day, however, they made ready, and equipped each with a dirk, a bow, and a quiver well filled, they started, when the next morning broke, to join the army. They passed the dark lakes and gloomy ravines in their exit from Snowdon; then, as Madog was turning to cross a bridge, which was thrown over a rapid stream as it swept down the mountain side, Evan said, "Stay; let us take this narrow path and cross the hill, and go a different road to that thou camest; it is only a little further, and I wish to go." Madog refused; but Evan said, "Nay, we *must* go; for in a deep vale, amongst the Berwyns, a sad victim of English tyranny, lives Lady Maelor, thy father's cousin; she and her family have suffered—her heart is as warm as ours in the cause; and I must go that way."

"I shall not go," said Madog, starting aside, as if to pursue his own way. "My father bade me hasten, and I shall not tarry."

"Go!" said Evan with warmth, "and I will tell Lady Maelor of her courteous relative. Nay, thou hadst better bear me company, for in Lady Maelor's

home wait two young chieftains, each a representative of a noble family, who will join us."

Madog said no more, but starting to Evan's side, walked on with him. Their path lay for some distance through the mountains; then they followed no direct road, lest in their unprotected state they should fall in with any English soldiers. They travelled as fast as possible, and as the second day was closing, they saw the setting sun tip the Berwyns, and long before it rose again they reached Maelor Castle.

It was midnight when the travellers arrived. It was a summer's night, the moon was up, and the only sounds were the rippling streams, as they struck the stones down the sides of the mountains. The sentinel, ever awake to a new sound, heard his faithful hound growl, and looked out to see if strangers were approaching. In an instant he recognised the costume of Knight Evan, and, without waiting to be summoned, the large gate was opened, and very soon the travellers were inside the castle walls. Though weary and exhausted, Evan would not have the sleeping inmates disturbed; so, after some little refreshment, and more than once gazing upward to the chamber which he knew to be Ida's, he and his companion sunk soundly to sleep in a little chamber near the postern gate. The morning came, and the sunbeams fell upon the weary ones as they slept. Lady Maelor heard of their arrival, and grew impatient to tell Ida; but she had learnt what was in the heart of that beautiful, impulsive girl, and feared to tell her till she knew Evan had awakened.

During the short time Ida had been at Maelor

Castle, she had often gazed from the windows to the summits of those mountains over which they told her Evan would come, and she had more than once wandered through the hollow along which she remembered riding with him when she came from Snowdon; still she failed to meet him, and often vainly inquired of Lady Maelor why he tarried. The morning meal was over, and Ida, as she entered the room with David's hound beside her, asked Lady Maelor's permission to walk once more to the hollow.

"Nay, dear Ida, thou hadst better stay and join Eleanor and Gilbert, they are going to see old Morgan, in the forest; besides, thou mayst not meet Evan, and thou wert sad all the day after thou wert disappointed before. Nay, Ida love, stay with me to-day, or go with Eleanor."

Ida's cheek tinged at Lady Maelor's unwillingness to comply with her request, but not at the mention of Evan; her young heart had ever yet had free scope to act according to its own dictates, and she had not yet learnt how to mould her wishes to those of her guardian's; she saw implicit obedience in all around her towards Lady Maelor, but was not always able to submit herself, and on this occasion she replied—

"Nay, but I must go!"

"Must thou, Ida?" was the mild, gentle reply; and Lady Maelor, taking her hand, said again, "why must thou go?"

"I want to meet Evan; he surely will come soon; perhaps to-day; and he would like me to come to meet him—I always did at Snowdon."

"But things are different here, dear girl; thou

wert alone there; now thy home is with me; and dost thou think Evan would like to know that thou wert regardless of the feelings of those who have thy comforts so much at heart?"

"I will *not* go, dear Lady Maelor," was Ida's immediate reply; "forgive me; I did not mean to be ungrateful;" and, as she raised her hand to her lips, she added, "I will stay with you."

Lady Maelor drew her to her bosom, and as she kissed the lips that were so ready to make atonement, she said—

"Oh, Ida, thou hast much to learn; thou art too impetuous. Learn to curb thy own will, dear girl, and thou wilt save thyself many sorrows. What wilt thou be when thy country takes up arms, and all whom we love are called upon to fight? Some will—some must fall in the struggle; suppose Evan does! Oh, Ida, I tremble to think such a calamity may befall thee, because I know thou art wayward, and the hand of reason seldom guides thee. Learn courage, then, dear girl, and try to teach thy heart to be brave; it will save thee many troubles."

As Ida listened to Lady Maelor, tears began to trace each other down her cheeks; and as she promised all that was asked of her, she little knew that her kind guardian's heart often vibrated under weaknesses similar to her own.

"Come, calm thyself, dear Ida," said Lady Maelor; "for if Evan comes, he must not see thou hast been weeping."

But the young heart had to throw off an accumulation of woe which had been gathering ever since she

had come to the castle, and she could not stay her tears. The heart at length grew light, and turning to her kind friend, she said—

“Dear Lady Maelor, when will Evan come?”

A smile was on the noble face of her guardian, as she answered—

“When will he come?—Thou mightst go to the hollow all day and never meet him. Come, now, let me see that thou hast a brave heart, and wilt not tremble to hear that he came late last night to the castle, and is now sleeping in you little chamber near the castle gate.”

Ida did not tremble, but she laid her hand upon her heart, and her lips turned pale; Lady Maelor’s teaching had not been thrown away, yet who shall say it was not some of the determined will which she tried to subdue that even now helped her to listen calmly to a sudden realization of her hopes.

They were moving in the chamber where Evan slept, and Ida, unable to learn Lady Maelor’s lesson fully, grew excited at last, and as she heard footsteps in the hall leading to the room in which she sat, she rushed with all her own impetuosity to the door, and the next moment was in Evan’s arms.

Gilbert and David came with Evan to their mother, who rose to welcome him, but started back as she saw him so fondly embracing Ida; and as she stood and gazed at them, many strange thoughts passed through her mind. She felt there was a nobleness in Evan, and a dignity in his mien, that might have found a counterpart in some high-born daughter of Wales; but there he was bestowing all his affection upon a

lovely, child-like girl, who was never formed for trial, and whom, she felt, would shrink before the storm-cloud of warfare which was likely to sweep over her country. Ida's was a face and a nature that she knew could win any heart; still she felt she was not a fit bride for Evan, who was enthusiastic and lion-hearted.

Lady Maelor had seen but little of the world, and knew not how to arrive at a conclusion as to the cause of the devotion for Ida.

It was perhaps the germ of that character which in later times has become more fully developed, and which proves that man often loves that object best to which in his leisure moments he can turn, and, forgetful of his own distracting sphere in the busy world, enjoy that influence which, by its pure, single-hearted devotion, can divest life of its evils.

## CHAPTER X.

And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated.

BYRON.

EVAN seemed to remember, as he folded Ida to his bosom, that Lady Maelor was waiting him, and turning to her, thanked her for all her kind care, and received her welcome. Then he told her of Glendower's youngest son having accompanied him; and Lady Maelor, as she advanced towards the noble-looking youth, whom Gilbert at that instant introduced, she bade him welcome to her home, and all the hospitality it afforded.

Bowing low on one knee, Madog, with much of the refined air of an English youth, thanked his kind relative; then rising and taking his seat beside Evan, began to tell how matters stood between his father and Lord Grey.

Lady Maelor listened with a beating heart; Eleanor trembled; while the young Ida's eye seemed to sparkle brighter, as though she found pleasure in the recital.

"To-morrow morning, kind lady," said Evan, "we must resume our journey. Gilbert and David, thou hast promised, shall bear us company, and perhaps thou hast a few good rascals who can also join us?"

"Nay, Knight Evan, I have none to spare ; only a few now remain to us ; scarcely enough to attend to our necessities. Last winter's snow was deep before the pine logs were stored, and surely thou knowest that such portion of our domestic duty is always done before the summer is ended."

"True, lady ; but thy sons?"

"They are there," was the reply ; "ask them, and if they are willing, they know their mother's heart, and need not appeal to me again."

"We will go," burst at once from Gilbert and David ; and coming forward, they again repeated their readiness to accompany Evan.

"Go, and God bless you both," was Lady Maelor's response, as she turned away to hide the tear which sprung from her motherly heart in spite of all her heroism.

Scarcely had the sun risen on the following morning, when the four young warriors began to make ready ; the time came at last for them to go, and each heart did its best to bear up at the parting. Lady Maelor with her own hands fastened a scarf round David's shoulders, gave him his father's light battle-axe, and then skilfully placed a silver hawk, the insignia of his house, in his cap : after all this was done, she handed him his bow, prayed God to keep him, then with a passionate kiss, bade him go, and be valiant.

Evan, with a lover's ardour, had fondly embraced his beautiful Ida ; but with no doubts as to his own safety, he had promised soon to return, and his going was somewhat divested of its terrors.

But where was Gilbert? His was a sacred farewell. He had clasped his young bride to his heart, and a tear had fallen from his eye. She had become dearer of late, and there was a trembling upon his lips, though no sound escaped them as he stood with her.

"Gilbert, Gilbert! come, why tarriest thou?" roused him from the bitterness of his parting; and turning round, he saw Lady Maelor at the door. "Come, Gilbert, come," she said again; "the others wait thee. Here, Eleanor, take this scarf and buckle it round his shoulders. I have folded it for thee: the house of Ddu wears it different to that of Maelor, and it is right thou shouldst know the art."

Eleanor took the scarf, and with trembling hands fastened it as her mother directed; then throwing her arms round his neck, burst into tears upon his bosom.

"Shame! shame on thee! daughter, Eleanor, my child," said her mother; "was it thus the daughters of thy house were wont to bid their husbands fight their battles?" Nay! dry thy tears—go, Gilbert—think her not less brave than her mother, but the school of life has not yet been stern enough to chill her heart."

"God grant it never may," said Gilbert, as bending over her he strained her to his bosom—whispered something in her ear—kissed her fondly, and then hastened from the room.

Many prayers followed them all as they left the castle, and until they had entirely disappeared amongst the hills, Lady Maelor, with Eleanor and Ida, watched them from the highest turret of the castle; then they descended to the room where they generally passed

the day, and endeavoured to wile away the time by following some little pursuit.

Ida, who had heard only of glorious deeds, and none of the heart-breaking miseries of warfare, tried to be joyous; she sung, told many a story of her own home, and often repeated Evan's words, that he would soon return. The evening drew on, and Eleanor sat down to her embroidery, while her mother, with a book of old Welsh legends and prophecies upon her knee, sat down and gazed into the fire. More than once a deep-drawn sigh came involuntarily from her heart, and it found a response from Eleanor, who would have given worlds for leave to weep; but while her mother wore that cold, rigid look, she dared not give way. She longed to throw herself upon her affection, for to have wept with her would have brightened the future and removed the heavy cloud which was lowering on them both. Were they not heroic? who shall deny it? It will be seen hereafter that there was heroism of the deepest, purest kind in the hearts of them all, but the circumstances which attended the opening of the last struggles for the independence of Wales, would have damped the ardour and turned to despair the hopes of any other hearts than those whose lot it was to appear at that time upon the theatre of war.

It was Lady Maelor's pride to see her son equip himself for battle, and go forth to the fight. Truly Spartanlike, her country was first, and she could not regret it; though when her boy, the last representative of her lineage, was gone, perhaps to return no more, she would have sought her own private room; where, unseen and unconstrained, she could have in-

dulged in silent grief. But Eleanor's tears at parting changed her intentions, and it was to teach her young heart how to control itself, that she endeavoured to appear calm and collected, and finally sat down in silent agony before the fire to read. But the human heart can only endure a certain amount of woe, when tears must relieve it, or it breaks. There is a quiet sorrow, which by degrees breaks down the spirit, wastes the form, and finally, like some passing zephyr, the spirit flies ; but the sharper, keener anguish of a sudden woe comes with a whirlwind-sweep across the heart, and its desolating progress is only stayed by tears.

Lady Maelor's book, unopened, lay still upon her knee, Eleanor somewhat mechanically plied her needle, while Ida gazed out upon the mountains. The wood crackled as it burnt, Gilbert's hound occasionally gave out a yawn, the ringing of the distant abbey bell fell at times upon the ear, and there was a sharpness in the breeze as it swept by.

Tired with looking out through the window, Ida sat down upon a couch near to it, and striking the strings of her harp, she began an air with such sweetness and skill that Eleanor could endure no longer, but gave way to tears, which streamed rapidly though silently down her cheeks. There was no check now, for her mother soon wept too ; and Ida, unconscious that she was calling forth any sorrow, continued the strain.

As the music ceased, the sorrow grew lighter, for the overcharged bosoms had during that simple strain cast off much of the weight of woe ; and as they embraced each other, then pressed a fond kiss upon Ida's

cheek, they felt happier than before, and bound to that young girl with a warmer love.

Meanwhile, hastening onward through narrow passes, over rugged rocks, wading deep mountain torrents, and penetrating deep forest tracks, went Evan and his companions; while on longer and different roads, often intercepted by incidents more or less dangerous, journeyed the brave three hundred sturdy vassals, who, at the desire of their feudal lord, had set out for Glendower's camp. Many times they lost their way, or entered some dangerous place, from which there was no exit but by retracing their steps; and many times they were on all sides surrounded by English soldiers; yet they all arrived at Glendower's retreat in safety, and Evan also, guided by young Madog, joined them three days after he left Maelor Castle.

Glendower was proud to see his adventurous boy return, and delighted to welcome Knight Evan with his two noble companions. William Tudor, a chieftain from Anglesea, had come with a large number of vassals, and many of Glendower's relatives had joined the cause. Truly the fire of revolt had been easily lighted, for the Welsh, ever ready to throw off the Saxon yoke, saw glory and freedom in the future. The prophecies of Merlin and Aquila were well remembered. Wales, they had foretold, should, after being under Saxon and Norman sway, return to ancient British rule; and such predictions, improved by the wild fancies and imagination of the bards, acted now like a spell upon the devoted people, who with an irresistible impulse flocked to their champion's standard.

Wales, always moved by song, ever yielded to the

power of its native minstrels, the princes and leaders of the people were by them inspired to fight for liberty and independence, and they increased the native bravery of every bosom.

The days were now passing busily with Glendower and his brave band, which felt confident of success in humbling the haughty Lord Grey; for at present he, and let it be remembered, he *alone*, was the one against whom the plans were directed, though it required little penetration to see how in all probability the affair would involve the whole of Wales. But what mattered that? Wales had been oppressed and humbled long enough, and a good opportunity was now offered to throw off the yoke.

It was little either Lord Grey or Talbot knew of what Glendower was about; he had escaped them, but they knew no more; and when Lord Talbot overtook the king on his way to Scotland, and told him the rebel had fled to the mountains, but that his property was in the safe keeping of a powerful band of English soldiers, who were on the alert to seize him whenever he emerged from his retreat, he knew nothing of his accumulating army, nor of the strength of the foe Lord Grey had created.

King Henry's wrath can be better imagined than described when he heard that Glendower had escaped; but as preparations for fighting the Scots had so far advanced, he was obliged for the present to turn his thoughts in that direction. To subjugate Scotland had long been the darling idea of the English, and as the unpopularity of King Richard was in a great measure owing to his unwarlike habits, and Henry's

popularity being highly necessary to a firm hold upon his throne, he took advantage of the disturbed state of the Scottish court, and while a Lord Marcher in Wales instigated a rebellion that harassed the whole of his reign, he gratified the wishes of his English subjects, and took up arms against Scotland.\* A truce from year to year had for some time kept peace between the two hostile nations, but the agreement having died with the late parliament, mutual inroads had commenced, all helping to disturb the peace of England's new king.

To follow an English army into Scotland, however, is not the design of this work; the fact of Henry's first expedition thither is sufficient to show the reason why he did not at once turn his attention to Wales.

\* King Henry's expedition against Scotland is worthy of notice, as it was the last invasion of that country conducted in person by an English monarch; and also on account of his having had recourse to the old system of Feudal service in raising his army. This system, though out of use, had not been formally abolished.

## CHAPTER XI.

Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake  
The slumbering venom of the folded snake:  
The first may turn, but not avenge the blow;  
The last expires—but leaves no living foe;  
Fast to the doom'd offender's form it clings,  
And he may crush,—not conquer,—still it stings.

BYRON.

OUR hero in his secret retreat soon found himself sufficiently strong to defy the whole power that menaced him. Every opening and pass near to him he kept strongly guarded, and waited anxiously for an opportunity to offer for him to seize upon Lord Grey, and make him his prisoner; it was a bold step to take, but he had determined, if possible, to do it, and then face boldly every result.

Lord Grey, totally unconscious of the chieftain's plans, and wearied at his every failure in tracking the man he sought, kept quietly at Ruthin Castle, while on the other hand, Glendower saw the summer drawing to a close without having struck the blow. The time for action however was not far distant.

The rich, golden month of September, in the year fourteen hundred, had commenced, and preparations were being made at Ruthin for the annual fair. This was the time for Glendower. Excited, and with wrongs magnified by the complaints of the many who

joined him, and conscious that the words outlaw and rebel were attached to his name, reason gave way in the desire to revenge himself upon his foe, and he at once offered himself to his people, not only as their champion and leader, but as their lawful prince, descended from the mighty Idewelyn.

At such a time, his eager countrymen never thought of investigating his claim to the title, but hailed him with delight as their lawful sovereign; and when the day closed around them, they received from him the welcome order to prepare and accompany him the next morning to Ruthin.

It was one of those calm, beautiful mornings when the spirit of man seems almost hushed by the silence of nature; not a leaf stirred, scarcely a breath of air passed by, and the sunbeams, in all their rich glory, fell upon the dewy flowers—fell upon Glendower's rude home, and also upon that of his enemy, Lord Grey; they fell too, upon the town of Ruthin, where the people had begun the day at an unusually early hour, for it was the fair-day, an event of no small importance in those times.

The people were all in holiday costume, and a large number of visitors from the neighbouring villages were gathered there; the music played loudly, and flags of gay colours hung about in profusion; *one*—an English *one*—curled proudly round the flag-staff at the castle.

Suddenly there was a strange sound—a clash of arms—and the people, struck with dismay, rushed hither and thither, causing the greatest confusion. A large and powerful army had entered the town of

Ruthin in various places—a broad banner, like the one Wales used to glory in, rose above one division of the army, and the affrighted people knew not whether to join in the revolt, or flee. Few did the latter: the old native war-cry, with its powerful influence, found a vibration in many hearts, and the invading army increased in number. The garrison at the castle was attacked most valiantly, and the repulse was as brave; and for some time the struggle was critical. But those old walls with the brave defenders, bore the attack without yielding; and, when unable to conquer the garrison and seize Lord Grey, Glendower returned to the mountains, his path for some distance was lighted up by the flames of the burning town.

There was no regret amongst the army as they looked back upon burning Ruthin; indeed, they would have rejoiced had its bold castle, with its hated inmate, suffered even more punishment than they had been able to inflict. Yet they had struck one blow at the power of England, and a gleam of satisfaction was on every face, as they slept calmly upon their heather beds in their prince's camp.

The attack upon the town of Ruthin, so sudden and so unexpected, marked with such devastation and ruin, roused the indignation of its potent lord, who immediately sent notice of it to Dinas Bran, and all the other castles in the surrounding district; but the garrisons in each place were limited, and most of the lords away with the king in Scotland.

Equally with Lord Grey's intimation of the revolt to the various garrisons, sped the call from Glendower to his own countrymen, and they, ever ready to catch

some glimpse of a beam of hope that the long-slumbered promises of freedom would be fulfilled, received the call to arms with beating hearts, and were not tardy in joining him. Richard Vychen, Philip Scudamore, Kynaston, Daron, Traherne, and many others equally brave and powerful, swelled his ranks, and each one urged the cherished hope to the other, that Wales would be an independent power again.

They heard, too, at Maelor Castle, of the attack on Ruthin, for the good old monk, as he bent low at prayer, dared to breathe the few words which had found their way to the abbey hard by, as he offered a petition for the safety of the brave ones of that house who had joined the revolt. Lady Maelor, with Eleanor and Ida, listened to the old man's closing prayer, and ere he had finished, they started to his side to bid him tell them more.

"Fear not, lady," said the monk, "they are safe, though they have been amidst fire and sword. They tell me Ruthin is destroyed, but that is all I know. Some one will come ere long—perhaps thy son—so calm thy fears, we shall soon know the part thy son and his companions have taken."

As the monk had said, a messenger arrived before the next morning broke, with a full account of the attack upon the town of Ruthin, kind messages of love and affection from Evan, Gilbert, and David, and the pleasure they all felt in a soldier's life. They also sent a description of the camp, and the strong fortress they had amongst the mountains, then spoke in raptures of their prince, and of his five beautiful daughters who were with him.

Let us turn to Lord Grey. In addition to sending the news to the various garrisons, he despatched a courier across the country to intercept the king on his return from his unsuccessful campaign in Scotland, while *he*, well equipped for travelling, set out on his steed to London to meet the king when he arrived there.

Heavy rains falling compelled the courier to return to the castle, but his master was gone, so no one broke the news to King Henry but Lord Grey himself.

At first, the monarch, inwardly irritated at the failure of his attack on Scotland, looked with an evil eye upon the bearer of such information from Wales; and Lord Grey, cowering beneath the glance which perhaps penetrated too deeply, implored on bended knees the king's protection. Many other English nobles, whose eyes had doubtless fallen upon some eligible dwellings in Wales, pleaded also with the kneeling suppliant; and in the end, the mighty King of England made Lord Grey's petty quarrel so entirely his own, that he gave immediate commands for the army to make ready at once, and crush the revolt in Wales before it spread too far, and writs were issued to all governors of castles on or near the border, to strengthen their defences, and make ready to give help when called upon. Many of those noble old castles along the border had long since passed from their rightful owners, for it was the pride of succeeding monarchs to follow up the system pursued by the first Edward, and, by making a fealty too hard to be endured, became

the possessors of many large Welsh inheritances. But to pass on. The failure of the northern campaign had not damped the king's ardour; notices to make ready were now served upon a great number of his nobles, for he had determined upon accompanying the army to Wales.

David Gam, the Welsh chieftain, whom we have already mentioned as a squire in the king's household, heard all that passed, and took occasion to inform his royal master that he stood nearly related by marriage to the outlaw, but was anxious to prove his fidelity to England by taking arms, and joining in the expedition.

The king's stern heart was not easily persuaded to another's belief; but at such a time, when the mind sought any source which could justify the punishment of a powerful offender, it may be pardonable if he listened to one of his courtiers for the character of the man who was likely to cause such trouble to the nation, though Gam in giving it bartered the life-blood of his country. The decree of the king was not long in finding its way to Wales, and Glendower, with keenness and ability, set about avoiding a surprise. He had had sufficient experience to know that craft and duplicity largely predominated in the heart of his royal antagonist, and he determined to exercise similar qualities to compete with him. He knew well that all who now gathered round him had received him with beating hearts as their leader and prince, and he made the native pulse again beat high, when he told them that he had determined upon transferring his quarrel, about

a few acres of land, from Lord Grey to the King of England, for a kingdom. Once again through Wales Glendower's call went on, and hundreds more flocked to his standard; but it is impossible for English hearts fully to appreciate the justice of that enthusiasm with which the Welsh people hailed the advent of a champion who was to lead them once more to struggle for their freedom.

## CHAPTER XII.

Power usurped is weakness when opposed.

COWPER.

No sooner had the mandate of the King of England been fairly issued than, acting upon its letter, a large army made ready for Wales. All the men that could be raised out of ten counties swelled the ranks, and there was much pride and boasted power as the force moved on to the principality. Glendower, ever on the alert, heard of the king's approach, and prudently avoided a combat. The winter was approaching rapidly, and, knowing the nature of his climate at that season of the year, as the English army drew nearer, he proceeded further into Wales. More than one strong fortress, deep in the mountain fastnesses, protected his family as danger drew near, for he had not yet fixed upon any particular locality to form the centre of his field of warfare, and his young daughters were too precious to his heart to allow them to be beyond the reach of his strong arm.

Steadily and slowly the English army advanced. The border was crossed, and the king, with some additional pride, looked upon the almost invincible appearance of the strength that accompanied him; but he soon found himself in a wild, uncultivated mountain region, without any appearance of the foe he had

brought so great an army to exterminate. He reached the lovely Vale of Glyndwrwy, obtained succours from the Earl of Arundel, at Dinas Bran, and amongst the ruins of Ruthin the army for a short time laid down their weapons of war, while the potent Lord Grey entertained within the castle the king and his nobles.

Glendower heard of the near approach of his foe, so gathering all his force together, he immediately made his way to the confines of Snowdon, where he well knew there was no possibility of being disturbed by invaders, unless they had both skill and courage to leap over ravines and penetrate dark gloomy defiles, where one by one they would expose themselves to the arts and devices of their foes, or creep through pathless forests, the very appearance of which were, in those days of superstitious gloom, enough to appal the stoutest hearts.

Now the English army moved on again, but seeing with terror and dismay the wild country before them, they began to weary of their long and toilsome marches, while the king with anger and bitter disappointment, seemed determined to keep on, though not to Snowdon. He had heard where Glendower was supposed to be, and he had penetration enough to see the utter uselessness of an attempt to follow him; so keeping onward to the northern border, committing sad devastation as he went along, he crossed over to the Island of Anglesea, and wreaked all his accumulated wrath upon the unoffending monks at the Abbey of Llanfaes. Some of the monks he slew, the others were made prisoners and carried to

England, after being compelled to witness the destruction of their abbey by fire. This act, committed by a royal hand, was a sad proof of the texture of his heart, for he had no charge against the monks save that they were Franciscans, and that order had adhered to the hapless King Richard.

The king, finding winter surrounding him, and provisions getting scarce in a place where he could not hope for supplies, began to return home, without having brought his foe to action, though he left sad proofs of invasion and slaughter; and the injured peasantry, hitherto fearful of him, now added hate to their terror.

The stormy season set in with severity—heavy rain and wind helped to harass and disperse the army, and when at last they reached the loyal and truly patriotic town of Shrewsbury, their condition was deplorable.

Many a bitter thought must have passed through the king's mind at the failure of his second campaign. To be unsuccessful against Scotland was not quite so terrible, but against Wales—to fail in that was looked upon with suspicion, and there was a whisper that it augured ill to his future government. However, to show his power over the enemy he could not reach, he confiscated his estates, and gave them to the Duke of Somerset; and he also gave orders to all the nobles and barons in Wales, to keep vigilant watch over their rebellious neighbours.

Meanwhile Glendower, at Snowdon, was regardless of the English power, and as all operations were necessarily stayed by the inclemency of the weather, the hitherto long silent mountain region rung with

much that was joyous, for so much youthful enthusiasm, and the presence of the chieftain's daughters, overthrew the wiser communings of older heads, and the wintry hours began to pass quickly and pleasantly. Evan, with all his inborn ardour, had infused something similar into the bosoms of Gilbert and David, and with an occasional courier between them and Maelor Castle, they remained quietly with their prince, towards whom Evan's heart vibrated, and wherever the prince was seen, the young chieftain, in the strange black costume, was always beside him; in the few private hours, too, which he stole from the cares of his position to spend alone or with his family, Evan was also there; and who may tell but it was winning his heart from the home in the Berwyn mountains.

Ida often heard of Evan far away, yet with Lady Maelor and Eleanor, she had rather he would return with Gilbert and David; then they felt they had joined a cause which demanded a sacrifice they were willing to give, and waving as well as they could all feelings of self, they saw the winter's snow fall around them, and hoped on for the spring time.

The snow lay deep upon the ground, and the nipping blast helped to crystallize the little moisture caused in some few places by the noonday sun: every footstep as it fell was distinctly heard, and Lady Maelor more than once grew impatient at the uneasiness of the two faithful hounds, who kept continually indulging in low growls as they lay before the fire.

"Lie down, Gelert—Hulo, be still," then by a gentle pat upon the head of the noble creatures she would

try to coax them into obedience, but rising at their mistress's touch they licked her hand, then gave an inward growl, and with ears erect lay down again before the fire.

The dogs continued restless, starting at every sound, and at intervals rose up and walked to and fro from the fire to the door of the room. "Come, Gelert, Gelert, what ails thee to-night?" said his mistress, as she again patted his head, "lie down, good dog—poor Gelert!" but he rested his head upon her lap, and as she finished speaking he gave out again, as it were in answer, his own peculiar uneasy growl. The chapel bell, summoning them to evening prayer, to the surprise of all, the dogs rose up and followed, and lay down before the chapel door, and when the prayers were done they rose up and entered the castle again.

"I cannot think what ails the dogs to-night," remarked Lady Maelor to the monk, who accompanied her back to the room she had so lately left; "they never were so restless before, I wonder if anything has happened to my sons?"

"Fear not, lady," said the monk, "no news from any quarter has reached us within the last five days, then if thou wilt remember thy sons were well, and the English army had entirely left Wales."

"True, good father, true, but I am much inclined to think these dogs know more of what is passing than we are able to conceive;—just see them now. Gelert! Gelert! Hulo, poor fellow!" and once again she tried to quiet the restless creatures.

"Hark! there is some one coming," and her cheeks

taken of her request for them to quit the room, "than to enforce such measures as you mention: other nations give their adversaries an opportunity to refuse submission, and why should England be different? Tell me, then, what the commands of your king may be, when I, who fear not to acknowledge Owen Glendower as the prince of my country, will tell you whether I can comply?"

Eleanor and Ida had drawn nearer to Lady Maelor as she spoke, the monk stood some distance off, and a boy who had just been trimming the two lamps stood beside him, unable to pass the men, who, having closed the door, stood before it.

"Henry of England, lawful prince and sovereign of Wales," said one of the men, "desires a portion of this castle to be converted into a garrison for a detachment of his troops, and also that David-ap-Maelor, your son, return with us to Chester for a time, as proof of your fealty to England."

Lady Maelor gazed earnestly at the man as he spoke, and as an accumulation of wrong from the country whose cause he advocated, reminded her too forcibly of the helpless state of her own, a spark of native fire burst forth, and no longer able to brook the insult, she said—

"I have never sworn fealty to the present King of England, and at such a time as this I refuse to do so; return then, and tell your king that I renounce all allegiance to him, and that my sons have already joined the standard of their own native prince, to recover, if possible, the freedom of Wales."

There was much that was brave in this short, im-

petuous speech, especially as the state of the castle was such that there were only a few vassals and domestics to defend it. But Lady Maelor's spirit was a host within itself, and had the King of England himself been there, she would not have hesitated to confront him.

A dark frown lowered on the brow of the man she addressed, and after whispering something to his companions, he replied—

"Lady Maelor, you are our prisoner, and to save further trouble, I bid you make ready and return with us to Chester at once, for though our king is merciful, times such as these forbid him to be too lenient."

"Hush! hush!" was the immediate reply; "your king merciful! Pomfret's walls could tell another story."

"Woman, this is treason," said the man in anger. "I command you instantly to remove those fierce dogs, and resist no longer. Refusal indeed will avail you nothing; I know the strength of your defences, and a strong force of English soldiers are making their way here, to compel you to yield."

"Then, until they come," she instantly replied, "I refuse to obey you, and I bid you once again to quit this room. Keep guard at my door if you will, but leave me and my daughters alone for the remainder of the night."

To this request the intruders were unwilling to comply, and though the night was bitterly cold, nothing short of her setting out for Chester would satisfy them. During the conversation, Lady Maelor's attention had been divided between the intruders and

the hounds, which every effort could scarcely keep in check, and as with their last words the men approached towards her, the dogs sprung forward, and a fierce combat ensued. In the midst of the noise and struggle the door of the apartment opened, and about thirty vassals, armed with a variety of weapons, rushed in and fell upon the men who were already engaged in a terrible conflict. The contest was now short; the intruders were soon overpowered, and borne off to some dungeons beneath the castle.

Thus suddenly relieved from danger, Eleanor and Ida burst into a flood of tears, while Lady Maelor stooped to caress her dogs. Gelert bounded in joy about her, but poor Hulo only looked towards the mistress he had defended, and moaned. She knelt beside the wounded creature, and tried various means to staunch the blood which flowed from a deep wound in the breast, but the English dagger had done its work effectually, and before the vassals returned, the faithful dog faintly licked the hand of its mistress, stretched out its limbs and died.

"Poor Hulo! faithful, faithful Hulo!" said Eleanor; her mother also bewailed him, and a tear fell upon his stiffening form while Ida, apparently the most alarmed at the danger which had surrounded them, sat down upon a seat, with lips and cheek as white as the snow-covered country.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Life, with all its beams of gladness,  
Sheds around its brightest ray ;  
Why then wear that look of sadness,  
Ida, wipe thy tears away.

THE vassals returned after they had quite secured the men, and with anxious faces begged their mistress to save herself by instant flight, for they had all become alarmed at the approaching army.

"Where shall we go?" she asked; and the vassals proposed, with all due respect and courtesy, that the only place of safety was with the prince at Snowdon.

Lady Maelor for a moment hesitated at the thought of deserting the noble dwelling of her family, and she decided that it should not be.

"No, my good vassals," she answered, "your deeds this night are witness against any cowardice that can be imputed to you, you have hearts and hands willing to defend your mistress, and if needs be, you must increase your valour in defending her home. I shall not quit the castle, but immediately put it in a state of defence; and while we do so, some one must away to the prince, and tell him of our position. This castle is too important a station to resign to the English, and our struggle cannot be of long duration.

Every heart present beat responsive to Lady Maelor's plan, the ray of hope she had been able to give animated them again, and they attended to her orders as they would have done to an experienced general. Each man received from her his allotted post, and before the morning broke, every one was under arms, determined bravely to defend the castle against any attack from the neighbouring garrison, or the threatened army. Two men were chosen and sent across the country to Snowdon; and their mistress, not without many misgivings, saw them go, and wondered whether they would ever return. The men were well acquainted with the district of country over which they had to travel, yet if a snow-drift came, or they fell in with the enemy, all might be lost; and it required no ordinary amount of fortitude to maintain her outward bravery, for her heart was giving way; but as many days passed without the threatened army appearing, or any interruption from the garrison, she became more at ease.

Another heavy fall of snow added to that which already covered the earth; the sky was dark, and one of the prisoners, who had been severely injured by a vassal on the night of his capture, died. It was a gloomy night, and Lady Maelor, whose heart was not so rigid as necessity might have made it, feeling for the men whose duty it was to keep watch along the battlements of the castle, was resolving upon their taking shelter while the snow continued to fall, when, upon hearing a loud knocking at the postern gate, she turned her thoughts instantly in that direction. Five men, well armed, demanded, in the name of the

King of England, admission into the castle; but the bold keeper told them that the place was well garrisoned, and that the soldiers were Glendower's, who was a sworn enemy to England: he also ordered them to withdraw immediately from the castle gate while they had liberty to do so. Thus taken by surprise, the men obeyed the order of the daring Welshman, and hastened back to their garrison, which instead of venturing out, adopted Lady Maelor's plan, and made their own place of safety more secure, for they had heard of the increasing power of Glendower, and felt their position to be defenceless against his swelling ranks.

The writs served upon the various garrisons in Wales, commanding them to check every leaning towards the insurrection, had influenced the captain of the garrison near to Maelor Castle to keep especial watch over its inmates, and he soon learned that young David, with his sister's husband, had joined the revolt. To have communicated this fact to any one else would have perhaps transferred the power of imprisoning them, so after having ascertained the strength of the castle, he intruded upon Lady Maelor and demanded her son. Not returning again to the garrison, the remaining soldiers became uneasy, and it was to ascertain something about them that the five men demanded admittance: the fate of their captain now was no longer doubted, but they dared not attempt a rescue after the bold statement of the warder.

Lady Maelor soon heard of what had transpired, and again grew fearful of her safety. More than a

week passed by—no succours came—the prisoners loudly demanded release, and the tried vassals for the first time began to lose hope. The thought came that those who had gone for help had met with disaster; so when night drew on, two more were taken from the scanty garrison and, under cover of darkness, sent out across the perilous country. Two more days had elapsed, the bravest hitherto had been Lady Maelor, but she now partook of the prevailing impatience, though as the morning sun shone for a short time through the eastern windows, her heart seemed to grow brave once again under its cheering influence. Pressing a kiss upon Ida's cheek, she said—

“Look, child, at those beautiful mountains—the snow seems to be leaving us. My sons or Evan will be here soon—I know they will.”

Ida caught the words as they fell. Oh! how her young heart longed for Evan; and feeling sure that he now would come, her own light-heartedness returned, and she laughed and sung away the morning.

The sun had gone down—it set early behind the hills, and Lady Maelor, as she held converse with one of the warders, was startled by Ida exclaiming—

“They come! they come!”

Eleanor and her mother immediately gazed in the direction Ida pointed, and saw a company crossing a distant mountain which rose up in the distance between the opening of two smaller ones nearer the castle. All was now a scene of joy and activity, for the near approach of help infused new life into every bosom. Eleanor and her mother ascended the highest

turret to get, if possible, another glimpse of them, for there was still some distance of mountain-path, narrow passes, and woody country for them to pass before they could arrive at the castle, and at least it would be midnight before they came.

As night drew on, Lady Maelor strained her eyes in vain through the gathering darkness, and the truth of her terrible position shot through her heart when she saw night advancing, and felt she dared not light a beacon as a welcome and a guide to those who were coming. She could see no distance now, and had scarcely returned to her room when the snow flakes began to cover the earth again, and a sweeping wind howled round the castle. Lady Maelor started, and as she looked out from her window, she saw indeed that a storm was commencing. Joy was now changed to fear, for if it continued there was no possibility of her sons arriving before morning, and to be all that bitter night exposed to such a storm, there was the utmost probability that they would perish.

All through that dreary night the inmates of the castle waited and kept watch, and the bare idea that young David was so near and unable to reach home so harrowed his mother's heart that she paced the room in agony, while a cold damp kept starting to her forehead; then, seating herself upon a chair, she drew short, agitated breath, not trusting herself to utter a word.

Ida being anxious for the hours to pass quickly, wisely retired to rest; but Eleanor, with a bosom as highly charged as her mother's, passed an anxious night.

The snow still fell, and the muffled tread of the sentinels came mournfully upon the ear in the calms between the blasts of wind.

It was a long night, beginning early and ending late; eight times the sentinels had been changed, and when the morning broke, Lady Maelor summoned Rees, the head warder, to consult him about going out to see for the company seen on the previous evening crossing the distant mountain.

"Nay, lady," said the warder, "we could do no good; the pass leading to the hollow must be blocked up with snow long before this, for the wind sets into it, and the foot-bridge over the chasm by Castle Gru, is too dangerous to cross."

"Must those who would risk their lives to help us, be allowed to perish because the only means of saving them appear to us to be dangerous? Rees!—Rees! thou art braver than that! Remember who it is that is exposed to danger; it is your chief!—the last scion of his house. Go, then, good Rees, and with twelve men first try the pass; if that fails, risk the safety of the foot-bridge; face every danger that lies between our chief and us, for if exposed to another night like the last, all help will be in vain."

"Dear lady," interposed the bard, who had watched her as she spoke, "compose thy fears; if our noble chief was overtaken by last night's storm, he would find some shelter: there is the cottage by the ruins of Castle Gru, where he at least could tarry for the night, and old Howell, with his wife Helen, would be proud to give him a goodly welcome."

"But I cannot think my son would come that way,

it is two miles further than coming through the hollow; besides, so short a distance from us would lead him to encounter danger; nay, my fears are that he descended the steep hill into the hollow, from which he is unable to escape. Go, I beseech you, Rees! remember how long and deep last winter's snow lay in that dreadful place."

"We will go," said the brave warder, his heart yielding at once, and soon the number of men his mistress desired were taken from the scanty garrison, and, with implements suitable for the purpose, made their way through the snow, which had ceased to fall and lay several feet in thickness on the ground.

Sixteen men were now all that were left to defend the castle, and slowly they measured their steps along the walls and round the moat; double guard was placed at one point more accessible than any other, then there was not another man left, so that there could be no change of guard until the men who had gone out returned. More than once Lady Maelor went round to every post, cheering up the faithful men who were enduring such hardships without a murmur, except that they now and then muttered some bitter invective against England.

## CHAPTER XIV.

She dared not look again ;  
But turned with sickening soul within the gate—  
“ It is no dream—and I am desolate !”

BYRON.

As Lady Maelor had described the position of her sons, so her vassals found them. David and Gilbert, with fifty men had, late on the previous evening, descended into the hollow, but before they reached the long narrow pass at the other end, a heavy snow-drift had so completely blocked the way, that after many efforts to push forward, they found their only course lay in their returning and trying to cross the tottering foot-bridge near Castle Gru ; the same foe, however, met them there, for to climb the steep, rugged, snow-clad mountain was impossible, and night came upon them in that terrible wild. Nothing then remained but to wait until the darkness cleared off, so placing themselves as closely as possible beneath a shelving rock, they drew the thickest of their garments about them, and sitting down beneath the kindly shelter, they waited anxiously for the moon to lend her gentle aid in helping them to reach the castle. Hour after hour passed by, and both the darkness and falling snow continued ; at length the morning broke upon their solitude, and each man

taking his small bill from the strap at his waist, began slowly to cut through the snow-drift.

To make a way through the pass was the design of the twelve men from the castle, and when about half way through they heard voices on the opposite side.

Now the pass was cleared, and a loud shout of rejoicing echoed amongst the snow-clad hills.

Lady Maelor, with Eleanor and Ida, were anxiously watching from the turret, and a loud cry of joy from their overcharged bosoms rung through the castle, when they caught sight of the dear ones coming. They were soon at the entrance door to welcome them, over which the Dragon of Cadwalader floated for the first time for many years.

"My son!" were the first words that greeted David, and his mother clasped him to her bosom, while Gilbert, as he threw his arms round Eleanor, forgot the soldier in the husband—forgot, too, the beautiful Ida, who stood beside him with a pale cheek and a lip as colourless, looking in vain for the one dearest to her own heart.

"Where is Evan?" uttered passionately and with emphasis startled him, and that loveliest of all the forms that ever entered Maelor Castle laid her hand upon his arm, as she said again, "Oh, where, where is Evan?"

"Ah, Ida," said Gilbert, somewhat alarmed at the deadly paleness of her face, "I have some messages from Evan for thee; come, Ida," and offering her his hand, wished to lead her into the castle.

"Tell me, tell me where is Evan?" she said again, taking no notice of the proffered hand.

"He is not here," said Gilbert; "duty calls him to stay with the prince, and thou wouldst not have had his noble heart refuse, wouldst thou, Ida?"

Not a word fell in answer from that young girl's lips, Evan's absence now threw a withering influence over that impetuous bosom, and as a bright spot came to each pale cheek she pressed one hand upon her side, while with the other she grasped Gilbert's, and walked with him and Eleanor into the castle.

Lady Maelor was so absorbed with the return of David, the timely assistance, and the making arrangements for them and an additional two hundred, whom David said would arrive in a few days, that she did not notice Ida's sorrow; but when she returned again to the room where they were assembled, she was surprised to find her absent: the cause, however, was divined at once, and hastening to her room she found her pouring out her woe in passionate grief.

"Dear child," she said, affectionately drawing her to her bosom, "why this sorrow? Do not weep. Evan could not leave the prince; come with me, love; Gilbert has much to tell thee; come, Ida, love."

"Oh, I cannot, cannot," said Ida. "Why did he not come? cruel, cruel Evan, to stay at Snowdon. David and Gilbert could come, and why need he stay? Did he think I would not care to see him? Lady Maelor, he little knows how much I love him. Oh! it is cruel: how could he stay?"

Such passionate sorrow Lady Maelor well knew all attempts to check would be vain, so sitting down beside Ida, she listened again to the outpourings of her heart, and passing her arm round her, drew her

affectionately towards her, for that was the only comfort she dared attempt to offer until the keenness of the disappointment had passed. Ida at last ceased weeping, and Lady Maelor taking her hand led her to the others. In the quiet flow of tears, after the passionate outpouring of woe, much of Ida's disappointment had indeed passed off, but much of the lightness of her bosom had gone too. It was the first chill of life, the first time the heart had been really torn ; and who amongst us can remember any woe half so terrible as that *first* one which swept over the sunlight of our youth, crushed every hope, and clouded all the future? Lady Maelor saw the change on that hitherto bright, happy brow, and as the colour came and went upon her cheeks as she listened to Gilbert, Lady Maelor dreaded lest she should prove as fragile as she was lovely.

As soon as the soldiers were stationed in that part of the castle which had been used for a garrison years before, and accommodation was made for the others who were expected, the prisoners next came under Gilbert's notice: they demanded release, but it was refused them, for they had taken advantage of, and offered insult to one whom they had deemed unprotected, for which act Gilbert told them they merited a far heavier punishment.

Some little alarm had been caused at Snowdon when the two vassals arrived from Lady Maelor requesting help, and Glendower immediately ordered a company to make ready. Evan, who had given his heart long ago to Ida, prepared to accompany them, and wrapped in thought of so soon meeting her, he

stood at the end of a long passage gazing out upon the wintry-looking aspect of all around. It was evening, the moon was rising over the mountain before him, and no thought save one of Ida was passing in his mind, when he started as he felt a cold hand fall lightly on his own, as a sweet voice said—

“Knight Evan, art thou going to leave the prince?”

“Nay, lady, not to leave him; I go to the Berwyns to render some assistance to Lady Maelor. I shall return again.”

“Oh, leave him not, Knight Evan, he loves thee well, and they cannot need thee at the Berwyns as we need thee here; besides, the chiefs David and Gilbert are going; wouldst thou also go and leave the prince, my father, alone? Nay, say that thou wilt tarry. What is there at the Berwyns to lure thee?”

Evan gazed earnestly at the beautiful face that pleaded with him to remain with the prince: he would have spoken of Ida, but something rose in his throat as he attempted it. Then the lovely girl entreated again, and he consented to stay—hushed affection at the call of duty, never for once suspecting that he was yielding to the influence of a woman’s love under the idea of submitting to stern necessity. A pang of regret shot through his heart after he had promised to stay, but it vanished in a moment before the visions of a hero. Yet he was man after all, and he regretted again; but when the morning came he sent a fond message to Ida, and was a hero once more.

Lady Jane watched the company depart, and was delighted to find Evan did not accompany them, for her pure young bosom had fondly given all its affec-


tion to the noble young chieftain who had come forth in the hour of need and supported her father, and she never for one moment dreamt that another had already won his heart.

The few Welsh families who dwelt in the mountain district round Maelor Castle heard with feelings of joy of its becoming fortified, and feared little in now declaring themselves for Glendower. So the spirit emanated, and the safety of the English position became in many places somewhat doubtful, though in others the iron power still held sway, and was exercised more terribly than ever on the people.

King Henry heard of what was passing, and of the rising revolt; so, under the advice of his barons, he issued a proclamation, that whoever of the Welsh insurgents, except Glendower and those more immediately connected with him, would resort to Chester and there swear allegiance to Prince Henry, the king's eldest son, should receive full pardon for the part they had already taken. From town to town throughout Wales this lenient offer was proclaimed, but those whom it concerned proudly rejected it, preferring rather to meet death in struggling for their country's freedom than sell it by their own safety.

The king, finding his offers rejected, vowed a more deadly hate against the people who had added so much to his already weighty crown, and but for the inclement winter which was now at its height, he had, perhaps, in his wrath, made ready for Wales again; however, he had time to meditate upon plans which a more propitious season would help him more effectually to carry out.

Meanwhile, Lady Maelor, uninterrupted, felt secure in her Berwyn fortress, while Glendower, at Snowdon, with his noble sons, and lovely daughters, surrounded by his brave and warlike chieftains, banished all fear of England, and looked forward to the spring time to renew hostilities.



## CHAPTER XV.

Thou hast loved, fair girl, thou hast loved too well,  
Thou art mourning now o'er a broken spell;  
Thou hast poured thy heart's rich treasures forth,  
And art unrepaid for their priceless worth.

HEMANS.

THE name of Owen Glendower as a prince and a warrior, with the manner in which he had harassed and eluded the English army, spread through the length and breadth of Wales, and the Welsh people then resident in England began quietly to return to their own country; the Welsh students, also, at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge deserted their immediate studies, and well-equipped with all kinds of war weapons, came back to the land of their birth, choosing rather to win spurs upon the battle-field than literary laurels in the cloister.

All these additions to the prince's army helped to make him sensible of his own power, and perhaps a dash of pride swept across his purer nature as he beheld the increase in his ranks, especially when he saw some of the noblest families in Wales amongst the number. There were the noble and ancient names of Tudor, Dhu, Daron, Kynaston, Scudamore, and Vychen, with many others, brave and powerful, all supporting him; for like their prince they had all received injuries calculated to disturb their spirits,

and they had only endured because they had not sufficient influence to make resentment successful.

Upon Glendower the English insults and oppression acted with peculiar force. The destiny of Wales had in her brighter days been swayed by his ancestors, and he could not recal the fact without feeling that their royal blood, still lingering in his own veins, urged him to turn upon the hand that had so long oppressed, and smite, rather than brook, the English tyranny. His resentment roused the long-slumbering flame in the bosom of his nation, and as large numbers, not only from Wales, but England, joined him in his impenetrable fortress at Snowdon, a king mightier and more warlike than Henry the Fourth might have trembled.

The withdrawing so many of the Welsh from England did not escape observation, and especially did the Commons communicate the fact to the king, that the Welsh students had left the Universities. This was another bitter drop in the royal cup; but after a moment's reflection he acted wisely—nay, mercifully; for, notwithstanding the general rejection of the pardon he had offered a few months before, he once again proclaimed his willingness to forgive, hoping that the enthusiasm had passed; but the little fertile spot in the monarch's heart, to which he yielded when he again offered pardon, was disregarded by the Welsh, for they again refused to accept the boon, and in terrible wrath the king determined to force obedience by arms.

It was at Evan's paternal home amongst the Snowdon mountains that Glendower held his court, and

concentrated his army during the winter months; and it was there, brought so often together, that the beautiful Jane cast all her wealth of love upon the intrepid chief who was an equal sharer of her father's heart, and whose mountain dwelling was hers also. It was Glendower's home now, and the noble Evan was the favoured guest, more frequently beside the prince than amongst the ranks, and at even-tide a sharer of the glowing hearth in the royal chamber. There too was the Lady Jane, soul-rapt in the words which told of future glory, or of some bold deed of daring, with which Evan loved to animate the prince, or watching with all the fondness of a pure first love the dear one who had so unconsciously won her heart.

The snow had nearly gone, and the spring sun was beginning to warm the earth, when the second lenient proclamation of the King of England reached Snowdon; and when Glendower received the mandate, there was a proud flashing of his eye as he read it. To make it known to his chieftains was his first thought, and he gave orders for them all to assemble in the Audience Hall.

The refinements which Glendower had enjoyed in England, or even those at Maelor Castle, were greatly in advance of anything of the sort at Evan's home, yet from various residences, they had contrived to collect many comforts for their prince and his family. Around the walls of the Audience Hall hung pikes, guns, battle-axes, bows, and many other warlike weapons, mementoes of Evan's ancestors; and many a flag and banner, won years before, was suspended over the heads of the assembly. A large chair of state,

over which an embroidered cloth was thrown, was raised upon a dais at one end of the hall, and a banner hanging by the four corners from the darkened roof, formed a rude canopy over the prince's head. Beside him, on his right, stood his eldest son, then came his other sons, and filling up the hall to the door, were the chief supporters of his cause, each man wearing the insignia of his own family. Knight Evan, in his peculiar black dress, was the most forward of the assembly, and four monks, with double the number of bards, were ranged on either side the chair of state; for it was Glendower's policy to add importance to the meeting by the presence of the monks, and to raise the martial spirit by the music of the bards, ere he communicated the king's message. There was silence in that old hall, and in a few words the royal mandate was told; then Glendower with eloquence and power showed the importance of their decision.

"Ours," he said, "is a perilous undertaking, for we have not to contend against a foe from whom we are safe if we keep him beyond the borders of Wales, but one who has long dwelt amongst us, indeed, become our tyrant; our sacred homes and strongholds have fallen a prey to his power, and it will be impossible to regain them without a fierce encounter; yet with right on our side, and the glorious page of ancient prophecy to support us, we may hope to succeed, and we can but die if we fail; decide, then, whether the cause is worth the sacrifice. There may be some amongst us, to whom our prospects may not be bright enough to support the enthusiasm that led them so nobly to join us; if there be, we do not ask them to remain.

King Henry of England will accept their homage, and will grant full pardon. Go, then, if so constituted as to shrink from the dangers that confront us, and accept the boon. We will esteem your going weakness rather than dishonour, and the greater glory will be ours who stay to fight our country's battles."

Such a speech, uttered when every heart was beating under the influence of a martial strain, was not calculated to depress their bravery, and there was but one answer from the whole assembly.

"Glendower and freedom!" rose up from every tongue, and being caught up by the assembled troops without, the mountain region long rung with the echoes.

"Be it so, my brave chiefs," said Glendower; "then I wait but to lead you out to win some of our stolen rights from our common enemy. At Castle Maelor, in the Berwyn mountains, we have already a strong garrison, and that the people of Radnorshire and Montgomeryshire may be won to our cause, we must take all possible means of encamping in their neighbourhood. The mountains of Plinlimmon seem the position best suited to us; therefore, my devoted chieftains, our encampment shall be there."

This announcement was joyfully received by all present, and after waiting their prince's orders respecting the future operations, the assembly broke up.

There was silence once more in that ancient Audience Hall; the prince and the chieftains were gone, and the moonbeams, as they fell softly through the windows, caused strange grim shadows to flit from

spear to bow, and from pike to battle-axe, by the waving of the banners.

Glendower, as was still his wont, sought his family when the audience was over, for the cares of his position had not yet made such inroads into his heart as to draw him entirely from his children. His sons, each holding some position in the camp, were not often in the family circle, but this evening they obeyed their father's call, and with Evan, joined their sisters.

Glendower watched and listened to his bright, noble family for some time, and then a deep sigh came swelling out from his bosom. Evan turned his head at the sound, and the little Margaret, the last child of the prince's love, rested her small white hand upon his own, and looked inquiringly into his large, deep eyes.

"That sigh was for thee, my child," said Glendower, "and thy fair sisters there; they little dream the struggle in their father's heart; and, God knows, mine may grow careless and hard too soon. Kiss me, Margaret."

The child bent her fair cheek to her father's, and passing her arm round his neck, tried, in her pure, child-like ardour, to press him to her bosom.

"Knight Evan," said Glendower, "we would speak to thee."

"Speak, sire;" and approaching the prince, he made a low bow, and stood before him.

"Thine is a brave heart, Evan; methinks thou wouldst have done well for a Knight Templar. What pity thou didst not appear upon the battle-field before

the Edwards sat upon the English throne; thy deeds had been immortalized by that most merciful and generous country."

"Pardon, my liege," replied Evan, "thy servant seeks not English praise; and methinks a Templar's glory ill compares with one struggling for his own country."

"Well done, brave heart!" said Glendower; "thou art right, there is no glory like a patriot's. Thou art loyal, Evan; none in our land, methinks, more truly so. Thou wert talking just now of the Lady Maelor; it may be a tender passion prompts thee to speak so loudly in her praise."

Evan did not reply, and the prince remarked again, with a smile—

"We know thy secret, then; but our widowed cousin is not a minor, or we should be proud to give her to thee as a reward of thy valour; however, it will please us well to see thee wed the high-born lady."

"Thy servant seeks neither the hand nor the heart of Lady Maelor," said Evan, his face reddening; "he is grateful for a kindness done him, but before that boon was granted, the injuries heaped upon a noble house by a powerful foe were the sole cause of the young mountaineer, who had never learnt to curb his heart, taking umbrage at the wrong, and joining the lists against the tyrant."

"By St. David, we believe thee," replied Glendower, "and we would there were a fair lady amongst us worthy thy hand; Iolo, our bard, could surely give a splendid song in her praise."

"It must be at some future time, my liege," said Evan, "when if fortune smiles upon us in our country's struggles, these old towers shall ring with joy, and thy servant may ask thee to quaff a goblet to one of the brightest daughters of Wales."

"Ah! and a right good goblet it shall be, brave knight. Indeed, in future we must not forget the lady of thy heart, and thou wilt, perhaps, tell the fair one's name?"

"Pardon, my liege, but thou canst respect a vow. The monk, from whom we are forbidden to conceal, grants to thy servant the privilege of keeping even from himself this one secret."

"Thou art favoured, then, brave knight; for the Franciscans, like all other orders, are not apt to confer so great a favour. Perhaps the Lady Maelor's boon was similar to this most lenient monk's."

Evan's face turned red again as Glendower spoke, and it may be deemed unbecoming raillery in one who had not only assumed the power, but been openly accepted by the people as their prince; but in that quiet evening hour he had laid aside his dignity, and it was a relief to his bosom to forget the cares of his position in pleasant raillery with the noble young knight.

Attendants coming in with the lamps, which they hung in various places, drew Glendower's attention to two of his lovely daughters, who were deeply engaged at a game of chess, and little Margaret standing by seemed wondering at what could so absorb their thoughts.

"Ho! ho! my daughters," said their father, "I

had rather see you take the harp, and like true women of your country pass away the evening in music, than indulge in new amusements borrowed from England. It must not be so again; if it is so alluring, I bid you indulge in it within your own chamber. Come, Jane, my daughter, hast thou no English fancy? Bah! I like not to see thee idle; why are thy cheeks so pale? Thou must go out upon the mountains a little more and regain thy colour, lest the English women compare thy cheeks to their own, which in truth are pale enough."

At such an unexpected sally from their father, Glendower's daughters arose from their seats and approached the couch upon which, in a careless attitude, he was reclining: there was a table near covered with green cloth, and upon it lay various musical instruments, from amongst which Elizabeth took a dulcimer and waited her august father's desire to play.

"Nay, nay, my daughter," he observed, "wait not my bidding in that; a hired minstrel could but do so, and it shall not be that my daughters take his place; play what thou wilt, and when. Stay! is it a dulcimer thou hast?—that is an English toy: take the harp, Elizabeth; none but a Welsh woman can play that, and it must not be that the prince's daughters are rivalled by their own countrywomen."

Elizabeth immediately changing the dulcimer for a harp, began, with her sister Janet, an air which to our modern tastes might perhaps sound strange, yet there was deep force and power in the strain which to native ears ever had a peculiar charm.

Glendower listened as his daughters swept the harp-

strings. They played a familiar air, and the words recording some deed of glory of an ancient prince, struck a chord in every bosom there.

The Lady Jane took no part in the proceedings, and when the song was done, asked permission to retire.

"Go, my daughter," said the prince, "something has wearied thee; thou must see the leech to-morrow if thy colour does not return, but thou must try the mountain air. Perhaps, Knight Evan, as thou knowest Snowdon best, thou wilt accompany the Lady Jane?"

Evan readily responded to the prince's request, but at that instant two maidens, preceded by a vassal bearing a torch, made known that they had come to conduct the prince's daughter to her apartment.

"Good night," said Glendower, as he pressed a kiss upon her lips, and after the same salutation from her sisters, she bowed a cold good night to Evan, and left the room.

Reaching the apartment, Elrig, the vassal, placed the torch in a rude candlestick over the doorway, then taking the lamps from the two female attendants, attached them to chains suspended from the ceiling, and then went away.

The Lady Jane's apartment was in the ladies' corridor, a portion of the castle added to the original building by a chieftain who had a large family of daughters.

There was a coldness at Jane's heart that night, and she drew her mantle round her as she gazed at the waving drapery near one of the windows, but the attendant seeing her, drew along from behind the

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curtain a shutter which fitted over the window recess, and then by unloosing a string the heavy curtain fell over it.

From the windows of Lady Jane's apartment there was a lovely view. In one direction rose up the highest mountain peak in that region, adown its noble sides waved ten thousand trees: little native flowers and heather helped to adorn the more level spots, and peak and crag intermingled with forest trees filled up the distance. Dashing over many a dark summit, now roaring, now falling in thick spray, then dashing on and roaring again, came many a mountain torrent, and beside the dark lakes which received them when they fell, stood the lonesome cormorant, with its pensive head resting upon its bosom, fit emblem of beauteous solitude.

The walls of Lady Jane's apartment were mostly covered with a coarse kind of drapery. Andirons, which had lately come into use, formed a fireplace, and a coarse kind of woollen material was spread upon a portion of the floor. Some square-backed seats of recent invention stood about the room, and a low couch covered with embroidered cloth was placed near the burning embers.

The bed, not yet mentioned, was of rude construction, though this article of domestic comfort was becoming in England highly ornamented; but this degree of refinement, however, had not yet found its way to the mountain region of Wales; and the bed on which the royal lady was about to slumber was made by rude hands of ruder material. It was a kind of square, open closet, standing out

into the room, and about a foot from the ground was nailed a small ledge, and upon this, from side to side, rested some planks of wood. A mattress stuffed with wool, with various layers of woollen material, formed the bed, and over the whole was an embroidered coverlet. Turned over at the head was a portion of a snowy sheet, which article, though of general use in England, had but lately been introduced at Snowdon, for the persecuted Welsh ever made a virtue of despising anything that was English. Their innate love of their own old customs mingled in every act of their lives, and led them often to cling to discomfort, rather than introduce any improvement from their oppressors.

The English lords who dwelt in the Welsh castles of course did not imbibe the common spirit, but kept pace, as much as possible, with every improvement in English comforts, and also with every vice.

Glendower's residence among the English had fully initiated him into their manner of living, and it is not improbable that the appearance of his daughter's room was owing to her knowledge of greater comforts.

A few minutes' deep thought seemed to steal over Lady Jane after entering her room, but as if suddenly recollecting herself, she turned to her attendants, and with their assistance retired to rest.

How many times were the words uttered by Evan to her father recalled, and she tried in vain to give any other meaning to them than the one—that the noble heart she had tried to win was already given to another. No second thought came in mercy to

obliterate that which robbed her of the love she coveted, and with a heart swollen with a woe too heavy to admit of tears, she lay down to sleep.

Of the two attendants who waited on Lady Jane, one carelessly performed her office, and then, wanting in that perception which is the counterpart of affection, taking no heed of the sorrow which evidently lay at the heart of her mistress, she retired for the night to a small adjoining apartment; but the other, a young girl scarce sixteen, by name Gatha, who always slept in Lady Jane's room on the couch near the fire, had watched with a troubled heart the paleness of her mistress's cheek, and wondered what could have occurred to cause such apparent distress. She seemed to linger near the sorrowing one, and Lady Jane more than once raised her eyes only to encounter the large blue ones of her young attendant gazing earnestly at her.

"I need nothing more, Gatha; go to thy rest," was uttered twice by Lady Jane that night; and as Gatha at last turned to obey, she looked what she dared not speak at her sad, pale mistress.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Tell not now thy tale again,  
Thou lov'st another, and I love in vain.

BYRON.

THE young Gatha approached the fire, drew together the glowing embers, put out one of the lamps, then, rolling a large mantle round her, threw herself upon the couch. Poor girl! she was young and friendless, with no one but her young mistress to cling to, and nature had unhappily given her a loving heart, with a temperament so finely strung that her mistress, who had won all her affection, was her idol. With a look expressive of sadness, she cast off none of her clothing, but threw herself upon the couch and gazed into the fire.

The quick breathing of Lady Jane at length told Gatha that she slept, when rising from the couch she softly approached her mistress's bed. Gatha longed to put her arms round the sleeper's neck and press her to her heart, but that the conventionalities of life, even in that rude age, forbade; so leaning gently forward she pressed a kiss upon the small white hand that lay out upon the coverlet, and then returned to her couch. More than once this little act of devotion was renewed, and once, while standing by the bed, a

deep-drawn sigh escaped the sleeper's bosom, then the lips as they closed seemed to whisper—"Evan."

It was early morning when Lady Jane awoke, and Gatha was standing beside her: she had thrown off the cloak, and stood there in the garments she had worn on the previous evening.

"Gatha, Gatha," said Lady Jane, as she started up, "what strange fancy is this? Thou hast not slept; pray what is the hour? I have surely been sleeping some time."

"It is four o'clock, lady," replied Gatha. "Art thou better?"

"Better, child! better! who told thee?—I've not been ill."

"Hast thou not, dear lady? Forgive me; but thy cheek was pale, and I thought thee sad."

"Was that all?" replied Lady Jane; "scarcely enough to assure thee I was ill," and her cheek coloured as she spoke.

"Nay, dear lady, not all—no, not all. I know thou wast sad—so sad, indeed, I saw thee weep; and, besides, thou didst not say good night to me as thou art wont."

"Silly child," said her mistress, "and has it disturbed thy rest? If thou wouldst be happy, child, thou must learn to steel thy heart against such trifles; the world will be no smoother for thee than for me."

"And I shall care but little for its roughness, Lady Jane, if thou art kind to me, and then if thou art never sad again, I shall always be happy."

"Well, then, Gatha, if I can shield thee, I will;

thou hast a tender heart; but go to thy rest—four o'clock—oh, Gatha, Gatha, this is wrong," though as she gently chided she laid her hand affectionately on the young girl's arm.

Gatha immediately pressed it to her lips, as she said—

"Lady Jane, I love you."

"I well believe it, Gatha, and I am glad thou dost; but go to thy rest: in two hours all in the castle will be astir, and I shall need thee then."

With a light heart Gatha obeyed now, and was soon sleeping soundly. Then Lady Jane arose, and without summoning her other attendant, performed her toilet alone. Gatha had awakened thoughts of the last night's incidents, and as many memories of the past returned, and something like blighted hope seemed to mock her, she drew aside one portion of a shutter, then sat gazing out upon the mountains, glad to have an hour to herself alone.

Mark Lady Jane well, reader; her life will be a checkered one, and will awaken thy sympathies.

The two hours passed, they began to be moving about the castle, and the maid in the adjoining room coming in to prepare for her mistress's rising, was astonished to find she had already risen, while Gatha lay sleeping.

"Hush!" said Lady Jane, "let Gatha sleep; go—I need thee not at present."

The maid turned away, and Lady Jane and the sleeping girl were again alone; then the heart that had received such unasked sympathy hesitated not to stand more than once and gaze, with an interest

ripening into affection, upon the face of the young girl who had shown such love for her.

It was now near noontide; the sun, though of short sojourn in the valleys, shone long and brightly upon the hill tops over which Lady Jane walked, accompanied by Evan, while a few vassals followed at a short distance.

"Shall we go to the Great Cavern?" asked Evan; "the mountain air will perhaps be beneficial to thee, for thou hast indeed grown paler since we came to Snowdon."

"The Great Cavern," repeated Jane, "where is that?—I never heard of it before. Dost thou mean the Black Cavern?"

"Yes, the Black Cavern; and yet it is the Great Cavern, for it is larger than any in this district. It is near yon summit."

"So far, why that must be some distance—too far for us to reach to-day."

"Nay, lady, not too far if we keep this little path-way; see yon rocky point—that is at one end of the Blue Lake, at the other end is the Black Cavern. Ida and I have often walked thither before our morning meal."

"And who is Ida, pray?" asked Lady Jane, in an instant, at the same time looking earnestly at him.

A blush spread in a moment over Evan's cheeks, perhaps at the thoughtless mention of her he loved, and perhaps at the inquiry of his fair companion.

"Ida!—Ida is an orphan," he replied. "When we reach yonder height, I will show you where her father

used to live. In an evil hour he offended the Governor of Caernarvon, through whom he was seized and carried to the Tower of London, where I suppose he died, for nothing has been heard of him since. See yon tower, lady?—that was where he lived. Too near Caernarvon!”

“Are you sure he is not still living?” inquired Jane, whose young heart had begun to feel interested in the story.

“Living! nay,” replied Evan, “fourteen years in the gloomy Tower of London, for one born and reared upon these mountains—never! he could not have endured it.”

“How old is Ida?”

“Nearly sixteen, and very beautiful,” was Evan’s instant reply; but then checking himself, he immediately changed the conversation by directing his companion’s attention to a particular portion of the scenery.

Lady Jane’s interest in the account of Ida increased as she saw the red tinge come again upon Evan’s cheek when he said she was very beautiful, and though she looked in the direction he pointed, they had not proceeded many paces before she said again—

“I have not seen Ida—is she far away?”

“Not far, and yet she is some distance from Snowdon;” then as they walked along Evan told her of Lady Maelor’s guardianship, and all about the castle in the Berwyn mountains.

They reached the large Black Cavern, sat down to rest upon a rudely cut stone at the entrance, and as they sat there looking at the gloomy interior, Lady

Jane more than once trembled as he told her some of its wild legends.

"How deep is this dreadful cavern?" asked Jane.

"I know not; indeed, no one knows. I have been far down into it myself, others have been farther; and some have never returned. But there *is* a bottom to it, and whoever reaches it will be rewarded, for he will find jewels of such immense value as to be beyond all compare, and he will also find a chair of gold. They were buried there by the prophet Merlin, that they might not fall a prey to the Saxons. Nay! start not, lady, there is no danger: Ida and I have been here whole days together without alarm."

Poor Jane, she had listened to the cavern's legends, and had felt a chill, but nothing came upon her like the mention of Ida's name again. Was he blind to the love *she* had for him, or was Ida only to him like a little sister?—But woman's curiosity helped her once more, and she inquired if it was long since Ida had been there.

"Yes, it is more than three years since *she* was here. The last time we came, I left her standing at this stone while I climbed up the crag for an eagle's nest; she wanted an eaglet to tame, and I knew where there was one. Just as I reached *you* ledge, near the top of the crag, I turned round, and there she was, not where I had left her; but see that little ledge, Lady Jane, she was there, just on the edge of that deep ravine. I was horrified, and dared not call to her, so I began slowly to return. I reached the bottom of the crag, and sat down, as though I were admiring my prize. She saw me at

that moment, and no one can tell what I felt when I saw her turn and bound along the path to where I was sitting. Never, never shall I forget that moment! I grasped her hand, started up, and dragged her after me all along the pathway down the mountain, like one pursued. She cried out, but I would not stay until I was far, far away from danger; then I clasped her to my heart, and if ever I felt thankful to heaven in my life, it was then,—I believe I wept over her. I have never brought her here since that day; I could never risk her so again."

"Then you love Ida?" said Lady Jane, laying, as she spoke, a cold hand upon Evan.

"Love her!—Pardon me, the thought of that terrible morning has made me reveal, perhaps, more than I ought. Art thou ill, Lady Jane? Had we not better return?"

"Yes, we will go; but tell me, ere we leave this spot, this one thing. Dost thou love Ida?"

Evan started; there was passion and earnestness in the tone, but for which he would not have replied, and he said, "Love Ida!—Lady Jane, she is all I have on earth, and it has been with us one lone heart clinging to another."

Such was Evan's confession, drawn from him when he least expected to utter it, and it came like a withering blight over the flowers of Jane's future life. Without another word they left the cavern, and descended the mountain almost in silence, until nearing the castle some of its inmates joined them.

Lady Jane sat alone in her chamber, even Gatha was dismissed, and then the heart poured forth its

wail. Tears, which had been gathering for some time, burst in torrents from the overcharged bosom, and for a long time, in all the passion of despair, she gave way to the bitterness of this first great woe. But all that the heart endured shall be sacred. In a future page we will reveal that young girl's vow, and the fulfilment.

Let us turn to Evan. The mountain walk had had its effect upon him ; the recital of the terrible danger from which he had rescued Ida had recalled her so vividly to his imagination, that when the morning dawned he set out for the Berwyns. Through all the long months he had been in the camp, duty had stilled his heartbeatings, and the news of Ida's welfare, which reached him at intervals, was sufficient for the young hero. But something accusing confronted him as he sat in the cavern, and, under the influence of the lover, he set out for Maelor Castle. But leaving him to pursue his journey alone, and our pen to record the incidents upon another page, the reader will perhaps turn with us to what passed in the meantime at Snowdon.

## CHAPTER XVII.

No moon broke there, and from the mountain crest  
 The fogs descended, and the night was drear :  
 Dark, lone Llanberris lay in silent rest,  
 And grim Dolbadarn's warder felt no fear,  
 An old man he, and as the sad wind swept  
 O'er the deep waters,—round the gloomy fort,  
 The mist grew denser, and the old man mused,  
 Till treach'rous slumber stole on troubled thought.

\* \* \* \*

Oh! warder, warder, wake not, let him go,  
 Speed on, light barque—haste!—fly!—the goal is won.  
 Hark! there's a sound: wake, warder, if thou wilt,  
 But it will boot thee nought, the deed is done.

It was a cold, dark night—the last night in March, the rain all day had fallen heavily, and a mist hung like a thick mantle round the tops of the mountains. The moon did not shine, and a deep stillness was over everything. The eagle in its eyrie seemed to feel the gloom, and sometimes as if to relieve its oppressed bosom broke the stillness by a scream.

Harlech, Dolbadarn, Caernarvon, and all the military outposts round Snowdon were well garrisoned by the English, and had begun to grow active in preventing Glendower making any escape from the mountain position he had chosen, but there were many ways by which the native people could enter or leave their sacred bulwark; so that the watch

kept up by the surrounding garrisons was of little moment to Glendower.

"Warder! warder!" said a voice, on that dark, still night, "heardst thou not something moving on the lake? By St. Mary, Dolbadarn will be in the hands of the enemy before morning. Rouse, warder, rouse."

The speaker, a bold, bright-looking youth, under twenty, shook with no gentle hand the warder, who had thoughtlessly indulged in sleep. The shake was effective, and the old man started up alarmed; but when he saw the good-natured look of his young companion, instead of the hard one belonging to his stern master, he calmed himself, and said—

"Ah, Wolf, is it you—like your namesake, fond of prowling in the dark—get to your rest, man, and leave old Ulwin to his."

"Wouldst thou sleep at duty, then?" asked Wolf, whose ideas of discipline were more perfect than the old warder's.

"Sleep! ah, sleep anywhere on such a night as this. What's the use of keeping watch? I can't see my hand before me—the night's as dark as pitch, and foggy too. How far could I see over the lake there? Get thee, I say, to thy rest, man, and leave me to mine. Time was though, when I would not have done it for all the prayers the priest could offer, but I'm an old man now."

"By St. Mary and St. Michael," exclaimed Wolf, in anger, "I will not go. I have heard strange sounds, and I listened until I was afraid to listen any longer, for on such a night as this thou knowest

well that spirits play upon the waters of Llanberris."\*

"Perhaps it was the spirits you heard," replied the warder, a little sarcastically.

"Nay," said Wolf, "it was a different noise to any that spirits ever made that I heard to-night. Come, Ulwin, be quick; don't stand talking here, some one must be near the castle now."

The old man rose from his seat, and turned to go to the great tower to listen, but Wolf, taking hold of him, said—

"Stay!—go not to the tower; let us look through the window here at the keep. I like not the great tower at night."

"Bah!" said the warder; "afraid of the spirits you have seen so often, perhaps. Boy, they should have named thee *Lamb*, not Wolf. Come to the tower, coward!"

On hearing the term coward thus freely used, Wolf immediately followed Ulwin; but the darkness had not cleared off, the fog was thicker than ever, and the only sounds were from the streams leaping over the rocks, and the rippling of the black deep waters at the base of the castle, and the steep mountains on the opposite side.

For some minutes the two men stood gazing intently into the misty darkness, then, without saying another word, the warder turned to descend the tower.

\* Owen Goch, a Welsh prince, was confined twenty years in one of the towers of Dolbadarn Castle: for many years the Welsh thought his spirit haunted the place; and some time since, when I was in the neighbourhood, an old woman assured me that spirits were always seen on the lakes of Llanberris on stormy nights.

"Turn on the light," said Wolf.

"What for?" asked Ulwin, in anger, "to show your fool's face; it would be of no other use, I think, to-night."

Wolf made no reply, but turned round to leave the tower also.

They had proceeded a few paces when Wolf suddenly stopped, and seizing Ulwin's arm, said, "Stay! hark! there, I told you so—that is no sound of spirits."

The warder in return grasped his young companion's hand, and exclaimed, in the greatest terror, "Holy Mother, save us!"

"Traitor!" said Wolf, as he shook the old man off, "what hast thou done? Thou hast betrayed us all. Some one has passed the castle, and by to-morrow night our heads must pay the penalty."

"Hush! hush! Wolf," said the old man, "this comes hard from thee; it is poor reward for the care I have taken of thee all the years since thou wert left friendless, and at last made thee an honourable servant in this castle. How many times have I suffered for thy folly? Oh, Wolf, it is thou that art the traitor, for thou wouldst without a thought betray an old man—thy only friend—to death. The enemy has not escaped; to have done so he must have gone to the north end of the lake, and whoever has passed has gone to the south."

Some portion of the warder's words affected Wolf, for he immediately descended the tower and sat down in the warder's watch near the keep, at the top of the steps which led down to the water of the lake, and there together, with anxious minds, they passed the

remainder of the gloomy night, listening, with ears rendered acute through fear, to every sound which happened to arise.

A little boat had ploughed the deep waters of the two lakes that night. It was a desperate attempt, but "*I dare*" was the motto on the chieftain's banner, and unfurled, it answered the purpose of a sail to waft him by the frowning towers of Dolbadarn Castle. When far enough away, he again plied the oar, which was the sound that fell upon Wolf's ear as he stood with the warder on the tower. Vigilant and less superstitious watchers might have prevented the tenant of the little boat from landing, as a narrow pathway was trodden from the castle to the end of the lake, but circumstances favoured the adventurer, and his bold, brave heart leapt for joy when, after sinking the boat, with the furled banner on his shoulder and a spear in his hand, he penetrated a dark, gloomy pass, and then began to climb the almost perpendicular rocks, as though in defiance of all legal means of getting to the interior.

Our bold adventurer was the chieftain *Robert Tudor*, from Anglesea, whose vassals had already crossed over to the Caernarvon coast, and joined the army at Snowden. On two occasions this chieftain had attempted to cross over also, but a storm in one instance compelled him to put back, and on the second, the moon rising before he could land, compelled him again to return; but now the news had reached Anglesea that the Scotch were determined to retaliate upon King Henry his act of aggression, and were preparing to take up arms to invade the north of England.

Robert Tudor had heard this from a secret source, and was determined to communicate the information to Glendower, or perish in the attempt. Under this impulse the chieftain succeeded in crossing from Anglesea, and made his way to a little cottage at the north end of the lakes of Llanberris, where he found shelter and protection with an old fisherman and his wife. The fisherman to Dolbadarn Castle, reader. The next night was dark, wet, and misty, and in one of the fisherman's boats Robert Tudor made the daring attempt of passing the English garrison at Dolbadarn Castle.

Many dangers and perils lay before the chieftain after he began to climb the rocks, for the extreme darkness prevented his making his way far, and he lay down amongst a thick cluster of trees to wait for the morning. When daylight dawned he pursued his way again, often starting the eagle or some savage looking animal which still roamed about that part of the country.

Robert Tudor was expected at Snowdon; his vassals, who were already there, had watched day after day for his arrival, and when under the escort of two sentinels, they caught sight of his cap and feather coming up the valley, "*I dare*," the chieftain's watchword, echoed from hill to hill. Glendower heard the sounds without, but moved neither nerve nor muscle, though a ray of pleasure beamed on his countenance when he heard that Robert Tudor had come from Anglesea with despatches of the utmost importance.

Again in the Audience Hall the chieftains gathered, and Glendower welcomed Tudor, for he was another

scion of a noble house which it pleased him well to have attached to his cause.

It was indeed important news that Tudor brought, and all assembled listened with breathless interest to the hopeful dawn he gave to the future. Glendower listened too; he knew well the inability of England to maintain two wars at the same time, so he quickly determined to make the most of the threatened invasion from Scotland. Many circumstances had led him to feel certain that when the summer set in King Henry would once more take up arms against Wales; and though a feeling was abroad that he had, through a supernatural agency, overcome the English without a stroke, he knew full well that, should the king bring a large army into Wales during the summer months, he could concentrate a force sufficient to annihilate at one blow any army that could be gathered from the few counties in Wales that had joined the revolt.

The story of the threatened invasion was told, and new hope was given to all who heard it; for it required little penetration to see that the Scotch invasion must necessarily lessen the English army which, under other circumstances, would be brought against the Welsh.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

She had done weeping, but her eyelash yet  
Lay silken heavy on her liliated cheek,  
And on its fringe a tear.

ANON.

LEAVING the prince and his chieftains to arrange for the future, we must follow Evan. Well equipped for the journey before him, he sped on over the mountains; the rain and thick fog prevented his getting on so fast as his inclination wished, and four days and nights of continuous rain and heavy mist passed over before he felt certain that he should be able to reach the castle at all. He was then at the tottering foot-bridge near Castle Gru, and footsore and weary, he stayed to rest at old Howell's cottage. As it grew dark, Evan prepared to go on again, and it was in vain Howell and his wife Helen tried to persuade him to wait till the morrow; but with something of restless impatience, he declared his determination to proceed, even though the night was dark, and perhaps some of the English garrison might be lurking near the castle.

"Well, thou must go, if thou wilt," said Howell;  
"but if thou shouldst meet with danger?"

"I shall face it," said Evan, immediately. And

slinging his bow over his shoulder, he went on his way with a firmer tread than he had had a few hours before.

Howell gazed after him as far as he could in the closing twilight, and then turning to Helen, said—“May the Holy Mother save that rash son from danger!—He’s bold and brave, but methinks a little too headstrong, meeting danger without need; he might have stayed here till morn. Well, wife, I shall follow him at daybreak, and if I hear nothing of him at the castle, I shall tell them he has been taken by the English!—Nay, I may find him dead in the Llyn. He might have stayed till morn.”

Has it relieved thy heart, Howell, to speak thus of Evan, or why not continue the strain? Thou wilt follow him at break of day! Hast thou forgotten that thou once wert young, and that that aged woman beside thee was a lovely girl, the star of the home she brightened before she came to thine? Why dost thou gaze at her so earnestly? Ah, Howell, she knows more than thou dost. Listen to her now; she says Evan has been with the prince, and is now returning to the castle, and she tells thee why; tells thee that the lovely Ida, whom even thou hast praised—though in thy vanity thou didst mutter something of a time when thy Helen’s beauty would have vied with hers—*she*, thy Helen tells thee, is to be the bride of that headstrong youth. Ah! good old man, thou canst see it all now. Helen was never told so, but thou dost not question, yet thou wilt follow Evan at daybreak.

No one at the castle expected Evan, not even Ida,

though many times she cast her eyes over the mountains before her; and many times she repeated the often answered inquiry, why Evan stayed at Snowdon. Lady Maelor—kind woman—never tired of trying to satisfy the young inquirer; for she saw, with pain, that the cheek was daily growing paler, and the bright joyous spirit which had so gladdened them all was now seldom heard. On the very evening that Evan was so near, Ida seemed sadder than usual; the long-continued rain and mist helped to depress her, and tossing aside the scarf she had been for some days embroidering, she yielded to overwrought feelings, and poured out her grief in violent weeping.

Lady Maelor, unlike her usual manner, merely turned and looked at Ida; she knew that the full heart would be relieved by that outburst of sorrow, and therefore, without one attempt to check or soothe, allowed her to weep unconstrained; and when the vesper-bell summoned them to prayers, the flushed and burning cheek had become cool, and nothing but the swollen eyelids could tell that she had been in trouble. This, however, did not escape the eye of the monk who offered the evening prayers, and when he had given his benediction, he approached her and said, "My daughter, something troubles thee; stay awhile."

Ida, naturally timid, clung to Lady Maelor, who turned to the monk and said, "Only a little disappointment, holy father, vexes her; we would go to the castle."

The monk bowed assent to the speaker, and uttering a few words, which the Amen told was a brief

prayer, he turned round to the altar, while Lady Maelor and her family left the chapel.

During the evening devotions Evan arrived, and as they left the chapel, he crossed over the courtyard to meet them. Nervousness was happily seldom met with in those days, but Ida's excited heart was not proof against such a sudden realization of all her hopes, and at the sight of him she sank down senseless upon the pavement. Evan rushed forward, and taking her in his arms, carried her into the castle, where for some time he watched for her to return to consciousness, and Lady Maelor could not refrain from chiding him for his rashness.

Evan, with a pale face and arms folded tightly over his bosom, listened without one word of reply to Lady Maelor, but stood gazing upon Ida. Ida—was that his Ida, the bright happy girl he had left some months before? What had changed her? It was well consciousness tarried in returning, or they around might have found that Evan's heart was perhaps the most tender of them all.

"Ida! Ida!" burst from his lips at last, as her eyes opened and seemed to seek him. "Oh, Ida, what has changed thee?" and for some minutes he knelt beside the couch, and folded her to his bosom. Ida recovered, and returned every caress Evan lavished, though when she implored him never to leave her again, he smiled, and pressed another kiss upon her cheek, but made no promise.

"Come, Evan," said Lady Maelor, "give some of thy attention to us; Ida is happy now. How fares it with the prince at Snowdon?"

"Forgive me, lady, but I found Ida so changed, that I have indeed forgotten thee. Pardon me, I pray thee, and accept the only offering I at present can give for all thy kind care—the gratitude of my heart; some day thy servant hopes to prove worthy of thy deeper regard, in being one of those whose arm hath helped to gain the freedom of Wales."

"Thou art welcome, always and ever, brave Evan," replied Lady Maelor; "I know thy heart, and am proud to feel thou art my guest. But what of the prince?"

"All goes well at Snowdon, lady. The English pardons are again refused. And when the season will allow, our noble prince intends to bring his forces to Mount Plinlimmon, and win the allegiance of the people. If at once his power is acknowledged it will be well, but if resistance is offered, it must be suppressed."

It was not until this moment that Lady Maelor noticed that Evan looked weary; he had had time after he reached the castle to throw off some of his outer clothing, and in the incidents that had occurred since he met her at the chapel-door, she had forgotten all beside.

"Five days is it?" she repeated, after Evan had told he had been all that time in coming from Snowdon. Then in a momentary burst of vivid imagination, she saw him all along that mountain way battling with, and breasting the storms, and seizing his hand; she exclaimed—"Thank Heaven, thou art safe once more! Go to thy rest, Evan; we will hear thee tell us more to-

morrow, but thou must need rest after such a terrible journey."

Evan *was* weary, but his heart was too full to leave Ida so soon as Lady Maelor wished, and there was joy that night at the castle, though all was dismal without; for the rain still fell, and every mountain-top was hidden by thick fogs. Arran Fowddy, in all its giant grandeur, could not be distinguished from the lesser ones round the castle; the swollen Llyn roared loudly, and down into the deep hollow poured many a rapid stream, making it almost impassable. It was well Evan crossed the footbridge and went round by the Llyn, or the happiness of that night had perhaps never been known at Maelor Castle.

Gilbert and David, with hearts truly soldierlike, rejoiced at Evan's news. To Eleanor and Ida it was not quite so welcome; but in Lady Maelor, born to higher aspirations than her daughter, and more keenly alive to the degraded position of her country, the intended campaign roused the most sanguine hopes, and she rejoiced at the thought that the intended blow upon England would be effective.

Days happy and joyous have passed since Evan came to the castle, and all Ida's beauty and lightness of heart have returned. The cold season has gone, and the sun in all its warm summer glory shines day after day without a cloud, but the clarion of war is echoing amongst the mountains, and there came one morning to the Berwŷns a young warrior from Snowdon, bringing the news that the Scotch were descending upon the north of England, and bidding Evan and Gilbert prepare to join the Welsh army, which

was making its way to Plinlimmon. David Maelor was not summoned to join the army too, the prince's orders to him were, to continue the command of Castle Maelor fortress.

How happy is the season of youth! and how seldom sorrow affects it long! It was so with Ida. Evan's long absence was a thing of the almost forgotten past, and Ida joined heartily in the welcome given to the young chieftain that brought the summons for him to join the army again.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Chieftain, quit the joyous feast,  
Stay not till the song hath ceased;  
Though the mead be foaming bright,  
Though the fires give ruddy light,  
Leave the hearth, and leave the hall,  
Arm thee!— • • foes must fall.

HEMANS.

THE season of actual warfare has come; for the winter has passed, and notwithstanding the vigilant watch round Snowdon, the spirit of determined revolt against England can no longer be confined to preparations, but all is ready, and the Welsh army makes it way along valleys and through rocky passes to the foot of Cader-Idris. Like the first notes of some martial air which the oppressors have forbidden to be played—because it ever finds a vibration in every native heart—came the waving banners remembered only in Bardic story, but with such associations, that something inspiring struck the chords of every bosom, and all along the way to Cader-Idris the numbers of the army considerably increased. Here they rested. It had been a long and toilsome march, and as night closed round them as they lay encamped at the foot of the mountain, the tidings that they were there spread through the surrounding country. It was a short rest; by daybreak the army moved on, and before night again, the encampment was

formed on the vast mountain of Plinlimmon. There were many English garrisons near the place which Glendower had chosen, and the power of the English lords was deeply felt by the people—perhaps too deeply—for every energy seemed lost, and but a very few appeared to retain sufficient spirit to rise against their oppressors.

Nothing daunted by their tardiness in joining, the prince sent notices to every chief town in the whole country, and demanded their allegiance. Some, chiefly the smaller ones, complied; but the larger ones indignantly refused, and the prince made ready to compel them.

The business of the day was done, and when night brooded round the town of Montgomery, every voice round every hearth was suddenly stayed at the news brought in by a traveller, that the new Prince of North Wales had encamped before the western gates of the city. Alarm spread through the city, and the people met to consider what should be done. The army had increased since the refusal to acknowledge the prince's sovereignty had been sent, and not a few hearts were willing to sue for peace; but the governor of the castle urged them to be brave and remain faithful to Henry of England. Then the city gates were closed, and the garrison and people tried to feel themselves secure.

Glendower without, waited for a reply to his mandate for them to surrender, but the hours passed in silence; then with tact and skill the Welsh forces drew up near the city walls, and the calm moonbeams had scarcely ceased to fall upon the silent town when

crash after crash roused the unfortunate citizens, and all within the walls was a scene of confusion. All the power and strength of the city were brought to bear upon the besiegers, but the storming continued, and before nightfall the city gates were thrown open, the garrison had surrendered their arms, and the whole people craved pardon and bowed allegiance to the prince whom they had so offensively rejected.

So Montgomery fell, and the scene of carnage ended, and such success adding to the prince's spreading fame, led many more high and noble chiefs to come from the district round and appear amongst his ranks, though it cost them a blot for ever upon the escutcheon of England.

Welsh-Pool, better garrisoned than Montgomery, next refused to surrender, and a few acts of treachery occurring by which the prince's life was more than once endangered, he immediately set fire to the suburbs of the town, and punished the whole district round with the utmost severity.

The Welsh, in fear of the English, who had proved hard taskmasters, were not in every instance willing to accept Glendower, but when once amongst the Welsh ranks the native fire burned again, and many who at first refused to join became his firmest adherents. As the Welsh had returned home to Wales at the cry of war, so the English now began to return to England, and the king and his parliament were struck with dismay at the news of the wide-spreading revolt. Town after town was falling to the Welsh again—night after night the beacon-fires once more blazed upon the hill-tops, and as each day began, prepara-

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tions were made for further conquest ere it closed. So the warfare—the winning back again of ancient rights—went on, and the prince, elated with success, entered Radnorshire, where the first place that felt his desolating hand was the ancient Abbey of Cwmhir. Unfavourable to the bards, the monks throughout Wales had ever oppressed them, and those residing at Cwmhir Abbey had added to their enmity towards that ancient people their own dislike to Glendower, who favoured them, and had used their monkish influence upon the people in depreciating *his* actions, and had endeavoured to win them over to King Henry. The abbey was destroyed, and the monks fled for refuge, some to the mountains and others to religious houses near.

Hitherto no act of cruelty, beyond what must necessarily attend such a course of warfare, has been attributed to our hero, and we would rejoice to keep the red stain from his hand still longer, but upon summoning the town of New Radnor to surrender, the English garrison depending upon immediate assistance from their king, without reflecting upon the strength of the power by which they were menaced, peremptorily refused to yield, and irritated the prince by taunting him with his proscription, which had reached them a few days previously. New Radnor being a frontier town, though now only a small village, was of no small importance to either nation, and the prince, urged by repeated successes, and irritated by the insults and unwise taunts of the garrison, drew up his forces outside the town and gave them till the next daybreak to surrender; but

this course was of no avail, the beleaguered place preserved its defiant tone in the face of its doom.

The prince, as unwilling as he deemed it to be impolitic to submit to such a check to his power, waited impatiently for the time allowed to expire, then when the last hour passed, and no terms of amnesty were asked, no more were offered. The well-practised troops were charged, and after a few hours' hard fighting, against the strongest resistance they had encountered yet, they were completely successful; the castle gates were thrown open, and the besieging army entered the town. Now the prince retaliated—insult was avenged—for the whole of the remaining garrison, numbering, alas! only sixty men, though by far too many to suffer so ignobly, were brought out, and at once beheaded, and then the castle was completely destroyed by fire.

We who live in a more enlightened age, can reflect upon such an act of cruelty with horror, and feel that through it the career of our hero has become irrevocably blemished. Few, indeed, can deny it. But it was doubtless an act of stern necessity, his peculiar position allowing him no alternative.

The work at the ill-fated garrison done, the prince laid a heavy hand of destruction upon all around him, and then returned to Plinlimmon. On the way to his aerial encampment, passing along a narrow pathway between two well-wooded mountains, a harsh cry was heard, and immediately a woman, with withered brow and hair whitened, but not by age, rushed out from a cave, and holding up her arms, imprecated curses upon the prince, and prayed every calamity to fall upon him and his followers.

"See," she said, "this hair—see what thy work at Radnor garrison has done—see how it has changed." And laying her hand upon her bosom, she continued, "Here, too, I'm changed—oh, how changed. Vengeance, vengeance, ah, ah!" and she laughed wildly.

"Hush, woman!" said Evan, springing forward; "begone! wouldst thou dare speak in this way to the prince?"

"Prince! prince!" replied the wretched woman, looking at him again, "here, kill me, as thou hast killed my three sons at the garrison; for I too am English, and I hate you, hate every one of your race: kill me, then, or I shall be revenged."

The prince's body-guard had now managed to crowd thickly round him in the narrow pathway, and as the woman finished speaking, several of them seized her, and she would probably have met in another moment the end she craved, had not Glendower stayed the uplifted arms by stretching out his own to defend her.

"Stay!" he said, "we have daughters. Men of Cambria, have ye not mothers, sisters, wives? Release this woman, and proceed."

The command was instantly obeyed, and until the prince and his army were lost amongst the pathway windings, the unhappy woman stood where they left her, apparently lost to all that was passing.

The barbarity at Radnor so excited the men of Cardiganshire that they rose to the number of two thousand, and watched for Glendower to return to Plinlimmon. As they had expected, he left at his own various garrisons the greater portion of his army,

and brought with him to the mountain encampment not more than a few hundreds. The men of Cardiganshire moved silently on, and when Glendower had disappeared, they surrounded the mountain, determined to cut off supplies, or attack him if he came down.

Glendower soon found that his position was critical, he had only eight hundred men with him on the hill, and in the army which lay below were numbers of well-trained English soldiers, who were not only able to wield their war weapons, but knew how to withstand every temptation to leave their position, in which they were more formidable than if they advanced up the hill-sides. Several days passed on, the provisions on the mountain were exhausted, those who volunteered to fetch up supplies from the different garrisons were captured, and Glendower saw that a desperate effort must be made. Evening was drawing on, so gathering his army round him he told them their true position, and encouraged them to give attack.

"Two courses," he said, "are ours: to die of famine, or to cut our way through the enemy. If death is to be our doom, let us meet it sword in hand, for famine is a lingering, inglorious death. Come, then, let not our glorious cause be lost while one of us has a hand to wield a sword: nay! my brave men, we shall, we must succeed. Rise!—charge—away."

At that moment, with swords, lances, and battle-axes glittering in the dying sunbeams, the whole army rushed down one side of the mountain, when they charged without quarter the astonished troops

below, who fled in the greatest confusion, leaving some hundreds dead by the hill-side. Here and there a few, braver than their comrades, turned upon their antagonists; but this only increased the number of the slain.

Two of the prince's body-guard fell in the combat, and they, with about twenty others who also fell, were carried from the spot, and buried in a little valley between two hills not far away; then some stones were gathered and placed as a rude monument, to mark the place where the heroes slept.

Shouldst thou stray amongst the mountains, reader, many such heaps of stones will lie in thy path—some have their legends, some are unnoticed, but each and all have had their tragedies.

Amongst the few who were wounded, was Madog, Glendower's stripling son; and he was conveyed on a litter to Maelor Castle. Such were the casualties of the event; not so serious to the prince as might have been anticipated from the army which had surrounded him, and the bold act increased his fame.

The events of the last month, however, had filled England with alarm, and when the news of the fall of New Radnor was conveyed to the king, he immediately set out with an army to Wales, but before he crossed the border, Glendower had followed up the men of Cardiganshire, pillaged and destroyed all that held out any resistance, and demolished also the Abbey of Strata Florida.

Increased wrath, mingled with hate, urged the king to push forward as soon as he heard how matters were progressing; but as soon as he had fairly entered

Wales, he was met by large bodies of monks from the destroyed religious houses, and the wretched inhabitants of the towns, who implored of him a protection he was utterly unable to give.

A scene of devastation and sorrow lay open to him wherever he turned, and he may have reflected that it was his *own* act that sanctioned the infliction of private wrongs upon the individual who now not only swayed the destiny of the Welsh nation, but menaced his own peace and security.

When Glendower heard of the king's approach, he pursued the same line of policy which had helped him before, and chose to harass the invaders rather than sacrifice his own people in battle: so, first inducing the king to advance, he turned, and driving before him all the cattle that lay in his way, he led the English army into a more inextricable mountain region than they had ever been in before; then retiring to Snowdon, he left his pursuers no choice but to return to England.

The king once more saw, when too late, the course his enemy had taken;—his army sickened, his provisions failed, and with bitter disappointment added to his wrath, he prepared to return home.

The effect of this second campaign, however, was felt in the Welsh camp, for a spirit of dissatisfaction sprung up amongst a few; and whether from fear, superstition, or loss of spirit in the cause, we cannot say, but thirty-one turned traitors—forsook the standard of their country, and accepted the pardon offered by King Henry.

There is something dark and mysterious lurking on

the page of history which records such facts at these ; but it is gratifying to know that the selfish vacillator generally meets with that treatment which he deservedly merits, and is looked upon by the very man to whom he turns as the betrayer, rather than the man of honour. William Tudor, almost one of the first to join the revolt, was amongst the traitors, and he forgot, while he informed the king of the most accessible points in Snowdon, that his own noble brother Robert was taking an important part in the struggle, and his information might bring that brother to the block. The part Lady Maelor had taken was also told the king and his barons, and her name, with those of her sons, was added to the proscribed list.

## CHAPTER XX.

Fill the bright goblet, spread the festive board,  
Summon the gay, the noble, and the fair!  
Through the loud hall in joyous concert poured,  
Let mirth and music sound the dirge of care.

SCOTT.

OUR hero, fairly launched upon a course of warfare, was compelled, like all who have been in a similar position, to have recourse to any means that could benefit his cause. The bitterness of subjection and the galling yoke of oppression had produced so deep a hatred amongst the Welsh generally, that now the sword of revenge was drawn, it fell indiscriminately wherever English rule remained.

To be fully a prince of his country, Glendower knew the necessity of the whole of his nation acknowledging him, and it was not until any of them refused to do so, that he adopted the horrible means of bloodshed and destruction. On his return to Snowdon a second time, after eluding and harassing the English army, he too soon became conscious of the disaffection of some of his followers, and the spirit of determined resistance against England became stronger as he thought of the power it had over the thirty-one who had deserted him.

During the warfare which had been going on beyond Snowdon, the governor and the few troops left behind

had made a descent upon Dolbadarn Castle, and though they did not succeed in taking it, they despoiled a great portion of it, and carried off both war-  
weapons and provisions. Several skirmishes had also occurred, and in every instance the prince's troops had been victorious; this, added to his own success, helped to elate his followers, and they assembled in one of the large halls to celebrate with a banquet the return to Snowdon.

A long table formed of planks, with seats on each side, rudely constructed, passed down the centre, and another smaller one crossing at the top was raised a little above the former, and made ready for the prince and his family.

The evening drew on, men, in the capacity of cooks and waiters, passed in and out the hall with provisions, until the table nearly groaned with the weight, for many a noble buck, with some other of its companions of the forest, had been slain for the occasion.

Glendower with his daughters, followed by his sons and chief supporters, entered the hall, and as soon as they were seated, the bards and harpers began their peculiar but all-important part in the revel.

It was night, large lamps hung from various places, and men holding torches stood at short distances from each other. Bows, arrows, and swords, with not a few broken trophies of victory, adorned the walls, while flags and banners, bearing different arms, hung from the roof. Nearest to the prince sat his family, then Evan and Gilbert, and beyond them, occupying every seat at the table, were the chief men who supported him, some of them aged, and the one most prominent

was the bold chieftain from Anglesea. The banquet began, martial music and song made the old hall echo, and as they passed round the goblet of mead, Henry of England little thought how they quaffed defiance at any scheme he could invent to conquer them. For a long time they sat and enjoyed the revel, and every man rose as with true native power and enthusiasm every minstrel present sung the following song, composed by Jolo, the chief bard, in honour of their prince :—

Cambria's princely Eagle, hail !  
 Of Griffydd Vychen's noble blood,  
 Thy high renown shall never fail,  
 Owain Glendower, great and good.  
 Lord of Dwr dwys fertile vale,  
 Warlike, highborn Owain, hail !

\* \* \*

Strike, then, your harps, ye Cambrian bards,  
 The song of triumph best rewards  
 An hero's toils. Let Henry weep  
 His warriors wrapt in endless sleep.  
 Success and victory are thine,  
 Owain Glyndwr dwy divine.  
 Dominion, honour, pleasure, praise,  
 Attend upon thy vigorous days,  
 And when thy evening sun is set,  
 May grateful Cambria ne'er forget  
 Thy noontide blaze, but o'er thy tomb  
 Never fading laurels bloom.

JOLO GOCH.

The song was done, and with hearts more loyal than ever, the banquet proceeded.

The King of England had reached London, and on that same night when the warriors, he now in his secret thoughts began to fear, revelled and were joyous, dark thoughts continually filled his heart, and

gloomy dreams so disturbed his rest, that he rose from his soft-curtained couch, and summoning the Earl of Northumberland, passed the long hours of the night with him, trying to devise some plan to punish and subdue his terrible foe. With a restless and fevered brain the monarch paced up and down his chamber, feeling no sympathy for any one, and as often pouring out his wrath upon the earl as listening to or consulting him.

Another scene on this same night was passing at Maelor Castle. There its noble possessor watched beside Glendower's wounded son, who still suffered severely; for youthful recklessness had been added to his bravery, through which he narrowly escaped with his life, and on that night he told his kind relative of the success which had attended his father at the various places he had attacked. But when she heard the unvarnished detail of the slaughter at New Radnor, her feeling heart shuddered, and her countenance grew pale with horror, while a tear started for the unhappy woman who had cursed and threatened vengeance on the prince. A long time she sat and listened, and more than once would have expressed her fears of a happy termination of the struggle, but Madog's enthusiasm was too powerful an incentive to her hopes to allow her to yield to fear.

While the King of England had been in Wales, the garrison at Maelor Castle had kept prepared for an attack; but the monarch had returned home, and the bold hardy men felt more confident of success than ever: and their young chieftain, supported by the wise counsels and dignity of his mother, held

greater influence over his own large garrison, by exhibiting a resolution and wisdom, which, in that darkened age, being deemed beyond his years, drew forth reverence as well as strict obedience.

Lady Maelor heard with fear and dismay of the numbers who had become traitors to the cause, and to keep up the ardour of Gilbert and Evan, and to give, if possible, some satisfaction to the prince, she despatched a trusty vassal with letters to the camp, telling of Madog's improved health, and the firm undying adherence of herself and every one in her castle: then she told of the strength, numbers, and security of her fortress, and acknowledged in elegant terms Glendower as her most noble prince, the star and dragon of her land.

The vassal arrived at Snowdon on the eve of the banquet; and Glendower, after receiving the letter, ordered him to take a seat with the chieftains at the festive board, as the representative of Lady Maelor and her son David, to whose healths they more than once passed round the goblet.

The banquet was over, only a few lights glimmered round the castle, and there was scarcely a sound save the sentinel's measured tread. The moon shone brightly. Her course that autumn night was along a cloudless sky, and as her gentle rays fell around the prince's dwelling, they lighted up King Henry's house, and also shone into the chamber where Lady Maelor watched beside the wounded hero.

Distant from either of these scenes, the moonbeams lighted up a solitary cave, where the wretched mother

mourned her murdered sons ; and her wail, the outburst of a frenzied brain, rose continually upon the passing breeze as she gazed upward to the moon, that lone companion of her solitude. Her garments were tattered, her cheeks deadly pale, and her long white hair fell carelessly about her neck and shoulders. She sat upon a broken piece of rock at the entrance of her cave, and as she continually cried "Revenge, revenge," she looked like some spectral visitant of the mountains. She knew when the mighty sovereign of her own land passed in state and pride near the pathway leading to her cave ; but she hated him too, and scorned to ask redress, though it was for his sake her sons had perished. The redress she craved was revenge, and she strove to console herself in the one continual cry. Poor mother ! one of the many victims of thy own sovereign's injustice, but a noble heart bleeds for thee as thou art sitting there wailing and gazing at the pale, silent moon.

## CHAPTER XXI.

What sudden spell hath made this man so dear?

BYRON.

LADY JANE's life at Snowdon seemed to lose all charm after she learned Evan's affection for Ida, for he had called forth the first burst of love in her own heart; and thrown as she so continually was into his presence, she felt it almost impossible to disperse the halo which had so endeared him.

No one knew of her passion, and she tried to school herself to the disappointment; but every effort was in vain, and she became sadly conscious of an irresistible yearning towards him. Many a dull hour she passed alone, and many a bitter tear fell when she thought of him. It was before Gatha only that the swollen bosom ever threw off its care. Evan had been away, he had returned to Snowdon again, old impulses had again returned to her heart, and, unable to control them, he was her companion once more. They went as before to the forests, to the wild caves and the lovely scenery of the mountain lakes, where, seated by his side, she listened again to the stories and legends of them; and Evan, who loved a listener, threw all his power into his descriptions, seeing that they so charmed his companion. Jane had often heard those legends before, and every fear they were

wont to create was gone, yet her cheek always lost its bloom when Evan repeated them. They went often to the black cavern, retold again and again the story of Ida, and her name became as familiar on Jane's lips as on his, though he little knew the shadow which fell upon the vista of Jane's future life when she was named. Soul-wrapt as he was in Ida, he never divined the cause of the pale cheek beside him, nor saw the deep crimson that flashed upon it when he took her icy hand in his own to assist her over a rough portion of the path. And such is woman! clinging ever to the one around whom the first tendrils of affection have twined, even though not a ray of hope is left. Ah! even though the heart so loved has become another's.

They had gone as before up that mountain path, and the autumn sun in all its rich glory was around them. Evan had heard of Ida, and Lady Jane was his solace for the absent one; so, sitting down by the black cavern, the dear one far away became, as before, the theme.

Jane listened, heard the fond panegyrics bestowed upon the beautiful girl of his love, and, turning to him, asked him how he could ever leave her if he loved her so well.

"Leave her, Lady Jane," replied Evan, "because a deeper impulse than she ever created bids me do so—nay, not a deeper, but a different one; the call of my oppressed country rises above all others, and to see thy noble father restored to the throne of his princely ancestors, his family placed beyond the reach of petty lords, and English tyranny exchanged for the glorious

rule of a native prince, bids me take up arms—hush the beatings of my heart—bids me leave Ida.”

Evan’s cheek had glowed as he spoke—perhaps in his own defence, perhaps in hope for the future; though it may be the beautiful sad face which was turned to him, and the expressive gaze, awakened other emotions, for he started as he ceased speaking, and said—

“Shall we return to the castle?”

“Not yet” was the answer from a rich voice, never before so tremulous; and laying her hand upon his, she added, after a moment’s pause, “Knight Evan, go back to Ida. Perhaps she mourns, nay, weeps thy absence. Never more must we come to the mountains together. Go, Evan, and be happy with Ida, and may heaven bless you both; but fortune may not always smile on thee, thou mayst encounter danger or meet with foes; if so, and I can give thee aid, or my royal father shall have wedded me to one whose influence may avail thee aught, thou’lt perhaps remember what I tell thee now—that, while life’s pulse shall beat within this bosom, and one nerve shall remain to help this hand, if thou, Evan, wilt tell thy woe, they shall be given for thee—for thee and Ida.”

The eye had flashed, the bosom had heaved, and each cheek had tinged as the heart told its own tale—told the sad story of hopeless love, and yet never breathed the words. But Evan saw it now; there needed nothing more to convince him that the bosom beside him knew but one beating, and a pang of regret shot into his own heart, as, taking her hand, he said—

“Lady Jane, I shall *never* forget thee, and, if in a less bright season of my existence thou canst give me

aid, I will remember thy promise. Till then it may be better, perhaps, that we meet no more ; but I will not forget thee, and I will teach Ida to love thee too."

It was a slow, silent walk down the mountain-path now. Deep thought had a strong influence over them both, and they parted almost in silence after they had crossed the court-yard and entered the castle-door. But we will leave them for the present, and turn to the King of England. He gained but little peace of mind in his discourse with the Earl of Northumberland ; but news arriving from the north that his barons had succeeded in driving the Scotch beyond the Border, and also that the attack which France threatened had been set aside by the wise policy of the Duke of Burgundy, his irritated mind turned solely to Wales, and notwithstanding two failures, he immediately meditated another campaign ; so, calling together his barons, he bade them prepare. The barons, in this instance wiser than their royal master, undertook to consider the propriety of such a step now that the autumn was already advanced ; but Henry, not willing to allow such an interference with his prerogative, exercised the iron will of despotism, and immediately ordered another issue of writs to the governors of castles and lieutenants of counties on or near the Border to prepare, upon pain of death at refusal, for his again entering the Principality.

Feudal homage had not yet died out, Romish thralldom still ruled the actions of the people ; so the king's decree, however repugnant to the feelings, must be obeyed ; and he knew well that to command his barons was to command the nation.

The shortening days, and the knowledge that bad weather would soon set in, not only in Wales but in England, urged the king to make the most of the time; and the information he had received from the Welsh traitors almost assured him that success would attend him now. He went; his large army accompanied him, castles prepared to receive him, towns sent out all the men they could spare to swell the ranks, and all England watched for the result: but detail is superfluous. Glendower never stirred from Snowdon. Lady Maelor, fortunately, lay out of the way, and as on the first day of October, 1401, the English army entered Wales, so before the month closed the spirit of the army was gone, and in a worse plight than on either of the former occasions they again returned home. Autumn storms, which the superstitious spirit of the age attributed to the necromancy of Glendower, failing provisions, with fevers and other ills that seemed to follow in their train, swept down rank after rank; and more than one cairn marks the last resting-place of too many of the English troops.

It may appear strange that such difficulty should attend an invasion of Wales; but at the time our story dates, large forests, choked up in many places with thick brushwood, with deep marshy tracts, were an important feature in both countries; no roads, as now, winding in amongst the mountains, and with all the low and level land undrained, it was utterly impossible to proceed far, especially when superstition held so great sway over the heart. The slow marches then, through an almost impassable country, exposed the

English to toil for which the late reign had unfitted them; and when they rested, the want of provisions, the miasma of the undrained land, added to superstitious dread and disappointment, swept them off in large numbers to the grave.

A predatory attack from some of Glendower's outstanding garrisons was sometimes made upon the invading army; but nothing more than a little self-defence was the result of it, and not a single instance of set action took place. Glendower took but little notice of this third campaign. Safe in his native bulwark, it mattered little how the world went on beyond; he knew the elements would wage sufficient war with the invader without his encountering him also, and he also knew the effect such a mode of warfare would have upon his own followers.

Ancient princes of Wales, whose glorious deeds were immortalized in Bardic song, seemed to fade before the fulfiller of so much prophecy whom they had chosen as their prince now; and the Welsh as well as the English believed that Glendower had indeed intercourse with the world of spirits, and, suiting their temperaments to their circumstances, they looked upon his method of contending with his foes as more glorious than any Wales had been able to boast of yet. So they gathered round him at Snowdon, and quietly laid aside every weapon of war, every thought of foes, until one word from their prince bade them prepare for the battle-field again. At Snowdon the Welsh ever felt secure; it was as sacred to them as Parnassus ever was to the Greeks: and when in ancient times the Britons worshipped rivers and

mountains, they declared that whoever slept on Snowdon should wake up inspired. Not less revered, indeed, had it become in later times,—its mists, its streams, its caverns and defiles had each their own peculiar votaries; but the greatest of all the features of Snowdon, and those which feasted the imagination and superstition more than all, were the tempests: they were the greatest bulwarks, and secured them from every foe.

Notwithstanding Glendower cared little for the army which was coming into his country, he knew they were differently situated at Maelor Castle; so, lest an attack might be made there, he ordered Evan and Gilbert to repair thither with a number of troops to help in giving assistance, if required, until he could come to their aid.

It was the early part of November, 1401. The first year of military action had kept pace with the first year of English usurpation, and had run its course. Glendower had shown himself a man of no ordinary tact and ability, and a large majority of his countrymen had sworn allegiance to him. On the other hand, the King of England had three times entered the Principality, and on each occasion shown his inability to conquer his foe; and the nation's eye was not dim to the fact, that the Welsh were more powerful than they had anticipated. Serious thoughts were turned to the degraded appearance their military strength would have in the eyes of Europe, and the king ordered additional numbers of soldiers to be placed in all the English garrisons and castles in

Wales, and orders were also given to follow the plan of predatory warfare whenever opportunity offered.

Time rolled on swiftly, and the year 1402 commenced. The winter was severe, and the nations of Europe, in that darkened age, were more or less affected by the sudden appearance in the heavens of an extraordinary comet. The wise and the unlearned each gave a solution of the wonder, for the pretension to explain the phenomenon showed itself upon an extensive scale; nearly every nation, however, attributed it to a different cause. The English, perhaps, in fear watched it with silent interest, the more daring Scotch looked upon it without any particular concern; but the Welsh, as they sat around their wintry hearths, told the story put forth by the bards, that the star in the heavens was Uthur's, returned in honour of their prince. Thus expectation mingled with superstition, and the people, proud of anything that heightened their prince's glory, clung to the delusion.

Lord Grey of Ruthin, with all other men of importance who had residences in Wales, came back at the king's command, and the Earl of Arundel came with a large body of troops to Dinas Bran, to follow out with his contemporaries the plan of predatory warfare.

Glendower became aware of the English movements, and his wrath waxed high when he heard that his chief enemy—the remorseless instigator of all his injuries—had returned to his ruined town, hoping to have an opportunity to strike another blow. But

Glendower was powerful now ; he no longer cared for the smiles nor frowns of the King of England, nor any of his barons, for he was the chosen and lawful prince of his own people ; their persons and substance had been willingly laid at his feet ; and for Lord Grey to attempt to menace him, was an act as bold as unwise, and roused his bitterest hate towards his old antagonist.

While he sat in his mountain fortress, revolving in his mind a plan to retaliate upon Lord Grey, that nobleman, with the Earl of Arundel, held intercourse at Ruthin Castle to adopt some measure by which they could tempt him from his stronghold.

The vexation which rose in Lord Grey's bosom when he gazed from his castle-windows at the desolation Glendower had caused to the town, did not help to lessen his hate ; for, turn where he would, his eye fell upon ruins. The earl stood gazing, too, and, turning to his friend, said—

“ Mark me, my lord, the daring spirit of the Welsh is entirely in the hands of one man, who by depth and artifice has made his deluded countrymen believe him almost immortal. Could we undermine this feeling, every one would desert him, as some have already done, and crave pardon.”

“ Which they shall never have—no, not a man of them, if I'm concerned,” was the instant reply. “ Nay, noble earl, thou art deceived. All who have joined this deceiving, vaunting boaster would take part in any other rebellion to-morrow if they had the spirit and ability : thank Heaven they have

neither, though they are every whit as disposed to murderous actions as the fellow they call their prince."

"Ahem," muttered the earl, seeing that the temper of his friend was outstepping his judgment, and not wishing to implicate himself in defending any of the outlawed people. "Well, we must not remain inactive; perhaps your lordship has thought of some plan, for we, being so near Glyndwrwy, shall be expected to do something."

"Something!" said Lord Grey, passionately pointing to the ruined town. "See yonder—that must be avenged; the fairest town in North Wales reduced to ashes thus: nay, since Glendower spares neither fire nor sword, neither will I. A prince, indeed!—well, prince or demon, it matters not now; I'll pursue him, I'll hunt him to death. Wales shall blaze from one end to the other, even if I have to put the brand myself, for he has roused a Grey; and woe to the man whoever does that."

The words as they fell were accompanied by emphatic action; and as the earl gazed at the speaker's face he felt that he spoke truly, and for his part he would shrink from arousing such vindictiveness. Age, prudence, and position were on the side of the earl; he had also gained much experience from the failures to punish the Welsh, but all his arguments were in vain to prove that artifice must be employed to tempt the Welsh to open combat.

"Get them out from their strongholds, their supernatural agency will help them but very little; suppress

until then, my lord, any natural animosity you may feel, and adopt some plan of artifice which every politician, methinks, would recommend."

"Then I'm not a politician," replied Grey; "nay, I'd rather wear a coat of mail. I shall spare neither age nor sex; every Welsh family around me I consider enemies to my country, and as lord of this March I shall at once let them know to whose power they are to submit, and whoever murmurs I shall lose no time in imprisoning. Then those beyond my territory I shall not fail to watch also. There is that Llydd, near to Bangor; he has not yet joined the rebels, and after to-morrow he shall have no chance of doing so; for, if possible, I shall find quarters for him here."

"His gracious majesty has delegated rather an unusual amount of authority to thy keeping, my lord," replied the earl, sarcastically; "else thou thinkest mighty little of the laws of thy country, or of the strength of this formidable insurrection."

Passion once more flushed Lord Grey's face as he listened to the earl, but prudence for once came to his aid, and he answered—

"Methought extra power had been delegated to every English baron dwelling at this time in Wales, and that any act would be tolerated that helped to crush this rebellion, of which, noble earl, thou hast judged rightly, I do care nothing; but of the laws of my country—leave that to me, or I may forget thou art the Earl of Arundel."

"But I shall not forget it, neither shall I forget that thou art Lord Grey of Ruthin," was the instant answer; and the earl, rising from his seat, gave his

attendants orders to prepare the steeds immediately, to return to Dinas Bran.

The interview between the earl and Lord Grey terminating so abruptly, produced disgust in the heart of one, while it increased the passionate and revengeful temperament of the other.

"Such boast," uttered the earl, as, drawing in his rein, he stopped on his way home before a Welsh cottage, where some pretty but poorly clad children played round the door. "Is it to these he would extend his hate?" Then he rode on, pitying the hapless peasantry whose present miserable condition was in a fair way of becoming more so. He reached the castle, and looked down from it upon the little silent town of Llangollen which lay below; then along the valley to the trees which waved above the sacred walls of Crucis Abbey; and finally his eye glanced over the surrounding hills, where the white smoke curled up from many dwellings; and there was pride in his bosom as he said aloud, "My vassals, too, shall swear fealty to England, but it shall not be because I tyrannize, and make them."

Very different was the conclusion Lord Grey came to. He observed the utmost respect towards his visitor while he stayed, but as soon as he was gone, even before the sound of his horses' hoofs had ceased to fall upon his ear, he gave way to bitter invectives, equally against the earl as against the people he so hated. With folded arms, and his fine features distorted by rage, he paced up and down his well furnished apartment; and as he, too, looked out upon the surrounding country, so much of which did him

homage as its lord, he vowed that every dwelling should be razed to the ground, and every unhappy inmate transferred to the damp dungeons of his castle, rather than have opportunity to join his enemy.

The chief cause of Lord Grey becoming so extremely bitter just now towards the people, as well as towards Glendower, was owing to a rumour from more than one quarter, that *he* had been the chief cause of the revolt; and at such a time, when favouritism was a strong feature in royalty, he felt that he could annihilate the man whose actions might deprive him of the king's favour.

For the credit of humanity we must hope that he hushed a better feeling, when, in his feverish rage, in the silence of his own chamber, he made the awful vow to sacrifice everything, if, by so doing, he could sacrifice his foe.

## CHAPTER XXII.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,  
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind ;  
Do we his body from our fury save,  
And let our hate prevail against our mind ?  
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,  
Than make his foe more worthy far than he ?

CAREW.

A.D. 1402.

NOTHING worth calling warfare happened in the early part of this year, so we will turn to other scenes. Gilbert and Evan taking part in the command of the large garrison at Maelor Castle, enjoyed for a time their retreat with Eleanor and Ida, though the effect of the military life they had led began to show itself, and they looked anxiously every day for news from Snowdon. Much of the devotional spirit which used to characterize Gilbert seemed to have passed away ; otherwise he was the same, and loved Eleanor as tenderly as ever.

Lady Maelor watched the apparent change with deep concern. She had regretted his long absence, but once more at home with her, she had hoped for a return of those happy days when they all used to enjoy the society of each other. She had carefully arranged the many manuscripts which used to be Gilbert's delight : the musical instruments, also, in which both he and David excelled, were brought out,

and she hoped day after day in vain to see them enjoy them once more.

Gilbert, David, and Evan, all were inmates of her castle, yet it seldom happened that they came and sat with her as they did of old. Evan was the only one of the three who seemed to throw off the soldier entirely, and drawing himself from every other scene, he frequently sat down in Gilbert's old accustomed place, but even this she felt was for Ida's sake. The brave heart which had borne up against insult and injuries, and faced many dangers, was not proof against disappointment, and traces of tears were on her noble countenance when she told her sorrow to the abbot.

"My daughter," replied the aged man, "war desolates everything, and especially does it destroy the domestic institution; for there is nothing in the camp in accordance with home enjoyments, and for the heart to cling to the one, it must necessarily forsake the other; but it is only for the time, for in the seasons of peace, sickness, or reprieve, the first place to which the soldier turns is his home, though he too often comes back unfitted for repose, and longs again for the camp or battle-field."

"Unfitted for repose! nay, holy father, you mistake me if you think I could wish to see Gilbert inactive or careless of our country's cause, but methinks he is too absorbed, and that sweet devotional spirit, for which from a little child we loved him, seems utterly gone."

"Nay, lady," replied the abbot, earnestly; "it is not gone, it is the same as ever. Gilbert's love for

the good and holy is unchanged ; but his is a nature which must throw intensity into whatever he undertakes, which may make it seem that his present occupation absorbs too much of his thoughts. I've sometimes thought the same, but lately I have studied his mind a little more, and find that he is influenced very much by the recollection of a dream, which perhaps has not escaped thy memory."

"A dream ! Ah ! I remember—a kind of vision ; strange he has never mentioned it again. It was something remarkable, though indeed, good father abbot, I never thought it could affect him."

"Daughter, it *has* affected him—it has made him what he is ; through it he has become a soldier instead of a monk, though he has not lost the spirit which would fit him for the latter ; for though he is not often a partaker of thy domestic joys, he is as devout as ever in his religious duties, and in my little chamber by the chapel he spends many hours alone."

Lady Maelor's heart was relieved during this brief conversation, and she smiled as she said, "Nay, holy father, thou art a little mistaken. Gilbert a monk ! never ! His love for Eleanor would have forbidden that. The hope of throwing off the English power has been heightened by that dream, I have no doubt, but I cannot think it has really influenced either his destiny or my daughter's."

For a long time after the abbot left, she sat and pondered over the long-forgotten dream, and superstition, which still held sway over her heart, soon excited her to a full belief in each scene as she pic-

tured it: then the brave spirit rose above the more gentle one of woman, and a blush mantled her cheek as she looked upon the domestic joys for which she coveted Gilbert's society, as trifles compared to the fitting himself for the more ennobling one of freedom.

It was a lovely spring morning, and news had arrived at Maelor Castle from Snowdon. Some steeds and a body of foot soldiers passed out through the castle gates, and the sunbeams fell upon the company as it moved along. The destination of that company from the Berwyn fortress was not known; they had prepared at the word of command, and followed Evan without further enquiry. Coming in an opposite direction to meet them was another company of well-armed soldiers, and after two days' march they met and encamped near the town of Ruthin.

Lord Grey, true to his word, had laid his hand heavily upon his peasantry, and their cry had not come in vain to Glendower. The moon rose calm and lovely as before; the town of Ruthin, with the blackened walls of its castle, stood up in gloomy silence, and Glendower with his army lay not far away. Now the morning came, and a few of the army rose from the ambush, and ventured out in sight of the castle; but, as though fearing to approach too near, they proceeded some distance, and then turned back. In a short time they approached the castle again, then returned as they had done before.

Lord Grey, ever on the alert, watching his poor tenantry with an eagle's eye, saw the strange appearance of a few cavalry coming towards the castle, and

after some little watching he concluded they had come for pillage. With cautious and quiet manner he ordered the captain of his garrison to make ready to attack them, and then proudly equipped himself in war accoutrements. All ready, he descended to the courtyard, and, mounted upon his own charger, led the greater part of his garrison out. Like their master, the garrison set out with spirit, determined to punish the daring act of a handful of men presuming to attempt plunder there, and they proceeded rapidly towards the valley. The Welsh soldiers, seeing the approach of Lord Grey, instantly fled, and he with his small army pursued.

Coming to a small stream, the pursuers halted, for there were two roads there, and those they were pursuing had suddenly disappeared. The footprints, however, of horses were fresh upon the soft grass, and, crossing the little stream, they went onward through the hills. They halted again, a rustling amongst the trees seemed to startle them, and the next moment a shrill cry sounded from hill to hill. Lord Grey turned round; but that cry had roused the secreted troops, and forthwith Dhu, Evan, Gilbert, and many others came bounding up with their companies, and cut off all chance of escape.

Lord Grey saw his position, and raising his light battle-axe in his hand, dashed forward and tried to cut his way through: he struck, was struck again, and contended for some time valiantly with unequal numbers; but at last, amidst a heap of slain, with a broken lance, and his battle-axe shattered to pieces, he, with the few who had bravely fought beside him, was

made prisoner: for a moment, even though the iron grasp of more than one hated hand was upon him, his bravery remained, and he cast a look of defiance at his captors; but when the ranks fell back, and the tall noble form of Glendower moved towards him, a pallor crept over his face, and his own eye drooped at the searching fearless one that confronted him.

The momentary change in his demeanor, however, was not through fear: the slightest help from the castle would have made him turn instantly upon his foe, but that was impossible, and in the gaze which Glendower fixed upon him was concentrated such a record of injuries and injustice, that his better nature quailed. For a few moments not a word was spoken, and scarcely a murmur came from the numbers around. Many dead lay there, and a greater number wounded, yet there was almost a deep silence as Glendower gazed upon his captured enemy. During the arranging of the plan which had been so successful, the thought had come in our hero's heart that Lord Grey must die; but now, as he saw him powerless and alone, and moreover safe in his own keeping, he refrained to take the life so deservedly forfeited; so turning to the chieftains around, he said, "Bind him, and carry him at once to Snowdon. Ap Jorwerth—Ap Evan, we commit him to thy especial care: see to the security of his dungeon, and guard him well." Then turning to Gilbert and some others in command, he bade them liberate the vassals of Lord Grey and leave them to see to those who had fallen, and tell what story they pleased of their chieftain's capture.

Left alone in the silent glen, the remainder of Lord

Grey's garrison held converse together. The sudden capture of their master had subdued their courage, and they made the best of their way back to Ruthin, and then conveyed the intelligence to the Earl of Arundel. Ere daybreak the news was being carried to England; indeed couriers were sent far and near to tell to every one the story of Lord Grey's capture.

Let us follow the little cavalcade to Snowdon. Sometimes upon his steed, Lord Grey was conveyed along between the mountains, then on foot he made his way over some less level path; but when he came upon an open road, Glendower assumed the dignity and bearing of a conqueror, and rode amidst his soldiers, beside his captive. A sullen expression had clouded Lord Grey's face after he had heard his doom, and he preserved a gloomy silence throughout the journey. The dark impenetrable Snowdon was gained: shouts of joy and welcome, with harpers' songs echoed loud and long; but the captive's frown grew darker, he alighted from his horse with a firm step and bold defiant air, and threw a look of scorn at his captors as they led him to his dungeon.

A week had passed since Lord Grey had been a captive; perhaps hope of a rescue had buoyed him up, for his spirit was still high, and he had not deigned to offer one word to those in charge of him. His dungeon was nearly dark, cut in the rock beneath the strongest portion of the castle, a little narrow chink near the roof admitted all the light that entered it, and a stone table, with a stool and couch of the same material, were all the furniture it contained; but even these, wretched as they were, showed that some

respect had been paid to the captive, and that he had been spared that refinement of cruelty which some of the dungeons of Snowdon could show, and which any one incarcerated in his own castle would probably have to endure.

Lord Grey sat on the stone stool, with his head resting upon his hand, apparently in deep thought; the little light from the chink above his head fell at his feet, and his cheek had become a little paler. Upon the table beside him stood his untasted meal; his fine features wore an expression of care, and his garments, exchanged for those more befitting a captive, added to his look of wretchedness. Many times he had examined the dungeon walls in vain, to see if there was any chance of escape; and a shadow had at last begun to fall upon him, especially as another week was passing away without any change in his position. Glendower, however, had not forgotten him, but had struggled with his own mind as to his fate.

The opening of an outer door fell upon the captive's ear, but he stirred not; then the key turned in his dungeon door, which grated as it moved back upon the hinges. It was the time the outer guard was changed, the hour when the warder came to bring the evening meal, and remove, on this occasion, the last untasted one. Lord Grey still gazed at the little ray of light at his feet, until something in the step different to what he had heard before aroused him, and he suddenly started up. A flash of passion came back to his bosom as he saw who had entered the dungeon, and as the colour mounted to his pale cheeks, his hand

instinctively sought his sword. It was gone! Many a recollection darted through his brain at that moment, and the colour fled from his cheek as fast as it had come.

There, face to face in that cheerless dungeon, stood the acknowledged prince of the people and his captive foe; and it required very little to see how much the latter was in the power of his proud captor.

"Lord Grey of Ruthin," said Glendower, "it would be worse than folly to repeat to thee the injuries thou hast tried to inflict upon me and my people, or how much thou hast inflicted upon thy own nation; fortune, however, has made me lord of thy destiny, and justice demands thy life."

He stopped: the cheek of his victim was blanched; and the noble form, with its graceful bearing,—the pride not long before of at least the fair dames of the usurper's court, trembled as the words fell upon his ear.

"As prince of the people," continued Glendower, after a pause, "I can and am willing to grant what perhaps it is not in thy heart now to appreciate. I shall let thee live, a less gloomy dungeon also shall be allotted thee, but thy imprisonment rests with the future."

Lord Grey's spirit had given way when in lonely thought he had weighed Glendower's wrath in the balance of his own heart, and as the first words were spoken he sunk down on the cold seat from which he had so suddenly started; but no sooner did he hear the assurance that his life would be spared, than some of his fiery nature returned; and, stepping towards his captor, he said—

"Owen Glendower, it becomes me as thy prisoner to be grateful for any mercy thou art pleased to show; but tell me upon what authority thou art acting in confining me in this dungeon?"

"Tempt me not, Grey," said Glendower, in reply, as he moved nearer to him, "or thy worthless life may end even before this day closes. Wretch! it was enough to bear with thee when thou wert beyond my power; but now this hand that now spares thy life can also take it, and thou must menace me no more."

Grey had not moved, though he bent a little backward as Glendower approached him; but recovering himself he replied—

"I know I am thy prisoner—defenceless—without weapon of any kind, but that does not deter me from speaking; and mark me, Owen Glendower! I have not craved the life thou hast been pleased to spare, and it may be thou mayst incur the displeasure of those who call thee prince in granting the unasked boon."

"Wretch!" said Glendower, as he drew his sword, "I have spared thee too long;" but a flash of light at that moment through the little loop in the dungeon wall, followed by a loud crash from without, appeared to check the murderous weapon, and Glendower, as he returned it to the sheath, cast upon his prisoner a look of bitter hate, and then left the dungeon. Once more alone, Grey gazed long and earnestly at the strong doorway through which his foe had passed, and as the lightning still flashed, and the thunder, accompanied by such wind as he had never heard before, beat upon his dungeon walls, and echoed again and again amongst the mountains, the heart reacted;

long and bitter captivity seemed to rise before it, and the face so lately flushed with passionate defiance grew pale and wan again.

Throughout that night the storm raged high round Snowdon, and as it helped to disturb the rest of the captive, so its effect was felt by Glendower. He had not observed the darkening sky as he passed along the corridor and descended the dark staircase leading to the prison of his victim, and the sudden crash of thunder, rendered more unearthly as it sounded in the dungeon, had its momentary effect upon the heart as little proof at times against superstition as any of his race.

Glendower, too, sat alone as the storm raged on, and his thoughts, no longer subservient to the elements, turned to Lord Grey. More than once he regretted that he had spared him, though at last, without any other council than his own heart, he decided that he should not die, but should be offered for ransom. No trifling sum should be asked as the price of freedom, and there was a pleasant heaving of the bosom and a proud fire in the eye, as in the silence of that lone chamber when the elements were sinking into calmness, the terms of ransom were decided.

The consternation of the King of England and his Barons, when the courier from the Earl of Arundel brought the news of Lord Grey's capture, was different to anything before witnessed.

That the most powerful Lord Marcher in North Wales, one of the favourites of the king, and the one best defended, had fallen into the power of the rebels, could hardly be realized, and they gazed in fear and

anxiety one upon the other. Something must be done, force of arms had been three times unsuccessful, and the matter was irritating to them all.

Some weeks passed by, the news of Grey's capture had spread throughout Wales as well as England, various unsuccessful attempts had been made by the latter to effect the captive's deliverance, but everything remained the same, and the matter was still perplexing.

Once more the king and his barons met,—a courier had arrived with news from Wales,—not that Lord Grey was dead, but that he was enduring a rather mild kind of captivity, and that upon a few stipulations being agreed to, and the payment of ten thousand marks, he would be set at liberty. Important news this.

To gain Grey's liberty the monarch felt he could offer anything, but to stipulate with the man,—the nation whom he not only hated, but had named in his royal mandate as outlaws and rebels, was too repugnant to a king, and without inquiring into the nature of the stipulations he refused to comply. Loud clamours now arose in the captive's behalf, and while the king took time to consider how his favourite could be most easily released without affecting his royal prerogative, he ordered three of his barons to go at once to Wales and make inquiry of Glendower as to the stipulations required in addition to the ten thousand marks.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

As the rose by the fountain, flings down on its wave  
Its blushes, forgetting its glass is its grave ;  
So the heart sheds its colour on life's early hour,  
And the heart has its fading as well as the flower.

\* \* \* \*

Oh ! long ere one shadow shall darken that brow,  
Wilt thou weep like a mourner o'er all thou lov'st now,  
When thy hopes, like spent arrows, fall short of their mark,  
Or like meteors at midnight, make darkness more dark.

LANDOR.

LADY MAELOR had heard of the success of Glendower over his enemy, and loud rejoicings echoed at the castle. Eleanor and Ida, though Evan and Gilbert were not there, took part in the revel, and were joyous. But we must turn again to Snowdon ; our attention must be given a little longer to what is passing there. Maelor Castle, with the beautiful Ida, must still be the background of the picture, but they will form a bright scene yet. They had rejoiced, too, at Snowdon ; unexpected success is ever marked by light and merry hearts ; and though the captive still lingered in his dungeon, sounds of joy rose above all others in the festive hall. Lady Jane soon knew that Evan was again at Snowdon ; her heart had beat as she caught sight of the heron's feather on the eve of the banquet ; and more than once since then she had seen his noble form in its rich black costume pass

below the windows of the corridor. She had passed the day with her young sister, Margaret, an aged harper, and her tirewomen; but as the day closed, and the sun began to sink far away behind the hills, she bade Gatha follow her as she walked in the gardens of the castle. Unattended and alone, save by Gatha, Lady Jane passed through the gardens, and then with a light step began to ascend a narrow pathway, on over a little eminence, along a rugged pass, out upon a small level, then up a mountain path again. Gatha followed her mistress; the evening was lovely; one enjoyed it as much as the other, and they passed on in silence.

"Stay, Gatha," said Lady Jane; "see yon summit—that is Snowdon; and see yon dark cliff—a dreadful cave is there, blacker far than the water of the little lake down in that hollow. I have been there and have heard dreadful legends about it. Thou must go there, Gatha; thou wilt see something different to anything thou hast ever seen before; there is nothing like it at Glyndwrwy."

Perhaps the mention of her childhood's home, or perhaps the recollection of the black cavern, was powerful, for she ceased speaking, and sat down upon the hill-side. Gatha wandered some little distance down the slope of the hill, and then stood still, and waited the summons to return. A few minutes elapsed; the sun sunk lower and lower; sounds of a distant harp wafted by at intervals upon the evening air, and the bell at the castle tolled the hour of seven. Lady Jane had bent forward as if to rise, when a rustling noise behind her made her turn and gaze in

the direction. In another instant a beautiful hound bounded over some brushwood, and, crouching down by her side, exhibited great joy as it licked her hands. "Ah, Hugos, Hugos, poor Hugos, art thou here?" and she patted his head. Hugos was Evan's dog, and until now had been her companion as much as his; and she believed, as she patted him, that he had followed her to the hill of his own accord; but another sound fell now upon her ear, and she had scarcely risen from her seat, when Evan suddenly turned the corner of the rock, and was close beside her. Some time had passed since they had parted, with the intention of meeting no more; but this sudden and unexpected encounter upon the hill waved for a moment every thought of the past, and Evan smiled as he took Lady Jane's hand in his own, and inquired if she was going to the cavern.

"No, not to the cavern," was the reply. "Perhaps thou hast been. Hast thou been there often lately?"

"Not often—seldom, indeed; and yet I go sometimes. I love the Black Cavern, and I would go there more often, but——" Evan hesitated; his cheek coloured. He had given utterance to thought, and his eye met his companion's the moment the words escaped his lips. "If I go to the cavern now," he continued, "Hugos is my only companion. Poor Hugos! See, Lady Jane, he has not forgotten thee; indeed, methinks he has missed thee as I have, when I have taken him with me to the mountain."

They walked on silently down the narrow pathway.

"I will teach Ida to love thee, too," were all the words Jane could remember of the last time they

were together; and the confession he had just made, that her refusal to accompany him to the cavern caused him to stay away from the spot where so many reminiscences of his life were concentrated, or that when he did go he missed her, made her almost promise to go with him there on the morrow. The words were on her lips, but Ida far away—the one for whose sake Evan loved the Black Cavern; and, moreover, the one whom he would teach to love *her* came, as it were, like a vision before her, and turning to him, she summoned courage, and said firmly, “How didst thou leave the Lady Ida?”

This was enough. Their steps were slower now; much of the past was retold, and Ida, in all her increased loveliness, fell from Evan’s lips in rich imagery before his companion. They reached the castle garden; few flowers, save little native ones, bloomed there, but well-trained trees and luxuriant heather well repaid the labour which had been bestowed on them.

As Evan was leaving Lady Jane, beneath a drooping tree, which place he had told her the moment before was where Ida loved to sit, he said, “Wilt thou go to the cavern to-morrow?”

“No, not to-morrow,” was the only answer. And pressing the hand that he offered, she turned quickly, and, followed by Gatha, entered the castle, passed along the corridor, and reached her own chamber. Gatha was dismissed, and the royal maiden was alone. The slumbering passion for Evan was again awakened, and all the bitterness of blighted hopes returned. “Oh! Evan, Evan,” she cried, as in agony she shaded

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her lovely face with her hands, and sat down upon her couch, "Oh, Evan, why did I meet thee? Ida is in thy every thought, yet thou canst leave her long alone, and come here to me, whose very soul is thine, though thou dost not love me in return." Deep thought followed this burst of feeling, then the heart cried out again, "I will teach Ida to love thee, too. Oh, happy Ida!—but *me*—why should she be taught to love? Does *he* love me? Alas! why? Because I listen to his praises of the one who has won all his heart—for this he loves me, nothing more. Oh, happy Ida, I envy thee, but I will not wrong thee, though thy love for him cannot be like mine."

The heart bled as its youthful passion burst from the lips, but it then grew calm; and that night the cheek was paler, the bright eye lost all its lustre; and as she sat at her window, looking out upon the pale moonlit mountains, Gatha saw that, while with one hand she grasped a large black crucifix, the other passed quickly over the long string of beads which hung from her neck, and tear after tear glittered as it fell.

Time, on its quick wings, passed by: the barons chosen as messengers had been into Wales, and had now returned to the King of England with propositions from Glendower for the ransom of Lord Grey.

Six thousand marks were to be paid on the ensuing feast of St. Martin, the eleventh of November, and the remaining four thousand were to be paid at a future time, and for the sure payment of the latter sum hostages were to be given into Glendower's keeping; but this was not all—Glendower demanded

that his foe in future should observe a strict neutrality in the warfare between the two nations, and as a security for this, he required that the handsome young son of Lord Grey by an early marriage should also be sent him as an hostage.

The sum of money asked was high, yet by an effort it could be paid; the few stipulations required with it could also be overcome; but the father's heart was still true to nature, and he refused to make his free-hearted, motherless boy a captive, that he might gain his own freedom. Perpetual imprisonment now seemed Lord Grey's inevitable doom, for though life was spared him, liberty was rated too high. Nay, he who set the terms of ransom was not cruel, but he wished to humble, as well as secure, the hand that had proved so treacherous.

The summer was passing. Lord Grey, both in spirit and manner, had become more reconciled to his lot; his captivity was less severe, and his captor allowed him to take his place occasionally, under special guard, amongst the chieftains who daily sat round the royal table. Under their brave, honest influence, a better nature seemed to betray itself, and both the prince and his chiefs seemed to feel a growing regard for the handsome, noble-looking captive. Glendower's lovely daughters, as was the custom in those days, generally graced the board at the evening meal, and it did not escape Glendower's notice that the eye of his distinguished prisoner constantly rested upon the beautiful Jane. As quick as thought the obstacle in the ransom was removed: an alliance, a plan oftentimes pursued under similar circumstances,

would, in all probability, be a more effectual security for neutrality than any other stipulation he had asked.

Glendower was again alone with Lord Grey, and the new term of ransom was told. Perhaps the captive started; but his imprisonment, though mild, was irksome and degrading, and he was almost glad to purchase liberty at any price. The devastating power of his captor he had grievously felt; escape from him then and the warding off the power of his avenging hand in future, were thrown into the scale with freedom; and, regardless of any other feeling save policy and necessity, he consented to the alliance provided the King of England sanctioned it. No obstacle was thrown in the way of this unnatural alliance by the king, and Glendower by it hoped to neutralize the hostility of a foe who was formidable when at liberty, chiefly on account of his local influence and position. The proposed marriage was soon known at Snowden, but how came it to the Lady Jane? Not perhaps, fair reader, so terribly as thou art beginning to imagine, for in those days, when feudal lords had power to dispose of the hand of the softer sex, the heart learnt how to endure it, like the evil and the antidote in every age and clime growing together. Mark the bitter water in the arid waste; why grows that little shrub so luxuriantly beside it when the eye looks in vain around for another spot of verdure? Ah, see the native wanderer, he comes parched and weary; he knows that stream is bitter, yet he sits beside it, and raises in his rude cup the bitter draught; see, he turns, plucks the little leaves

beside him, passes them through the water—it is sweetened, and the parched thirst is quenched.

Lady Jane had seen the captive lord, and under other circumstances might have regarded him with affection; but she had now none to give—all her wealth of love had been centred upon Evan, from whom she felt it impossible at present to wrest it.

This trait, though woman's glory, is as oft her weakness, especially when a pure love clings to one unworthy. Lady Jane listened to her father's will without a murmur, for it had been whispered to her before he told it by her two sisters, whose husbands were also their father's choosing, and the woe had in a measure passed; and as he kissed her pale cold lips, and prided himself on her beauty, not a shadow of the sacrifice she was compelled to make, or the injustice he was inflicting, ever crossed his mind; but when she could dissemble no longer, and in a passionate fit of weeping threw her beautiful arms round his neck and kissed the lips that had so clouded all the future, something like regret shot into his bosom, and his breath seemed to stop as he hesitated to give her to the man who, until lately, had been so terrible a foe. There was agony in both hearts at that moment, but circumstances ruled all feeling, and if there was a sacrifice, Glendower felt it was offered at the shrine of his country; so again kissing the pale face upon his bosom, he bade her in a princely tone assume courage becoming his daughter, and make preparation for the coming event. Meanwhile, wars were still going on. Glendower's hand had fallen heavily in more places

than one, he was more feared than before, and his army continued to increase.

There came at last a courier to Snowdon with the ransom for Lord Grey. The beautiful Jane became his bride, and he returned to his own castle under a sign-manual of neutrality. Young Gatha was in the bridal train, and the King of England had sent many nobles to Ruthin, and given orders for every demonstration of joy to be shown at the return of its noble lord. According to the royal wish, great demonstrations of joy did welcome Lord Grey home with his bride, for the marriage had secured peace to the town of Ruthin, and as the bridal *cortége* passed by, the thankful people poured out their hearts in grateful speeches.

The Earl of Arundel, with many other nobles, met the returning captive, and conveyed him proudly to the castle, where they joined in the revel, and throughout the night the old towers rung out the rejoicings. Lady Grey was the object of all admiration, her tender form, with her young and lovely face, occasionally overshadowed by a look of sadness, struck every heart at once; and her husband, many years her senior, prided himself upon the praises bestowed upon his young beautiful bride. Loudly the music sounded through those noble halls, welcome after welcome rose upon the air, and the morning sunbeams appeared above the eastern hill-tops, before the guests began to depart. Lord Grey's spirit was with his guests, and he lingered amongst them to the last, but his bride had all the while held up her drooping head, and tried to show herself happy with an aching heart. She

had thought of home, her sisters, and her father, and all her blighted, hopeless love for Evan returned again. She had looked upon the strangers of her husband's home—saw scarcely one that belonged to her own nation—and then with a swelling bosom had retired to her own chamber to pour out her wail to Gatha, the only one of all around her that she knew. A bright face greeted her as she entered her chamber, for Gatha loved the change from Snowdon, and had joined heartily in the gaieties of Ruthin; but Lady Grey's heart was full, so sitting down upon a richly covered seat, she wept as though her heart would break. Gatha ill understood those tears, but it was sufficient that her loved mistress sorrowed, and kneeling beside her she implored her not to weep, though at the same time tears streamed down her own cheeks. But the noble Lady of Ruthin knew the heart upon which she had come to throw herself—in position only a young tire-woman, but in warmth of affection nearly allied to herself, and in the struggles of Wales closer still. There, in all her rich bridal adornings, sat the weeping bride, the mistress of that proud castle, with its broad lands, its garrison, and numerous attendants, throwing off unconstrained upon the sympathy of a domestic the sorrow she dared not show in the presence of her husband. Her hopeless love for Evan had cost her many a pang, and her bosom had in it felt the first chill of life, yet with him sometimes near, roaming over the wilds that he loved, she began to feel that she could have loved him in future for Ida, and Ida for him. Now torn from all she loved, without one particle of affection for him she was

compelled to marry, thrown, too, amongst scenes which spoke of her father's wrath, and surrounded with people who were nearly all of that nation against which her father's hand was still raised, it is no wonder that she wept and turned to Gatha, the only link that bound her to the joys and memories of other days, and told her woe where she felt there was sympathy.

Oh! there is something terrible in securing anything by the sacrifice of a young heart. Affection, the best and holiest virtue, is too sacred a thing to be offered at the cold shrine of necessity, where the object that secures the desired end seldom meets with anything save that which tends to desolate the heart still further. Desolate!—ah, turn to a wintry waste all the bright sunny morning of life, and stamp the beauteous brow with lines of care never to be erased.

A change had come upon Glendower's daughter when she gave a cold hand to Lord Grey without her heart; but nothing disturbed her husband: he took her to his home, made her mistress of his castle, prided himself upon her lovely face, and was satisfied in having gained his freedom, never thinking of any shadow that might be falling over her, or whether her heart beat warmly for him or not.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

None are so desolate but something dear—  
Dearer than self—possesses or possessed  
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear.

BYRON.

ALL England had ventured to hope for a cessation of hostilities after the release and marriage of Lord Grey; but it was hoping against hope, for the cloud suddenly grew darker, and the struggle grew stronger. As far as Ruthin with its lord was concerned, strife was perhaps at an end, but England, under a mistaken policy, had long been the antagonist, and war continued with that power. Wales had gained nothing yet; English rule was nothing diminished; so after securing the neutrality of his private foe, Glendower once more assembled his forces, and went out to smite his more public one. Caernarvon was besieged, the cathedrals of Bangor and St. Asaph were destroyed, and all the religious houses burnt. These ancient sees had, since the time of Edward I., been filled with English ecclesiastics, and out of this unwise policy much discontent had arisen. Glendower, however, had another cause for his wrath, especially against St. Asaph; for it was Bishop Trevor who, in the hour of popular applause, forgetting he owed his preferment to King Richard, deserted him and joined the usurper.

It was his voice, too, that pronounced deposition on the fallen king, and Glendower determined to avenge the wrong.

Hearing of these devastations, in which not even the abodes of the pious were spared, the lords of several Marches began to think of defence, and the Earl of Mortimer, in Radnorshire, uncle to the young Edmund, the Earl of March, whom Henry kept in prison at Windsor, raised an army to defend his own and his nephew's estates, and to attack Glendower if opportunity offered. Glendower heard of Mortimer's intention,—made a quick march against him, and offered battle. Mortimer, enraged at the ravages he had already endured, went out to accept the challenge, and the armies met at Brynglâs. It was a stubborn contest; rank after rank on both sides fell before each other; eleven hundred lay dead upon the field, but victory declared for Glendower, and Sir Edmund Mortimer was taken prisoner.

The King of England was preparing an army to attack the Welsh again, when the news of the victory over Mortimer reached him; and the Earl of Northumberland, whose son, Harry Hotspur, had married into Mortimer's family, entreated the king to hasten to Wales and rescue the captive. But royal interest was not to be shown to every baron who fell into the rebel's power, and especially not towards Mortimer. Henry knew that the youthful Edmund at Windsor was the legitimate heir to the throne, and it pleased him well to hear that the boy's powerful uncle was a prisoner at Snowdon. He, the king, attempted to release Mortimer! Nay, he rejoiced at his fate,

for he had a secret fear lest he should some day cause him trouble in behalf of his imprisoned nephew. Setting aside the fact of Mortimer's imprisonment, the king, however, determined upon making another effort to subdue the Welsh insurrection. By the end of August, the army, collected from no less than thirty-three counties, was to be ready, and as it daily drew together its strength and preparation, so the Welsh prepared to receive it. One portion of the immense army, commanded by the king, assembled at Shrewsbury; another, commanded by the Earls of Arundel, Stafford, and Warwick, at Hereford; and a third division, under Prince Henry and a number of noble young earls, assembled at Chester. Such mighty preparations infused new hopes into the English, and they also affected the Welsh. A mighty resistance was required, and where patriotism or persuasion failed to increase the Welsh ranks, the sword fell with relentless fury; and especially did it fall upon all towns and castles whose lords and governors had contributed to, or were engaged in, the English army. Thus the castle of Abergavenny, belonging to the Earl of Warwick, and that of Tre-tower, belonging to Lord Berkeley, were sacked and burnt; both of those noblemen were in the army at Chester, and Glendower thought it policy to draw their attention to their own dwellings. The warm sunny days were fleeing past, and there were few who were not concerned in the army gathering for Wales; the failures of previous campaigns had sunk in sad memory into many hearts, and the king knew that doubts of success now began to prevail; but all things were nearly ready, and affairs looked

propitious. The superstition of the age was not only rife amongst the lower orders of the people ; it placed its impress on the king, and he boasted that the few difficulties he had met in gathering his army showed that his cause had received the favour of Heaven, and gave hope that this expedition would be equally successful. The royal boast, however, came too soon, for the large numbers which had been drawn from the North left the Border somewhat unprotected, and the Scotch, who, like the Welsh, had drunk deeply of the bitter waters of subjection, and felt the galling yoke of oppression, made the most of the opportunity, and prepared to invade England again, with 15,000 men, under the command of the Earl of Douglas.

Oh ! how the monarch's brow darkened when his panic-stricken barons told him of the intentions of the Scotch. What was he to do ? Soul-rapt in conquering Wales, he felt it with double keenness, and a storm raged high in his bosom as he sat and held converse with some of his barons.

To turn aside from his own expedition was utterly impossible, so writing to the Earl of Northumberland and the Lieutenant of Lincoln, he commanded them to collect all the strength they could, and press forward to meet the Scotch invaders.

The time had come ; the royal order was given, and that tremendous force, better provisioned and equipped than before, marched into Wales, intending to sweep over the whole of the Principality, and annihilate every vestige of revolt. Glendower had prepared for the inroads of his foe ; he had already spread all the desolation he could. He had removed all

cattle, broken down all the bridges, blocked up narrow passes, and deprived, as far as possible, the invaders of both food and shelter: then, as he had done before, after harassing and misleading them by means of false beacon fires at night, or a flag upon a distant hill by day, he retired to some mountain fastness, and left his foe to proceed or retreat as he thought best.

Unwilling at first to be so soon defeated, the English kept on, but all attempts were vain; exhausted, smitten down with sickness, unable often to retrace the dangerous path, and moreover, unsheltered from the autumn rains, the shattered army turned, and retreated once more. Three times already the military power of England had been brought to subdue the rebel people, and three times the word retreat had been recorded by more nations than one. A fourth attempt had now been unsuccessful, and heavier than ever came the disappointment to the king; his very soul grew dark, and, like all tyrants when the will is thwarted, his accumulated wrath burst upon many a head totally undeserving his anger.

Better success had attended the army in the north. The Scotch had been overtaken as they were returning home laden with plunder, and the Earl of Northumberland, his son Harry Hotspur, and some other nobles, with a small army, gave them battle and defeated them on Homildon Hill. Douglas, the Scottish chief, fell, seriously wounded, into the hands of the English, while Harry Hotspur was taken prisoner by the Scotch. This timely victory threw a ray of light over the king's disasters, and was a great relief to his troubled mind, though it was productive of much ill

to him, lost him the support of more than one powerful baron, and almost proved the destruction of the noble family of the Percies.

There was an ancient custom, that whoever took a prisoner in battle received, as a reward of his valour, the amount of ransom which the captor was allowed to fix according to the prisoner's rank. By this custom Harry Hotspur regained his liberty, and the Scotch taking advantage of it also, asked for their chief, Douglas. The King of England, however, sent an order commanding Northumberland to keep him a prisoner, and reserve him for public execution, or as an hostage for peace. Such an action was an abuse of kingly power, being not only cruelly unjust, but depriving Northumberland of his privilege, and he refused to obey the royal mandate; though not until he had again asked, and failed in inducing the king to negotiate for the liberation of the Earl of Mortimer, who was still a prisoner at Snowdon. The king's refusal irritated and annoyed Northumberland beyond all bounds, and he gave Douglas his freedom at once without any ransom whatever; then he raised his vassals and joined the Welsh insurrection. Northumberland's conduct to the noble Douglas won his generous heart, and he returned home to Scotland, raised a small army, made his way into Wales, and joined Glendower also.

The powerful additions to the Welsh cause naturally increased the spirit of its leader, though he did not receive the Earl of Northumberland without bitterly reproaching him for his treachery to the late king; but heartfelt repentance and remorse at that act,

coupled with his open defiance of the English power, removed all scruples, and his name was placed amongst those struggling for the independence of Wales. The Earl of Mortimer also espoused the same cause, and Glendower gave him his liberty.

Such open rebellion against the King of England on the part of some of his own people, and such an addition to the Welsh by the adherence of the Scotch, showed that the contest was becoming more formidable, while England daily became less able to meet it. On the other hand, the Welsh exulted in their own growing power, and were in no way backward in attributing their success to the supernatural agency of the mighty man, whom they proudly acknowledged as their prince.

The affection of the powerful family of the Percies to the Welsh cause, coupled with the adherence of the Earl of Mortimer, was an event of no trifling importance.

Northumberland unhesitatingly declared that it was chiefly on account of remorse at his own ingratitude towards the late King Richard, and to punish a broken vow on the part of King Henry, he withdrew his allegiance from England. Such an act did honour to his noble lineage, though in the sequel, when self-interest rose above candour, a shade fell upon all his family honours.

Somewhat guided by these powerful partisans, the first instance of presumption occurs in the career of our hero, for they, as superstitious as himself, referred to an ancient prophecy which spoke of a mold-warp vanquished by a lion, a dragon, and a wolf; and with

the assistance of an aged bard, well skilled in ancient story, they soon arrived at an interpretation. David Daron, the Dean of Bangor, a man of eminence and wealth, residing at the south-western extremity of Caernarvonshire, being well affected towards the Welsh cause, offered the safe seclusion of his distant home; and there Glendower and his chieftains met without fear of interruption, and planned the division of England and Wales into three parts. They went over the page of prophecy, and soon made King Henry the mold-warp. Northumberland, the lion, was to rule all England north of the Trent. Mortimer, the wolf, in behalf of his captive nephew, was to rule all the southern part; and Glendower, the dragon, was to rule all Wales. A tripartite indenture was drawn up, and duly sealed by the chieftains who formed this strange triumvirate.

Great hope had been given by the late accessions, and the captivity of the young Earl of March occupied much of their thoughts; they all knew him to be the rightful heir to the throne of England, and determined upon rescuing him if possible from Windsor, and then setting him up as a rival King. In case of success, the chieftains provided for the future, so that, though there may appear presumption in attempting to partition the kingdom, under the circumstances there certainly was some policy in determining the local position of each chieftain before any attempts were made to overthrow the ruling power of England.

Every undertaking, in the year which was now drawing to its close, had been prosperous to the Welsh, and there was now more than usual excite-

ment amongst the army at Snowdon. Evan and Gilbert were home in the Berwyn mountains, happy once again with Eleanor and Ida, and there was as much excitement there as at Snowdon. Joy shone upon the face of every one at Maelor Castle, for Gilbert had brought the news that he whom they had called their prince for nearly two years, who had fought their battles and shown England that Wales preserved her native spirit still, was going with a large and noble array of chieftains to Machynlleth, where preparations were being made to place the princely crown upon his head, and on his way thither he would turn aside and honour his noble relative by resting at her castle.

A princely mandate had gone out through Wales, requiring all the barons to be present at Machynlleth at the coronation; to England, also, the mandate was carried, and the king read it with alarm. Long years had passed since such a terrible foe had confronted the English throne, and the monarch once again paced up and down his stately chamber, unable to penetrate what seemed such a gloomy future, and totally unable to form any plan to check his rival. Everything looked dark; the large army he had collected had been as unsuccessful as the smaller ones that preceded it; and like his nation, he was willing to attribute all his enemy's good fortune to necromancy and magic. But leaving England, let us turn back to Wales.

It was a bright sharp morning; a week of storm and rain had passed over, and the sun shone brightly upon the heather hills. The sky was clear, neither mist nor dew could be seen, and though a few leafless

trees bore witness of the close of autumn, it was almost like the spring time.

Once again a large army left the confines of Snowdon, and winding their way amongst the hills and valleys, took the direction to Maelor Castle. Glendower had ceased to fear his countrymen, and cared as little for the English garrisons that lay in his path; so taking the easiest and best way he proceeded, in all the pride of an acknowledged ruler, across the country. As he approached Maelor Castle, some of the garrison, led by David, their chieftain, with Gilbert and Evan, went out to meet him. David, still a mere youth, was seated upon a noble black horse, the trappings of which glittered brightly in the sunbeams, and having grown taller lately, he set off his costume to perfection. He wore a bright green tunic embroidered with silver, which was so laid on round the neck as to form a pointed collar; and a loose short black cloak, lined with white, fastened carelessly by a silver chain and clasp at the throat, fell behind him. His legs, from the knee, were partly bare; upon each shoe was a silver buckle, and behind was a glittering spur; his father's gauntlets were on his hands, and a black cap with a star, supported by a dragon richly embroidered in silver, was upon his head.

Glendower saw the company advancing, and for a moment wondered who their dark-eyed leader could be; but recognising in him the boy in whom the hopes of Lady Maelor were centred, he checked his own steed to receive the homage and salutation of the youthful hero. Gilbert and Evan came next; and as the soldiers who accompanied them fell back, with war

weapons erect, to allow the prince to pass, they closed as near as possible after him as a special body-guard, and could scarcely restrain their ardour as they conducted him to the castle.

A broad banner, bearing some words of welcome, was suspended over the castle gates, which fell back as the prince drew near; a national air rung out with all the native power of a hundred minstrels, and the Welsh dragon once more waved from the castle tower.

Lady Maelor, accompanied by Eleanor and Ida, received her royal guest at the door of the entrance hall, where many Welsh chiefs and knights waited to honour him. Glendower approached his noble relative, and saluting her, as was the custom, by kissing her cheek, he walked with her into the castle.

A mere change of garments followed, and then Lady Maelor appeared again with her guest in the audience hall. It was a large lofty room, upon which much pains had been bestowed to prepare it for the present occasion; the walls were of dark stained wood, upon which the Maelor arms were freshly painted; a large fire of pine logs blazed in the open fireplace, and on one side were arranged the royal seats; two of them, more prominent than the others, were covered with crimson cloth, upon which the star and dragon were profusely embroidered. Suspended from the dark ceiling were numerous lamps, and over the narrow casement windows fell a variety of banners.

The day was closing, the lamps were lighted, and Lady Maelor, preceded by torch-bearers, conducted her royal visitor to the seat prepared for him, which was the larger of the two, and stood to the right of

her own; but chivalry was inherent in the bosom of the prince, so taking her hand he led her, as the noble mistress of the castle, to the seat prepared for himself, and then took the one beside her. A blush stole over Lady Maelor's cheek at this unexpected act, but her own highborn spirit whispered that it was right upon this occasion to preserve her own dignity, for her lineage was also royal, and the mighty Llewelyn was equally her ancestor as he was Glendower's.

Eleanor, with her sweet mild face, and the bright lovely Ida, next took seats near Lady Maelor, and two of the prince's sons, with David, Gilbert, and Evan, stood around. The door of the room was opened; crowds of noble chieftains entered, and one by one bent low before the prince, whose eye grew more radiant at their loyalty; and when the homage of the assembly was paid he rose proudly from his seat, and struck such chords in their hearts by the words that fell from his lips, that ere he retired from the room every knee bent again, and asked permission to accompany him to Machynlleth.

Great festivities marked the royal visit to the castle in the Berwyns, and round the festive board sat some of the noblest sons of Wales. Every effort had been employed to give importance to the occasion, and Lady Maelor's heart beat high as she gazed first upon the grand assembly, then upon her handsome boy who stood near the royal seat as page of honour to the prince.

Oh! how many hopes were realized as she gazed up and down the banqueting-room; yet a large tear gathered in her eye; thought rushed on thought as

she watched the passing scene, and memory brought back again the devoted husband whose heart had throbbled through long long years of bitter subjection for such a happy time. It had come at last, but he who would have prized it most was gone, and she was left alone to rejoice; could he have been with her to have shared that hour, life had had no bitterness; but——nay, she dared not recal him at such a moment; so dashing off the one large tear, the rising agony was thrown back into the bosom, the ray of pensive thought passed from her brow, and turning to the guests, she smiled again.

Gilbert had watched the sorrow gathering, and the woe sweeping over Lady Maelor's face, and as he heard the half-drawn sigh, saw the tear-drop checked, his arm seemed to grow stronger, and passing it round Eleanor, he drew her closer to his side. He knew a little more than any one else did of the warm beatings of his mother's heart, and felt that amidst all that joy, remembrance of other scenes had torn her bosom, and he gazed anxiously around to see if others were noticing her, but all were rejoicing. Evan beside Ida looked happier than he had ever seen him before, and that lovely girl, with a face more radiant than ever, appeared to have but one charm in her existence, and that was beside her. Evan had been away once more, he had returned again with many a record of some glorious deed, and that young heroic girl forgot how oft she wept his absence, as she sat day by day fanning him with the breath of affectionate praise for deeds of glory he had done. Now, too, at the festive board, where the chords of every heart vibrated, Ida's soul-

string gave out its numbers to Evan, and more than one watched the beauteous girl whose smile seemed the very sunlight of love. Her eye, as dark and brilliant as Evan's, flashed amongst the fairer ones of her race amongst whom she sat, and but for the pearly fairness of her complexion, a stranger might have thought that a darker blood than that of the Kymri flowed both in her veins and Evan's.

It was the dead of night; the banquet was over—the high-raised spirits of the assembly rested—and the garrison, save those who watched, lay down upon their rude beds to sleep. The night was frosty, and the moon, accompanied by ten thousand stars, swept like a conqueror through the heavens, throwing her beams along the sentinels' paths, as they measured their lonely steps round the castle. Lady Maelor had lingered to the last at the banquet, and as her stately form, adorned with uncommon elegance, left the room, there was a paleness on her cheek as she passed through the doorway. That brave woman, fearless of danger, and capable of confronting the sternest foe, shrunk within herself at the many memories and hopes of by-gone years, and she hastened to her own chamber to weep away her woe. She had seen a prince, the acknowledged of her people—the descendant of that royal line which England had in vain tried to exterminate—sit in state and pride within her ancestral home, and her son, the last male scion of her house, equipped as a warrior, bearing out the idol wish of the dear one she mourned. Then Gilbert, with his thoughtful brow, and the fair blue-eyed Eleanor beside him, beginning life together when new life was

being given to her country, and more lovely than all, the child-like Ida, with her hero lover, fondly hoping for happiness too. It was not the hour of reflection, but the scene was too powerful, and, as she gazed, she thought of her husband; saw his life-long dreams all realized. But where was he? The heart well able to contend with danger yielded to the sweeping influence of thought and the scene around, and, as she reached her chamber, she cast off the load from her bosom in passionate tears.

Deep thought had also come upon Gilbert as the banquet ended, and as the bell at midnight tolled the hour, he crossed the courtyard, and entered the chapel. Remembrance of the bygone dream had returned; many of its visionary incidents had been fulfilled, and now they were about to crown their prince, and he was Glendower.

The monks had left the chapel when Gilbert reached it, for they had joined the festive board that night, and the vespers had been short; but he knew one monk would remain later than the rest, for more devotional than the others, he always tarried to offer a few aves alone.

"Welcome, my son," said the monk; "but why here when all in the castle are so gay? Ah, thou hast missed thy calling, methinks; more true devotion is in thy heart than in too many who have taken the vows of our sacred order. Mark the hour, my son; the prayers have been short to-night—sad times when priests love better to regale themselves than pray. But why, my son, is thy face, above all others, so sad and gloomy?"

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"My dream, holy father, of which thou hast often heard me speak, somewhat troubles me. Thou knowest all about it, and also that much of it has been fulfilled. What mean the weeping women when the prince is crowned?"

"My son, I am not an oracle. Women may weep for joy; sometimes they do. Indeed, our noble lady, when she left the banquet to-night, let a tear fall as she passed through the doorway. I saw it. Say, my son, was it through grief? Nay! perhaps some unbidden thought had come and clouded her soul for a moment; but never a heart more joyous beat at a festive scene than hers, and yet her cheek was pale, and she wept. Look yonder—see that light—'tis from her window; why does it stay? Perhaps she kneels in prayer; perhaps she is weeping still; and yet what joy was hers when she welcomed the prince to the castle. My son! life at best is but a mystery, and less easy to be fathomed in woman."

Gilbert gazed earnestly at the monk. From a child he had been accustomed to listen to his teaching, and the shadow did not clear from his brow at the old man's words; perhaps 'twas that old man's teaching that had stamped some lines of thought upon Gilbert's brow, and made him sanguine as well as enthusiastic.

"Kneel, my son," said the monk, "it is growing late; we must offer aves for all in trouble, and ask for succour in our country's cause."

They knelt; heartfelt breathings swept gently along that lonely little chapel, and when the prayers were done the storm in Gilbert's heart had calmed, and he sought his own chamber in the castle.

It was now the second day's noontide since the prince had come to Maelor Castle, and every one equipped for the journey to Machynlleth waited round the door. David, on his black steed, was there; Gilbert had bidden farewell to Eleanor, and Evan had once again tenderly pressed Ida to his heart, and promised soon to return. The prince, offering Lady Maelor his arm, walked with her to the castle door, where two young pages held the rein of his steed, which seemed impatient to be going.

"Adieu, my noble cousin," said Glendower, as he bade her farewell; "we shall not forget the hospitality of thy castle, nor the brave hearts that have secured it; and thy son there,—a nobler heart never beat within a coat of mail; we shall be proud of him at Machynlleth."

Lady Maelor bowed, cast a fond look at her son, and then said—

"Oh, my liege! if thou couldst tell how many hopes are centred in that only boy, thou wouldst then perhaps know something of the joy thy words have given me. Farewell, my liege—God bless thee."

Again the castle gates were opened; Lady Maelor, with Eleanor and Ida, watched the retreating company from one of the highest turrets, and, waving a last adieu, returned to their rooms full of hope and expectation for the future.

The path through the mountains to Machynlleth for the most part was dangerous and intricate, and when about half-way, a small stronghold, which had recently been taken from the English, formed the

resting-place for the night. Proceeding the following morning, and winding along the bed of a river, between two ranges of hills, a hollow cry fell upon their ear—then a woman darted from a hole in one of the rocks, and holding up her thin, long arms, while her white hair waved in the breeze, she cried, “Revenge!—Revenge!” But, suddenly checking herself, she fixed her piercing eyes upon them, as though she recognised some form in the company; then, as she sprung forward and seized Glendower’s bridle-rein, she said—

“Go back—go back; you would steal my sons, but you cannot find them. I fetched them at night from amongst the slain—but I’ve hid them! Ah!—ah! Go back—go back,” and she tried to turn the horse’s head.

More than one strong arm was raised to strike the woman down, but Glendower, stretching out his own, said—

“Nay!—wouldst thou strike an unarmed woman? Let some one carry her to Maelor Castle, where, under the care she will there receive, her brain may be restored to reason.”

“Reason! reason!” said the woman; “ah! ah! reason! Why did you kill my sons?” Then gazing at the two youthful princes beside their father, she said, pointing to them, “These are thy sons; oh! thou shalt mourn for them as I have for mine;” and she burst into tears. They were the first that broken heart had shed for months—a fire had dried the fountain, and under the influence of her fevered brain she sought to relieve herself in bursts of maddened passion.

The prince moved on, and an escort turned back with the woman, who went with them apparently unconscious; but suddenly starting, she said, as she darted away—

“They are calling me to the cave—I come! I come!”

The belief in witchcraft was too rife in those days for any one of the escort to pursue the wretched maniac; so turning back again, they made haste to overtake the army.

The strange incident was not easily forgotten by Glendower, and it was foremost in the minds of most who had witnessed it; but it passed as the close of day brought them near Machynlleth. Large numbers of people came out to welcome them. Bards and minstrels from nearly every part of Wales, with a large number of Franciscan monks, headed the train; old warlike songs, mingled with panegyrics and shouts of welcome, rose from every tongue.

It was a joyous night; hundreds of noblemen, long since weary of the English rule, and each with wrongs and grievances unredressed, had wended their way over long and difficult mountain paths to Machynlleth, to swear allegiance to Glendower.

The little town of Machynlleth threw open all its hospitality to the gathering numbers, and sounds of joy grew louder as night drew on.

Not only did Wales restore all its wealth of allegiance to a native prince, but from Scotland and the north of England came many a bold, brave heart to support the standard of Welsh freedom.

Preparations were done, banners waved from every

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window and housetop, and the Senate House, with all its rich adornings, received the last touch from the hand of the workmen. Night closed—silence rested on the town, and sleep stole over many an anxious heart.

All that was about to take place at Machynlleth had duly found its way to the Court of England, and as the king heard of the daring projects of his foe, his heart trembled with fear as well as hate. Rival rulers in the various states of Europe were certainly not uncommon, yet to nowhere could he turn for a plan by which he could overcome the rebel who had dared to set himself up as Prince of Wales. Long he meditated, and many favourite courtiers tried to ease his mind, yet as they sat with him in council they too often quailed beneath his fierce vindictive wrath.

There was a plan at last—who proposed it we cannot say—let us wipe it from the royal escutcheon; but it had succeeded before, and treachery, which had doomed the brave Llewelyn, was entered into with a spirit that would have done honour to a better cause.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Auspicious prince, at whose nativity  
Some royal planet ruled the southern sky,  
Thy longing country's darling and desire.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,  
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream.

DRYDEN.

LORD GREY was away in London, and his beautiful bride was alone. She sat upon a low seat in a richly-furnished apartment, bending over a piece of embroidery, while Gatha stood some short distance away.

"Oh, my lady," she said, approaching her, "how I wish we were again at Snowdon; I never saw thy cheeks so pale before."

"You have a kind heart, Gatha, but go find some employment until I summon thee; I'm sad to-night, and cannot bear to hear thee talk."

Gatha left her mistress—she had been accustomed to do so lately, and now all the gaiety of coming to Ruthin was over, she would have given anything to have returned to Snowdon. Disappointment had trodden quickly upon Gatha's joy, and she soon saw that a change had come upon her mistress. "I'm sad to-night" would, but a short time before, have brought her to the side of Lady Grey, from which neither commands nor persuasion could have moved her until

she was assured that she was happy ; but it was not so now ; day by day, she had seen the step become less buoyant, the smile more rigid, and a sadness settle upon the once radiant features. By others around her this change was not so much observed, but the eye of affection saw it but too plainly, and the poor girl's heart became sorrowful, and she pined for Snowdon, chiefly because her loved mistress was happy there.

More than one story of Glendower's devastations had lately been told at Ruthin Castle, and Lady Grey had listened to them with sorrow ; but that which caused her to be sad on this occasion was from a different source. A courier had brought the news that Glendower was to be crowned, and a little native enthusiasm filled her bosom when she asked her husband if he would grant her father's wish, and be present at the ceremony. Different thoughts, however, ruled Lord Grey, and he told her that neither he nor she would attend the coronation.

"Neutrality," he wrote and returned by the courier, "implies indifference, and, much as the heart might be willing to accept your invitation, the very letter of the stipulation should be observed in this as in all other matters between us."

Had this epistle been written in the spirit it professed, it had been something honourable ; but no sooner had the courier gone, than Lord Grey set out to London, leaving his wife to bear her disappointment alone. Well might she tell her faithful Gatha that she was sad, for that one act had in it more bitterness than all her sorrows yet ; though when she bent low

at night, and offered silent prayers for those she loved, one heartfelt one was for him who had caused all her woe, but to whom she had linked her destiny; and when the moonbeams fell across the couch on which she slumbered, a calm shone upon her sad, yet still beauteous face.

Glendower little knew, when he read Lord Grey's letter, that his beautiful Jane was enduring either neglect or disappointment; he would have liked her to have joined her sisters in the throng, but he was more anxious that his old antagonist should strictly observe all the terms of neutrality; therefore he accepted his absence in all good faith, and reached Machynlleth without him.

A bright morning rose upon the busy town, which, like its noble assemblage, seemed refreshed by the stilly night. The day advanced; youth and beauty, richly attired, rose up betimes, and the more advanced in years cared not to linger. Moving here and there, sometimes in groups holding animated conversation, were the monks, in flowing vestments; and additional visitors kept adding to the already crowded town.

Now the Senate House was thrown open, and a company of soldiers guarded the door, while minstrels and bards, dressed in their own appropriate garb, were to be seen everywhere. The seats in the Senate House were full, and some of the fairest and noblest daughters of Wales shone amongst the assembled chieftains. Not one amongst that large gathering had ever before witnessed anything like the ceremony about commencing, yet many a silvered head was there; they were a new race thus far, and young and old alike

gazed upon the crowning of a native prince for the first time.

Near the east end of the building they had raised a throne, over the seat of which, in graceful folds, was laid a rich covering of crimson and gold, and around it stood twenty monks. The busy hum was hushed, and all eyes turned to the door where a herald announced the coming of the prince. Every one at this moment rose up from the seats, and a song and air of welcome burst from every harp and tongue. There came a bishop carrying a crown, followed by a train of monks; then, more majestic and taller than any chieftain in the assembly, came Glendower, with his noble sons and daughters, followed by a long array of chieftains, who stood in the open space in the centre of the Senate House.

It was a glorious sight; but to describe each man's dress would be as superfluous as impossible. Each one seemed proud to restore something from the depths into which oppression had cast every badge and honour of his house, and of all the scenes that ever shone at Machynlleth, this was the brightest.

The doors were closed; and as Glendower looked with pride and pleasure upon the assembly, the patriotic spirit was so highly roused that it vented itself in a loud burst of applause; but the magic eye of the bishop, with the devotional attitude of the monks, checked their enthusiasm, and both prince and people knelt in prayer. They had risen again, and every eye turned to the prince, who, having left his seat, approached the throne, where, after declaring to the people his interest in their welfare, and his

undying determination to drive the English from Wales, he knelt again, and Bishop Trevor placed the crown upon his head. Now every demonstration of joy burst forth, and "Long live King Owen!" rent the air.

Seated upon his throne, with his noble-looking family around him, Glendower looked indeed like a king. His dress was beautiful—he wore a coat of glittering mail, on the breast of which was a golden star, with a dragon beneath, set in jewels; a short white tunic bound with blue, open down the front, reached a little below his hips, and a long scarlet mantle lined with fur fell gracefully from his shoulders; three pages, two dressed like young warriors, and one in a richly embroidered minstrel garb, with a golden harp slung over his shoulder, supported his train; an embroidered girdle secured a trusty sword by his side, and his stockings were fastened at each knee by a brilliant buckle.

In bowing allegiance to the newly-crowned prince, right of precedence was claimed by the various members of his family, and a dark-browed man, with closely compressed lips, unrecognised by any one before, was now observed to push forward. It was David Gam, and his presence being told the prince, he demanded of him the cause of his coming.

"As thy relative, my liege, I do myself the honour, though uninvited, to be present at thy coronation."

"Comest thou in peace? If so, cousin Gam, thou art welcome."

"In peace, my liege; and I thank thee for the

gracious welcome," immediately responded the intruder.

This little interference over, chieftain after chieftain continued to take the willing oath of allegiance, and Gam drew near.

He approached the throne, and many eyes were upon him, for instead of kneeling as the others had done, he stood erect before the prince, and said—

"It is from the most noble Duke of Hereford that I at present hold my land;" and with a slight bend of the head he passed on, and took his place amongst the relatives of the prince who stood near his throne.

Gam had spoken in a bold voice, and indignation at the daring act was felt by all present; a frown also clouded the prince's features, but it dispersed when he saw how many were watching the daring intruder.

The oath of allegiance was taken. "Owen for ever!" "Long live the prince!" again rent the air; and the words, "Wales is free!" sounded louder than all. Gilbert was there, his voice had risen with the others in praise of the prince, but as the words, "Wales is free," sounded in his ear, his heart seemed to refuse its beatings, and the vision of other days returned, as he stood there with a cold damp upon his pale brow. The rising of the multitude to leave the Senate House roused him, and he was falling back to allow the prince with his family to lead the way, when suddenly a sharp cry startled every one, and looking in fear and alarm towards the throne, they saw some one was struggling there, though the prince stood some little

distance off; in another moment the words "Gam—traitor—assassin," were distinctly heard, and the truth was told.

The treacherous Gam, under the garb of friendship, had watched the moment when every heart rejoiced, then feeling himself least suspected, drew closer the throne, and drawing a short dagger from beneath his tunic, aimed it at the prince's heart. One eye only—it was Evan's—had never failed to keep itself centred upon Gam, and seeing the murderous act, he checked the assassin's arm with one hand, while with a drawn sword in the other he smote him to the earth. Gam tried to rise, and struggled to turn upon Evan, but many strong arms secured him, and upon the intercession of a few barons his life was spared; but, bound hand and foot, he was carried away to a dungeon.

The treacherous deed from which the prince had so narrowly escaped, appeared more terrible as the people reflected upon its consequences, and Gam had scarcely been conveyed from the Senate House before loud clamours for his life broke out again; but the prince, unwilling to stain his hands so soon after he had received the crown of sovereignty, overcame their wishes, though he assured them that no ransom should ever liberate him from his power. The Senate House was once more deserted, the people began to return to their homes, and the day, with all its incidents, closed, leaving its unfading impress upon every heart.

The King of England soon heard of the failure of the treacherous plan, and also of Gam's imprisonment, but he avowed his own part in the transaction by

immediately setting about offering a ransom. *His*, however, was a crime too terrible to admit of adjustment; and when two English barons came, hoping to negotiate, there was a proud fire in the prince's eye when he bade them return at once to their royal master with the following answer:—

“Go, tell the King of England that when he can find as vile a traitor as David Gam, the King of Wales will barter.”

Ah, and this message was told! It fell like defiance on the royal ear, and he immediately issued another proclamation, offering a high sum of money for Glendower's head, and urging every one to try and win it.

The winter was now rapidly advancing, the business at Machynlleth was done, and Glendower's army began to prepare for returning to Snowdon. They were ready; it was the last day of their sojourning; the prince had held converse with his barons, and as evening crept on, its silence and gloom were once more dissipated by mirth and joy; again many bold chieftains joined their prince round the festive board, and as it was to Evan the capture of the treacherous Gam was due, it was from him they now received the King of England's mandate.

“My liege,” said Evan, approaching the prince, and offering him a paper, “it was upon a promise to circulate that mandate through this town that a well-armed English soldier delegated to me, not an hour since, the office which belonged to himself. I was on the mountains, unarmed and alone, else the daring fellow had not escaped so easily.”

"Nay! Knight Evan, he serves a master as thou dost, and only obeyed his will," replied the prince, as he took the royal deed.

This little rebuke called up a red tinge to Evan's cheek, but a deeper one settled on the prince's brow, for a fire burned in his bosom as he read the paper; then it was soon read aloud to them all, and there was deep silence amongst the chieftains as they listened; but when it was done, they started from their seats with one accord, and hastened to equip themselves for battle.

They had all returned, and Glendower, in a coat of mail, stood up before them, and said—

"My noble chiefs! brave supporters of our nation's rights! spirits of the immortal Llewelyn! it was indeed to mercy we yielded when we spared the foul traitor's life, but it cannot be your desire that he should be set at liberty. What is the use of bravery, where is the incentive to courage, if the cold-hearted assassin's arm is to be unchecked, and the wretch in the garb of friendship is allowed to steal upon us unawares with murder in his hand? Oh, my brave chieftains! of all the deeds ever committed upon earth, nothing is so inhuman, so far from all that marks the man, as treachery. But it is not to you we need appeal for right to refuse liberty to the traitor. Humanity demands his captivity, and none but the King of England, himself a murderer, would have dared to ask his release. Here, take the mandate—let it be read again—mark well the menace of the noble monarch; he says the traitor's vassals have taken up arms to defend their master. I go; let all

who love their country follow, and the tyrant Henry shall see how little either the Prince of Wales or his people regard his wrath."

It was a dark night, no moon broke through the cloudy sky, no liquid star threw its soft rays to earth, yet over rough paths, past many a slumbering village, the Welsh army, led by the prince, took their midnight way, determined to punish the vassals who, in defence of a base traitor master, had taken up arms.

It was night again—dark, gloomy, as before—heavy mists hung round the mountain-tops, and the well-armed tenants talked earnestly with each other of their master's captivity. Suddenly a shout of alarm startled them, and every one hastened in fear from the household hearth to learn the cause. The little child clung closer to its mother's bosom, the maiden grasped the arm of her lover, and the wife's cheeks turned pale as she started up with her husband.

A strange light had risen from behind some distant trees, and as the affrighted tenants hurried to learn its cause, flame after flame curled up before them, and they soon saw that their master's ancestral home was doomed to utter destruction.

Gam's dwelling, with everything about it that could burn, was in flames, and the prince and his soldiers stood so closely before it that the affrighted tenants dared not approach. Men, women, and children all stood about witnessing the terrible fire, and, as it continued to spread, their hate towards the prince rose almost to fury, and one of them, bolder than his fellows, unable to contain himself any longer, pressed forward, threw down his weapon of defence in front of

the army, and then confronting the destroyer of his master's home, handed him the King of England's mandate and offer of reward to any one who could slay Glendower.

The prince took the paper, and gazed first at the defenceless man before him, and then at the burning pile, but the words he would have spoken refused to pass his lips; so, throwing back the offensive proclamation, he said, as all the fire of his heart seemed to swell his bosom—

“Here! earn the reward if you can, or check the fire if you dare.”

Then raising his hand against the ruined home, he continued—

“Oh, David Gam! an ill end will come to thee! thy race shall be wanderers, they shall be weak in battle, thou traitor to thy country and King Richard!”

The fire continued, and the morning dawned; then Glendower left the scene of devastation, and made his way over the snow-covered country to Snowdon. Mighty and many were the chieftains who gathered round him, and his name grew more terrible than ever.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Oh, these were hours when thrilling joys repaid  
A long, long course of darkness, doubts, and fears,  
The heart-sick faintness of the hope delayed,  
The waste, the woe, the bloodshed, and the tears.

LORD OF THE ISLES (Canto 6).

THE snow-flakes had fallen round Maelor Castle; David, more warrior-like than ever, had returned from Machynlleth, and his mother, with Eleanor and Ida, never wearied of his account of the Prince's coronation, and Ida's young heart had increased in enthusiasm because Evan's hand had stayed the murderous weapon. Oh! how she longed for him to return; a shadow had fallen over her existence at his repeated absence, and her lovely form, just bursting into womanhood, seemed checked by the woe which sometimes lay at her heart.

"Dear Ida," said Lady Maelor, who saw with regret the effect Evan's absence had upon her young spirit, "thou art not so joyous now as thou wert wont to be; wouldst thou wish the sword now drawn for Wales to be sheathed? Nay, Ida, that must not be, else what a doom is ours: subjection deeper than Wales has ever yet felt, besides all the merciless hate of the King of England. The struggle, now so successful, *must* go on, and we have hope—such hope!

Wales once more free ! Come, smile and be happy, Ida, and only think what a mighty end is gained in throwing off the power of England."

"I do try to think it," replied Ida; "but why need Evan be so often away, and Gilbert, too? Eleanor mourns as much for him."

"Ah, Ida, you are both unfit for soldiers' wives. Evan and Gilbert will come ere long, and it will add nothing to their glory to find you both so weak-hearted. Time was when the Welsh women often followed their husbands and lovers to the battle-field. How wouldst thou fare if such were the custom now? Truly the women were braver once."

"Nay," said Ida, "there is no bravery in compulsion. I, too, would follow Evan to the battle—anywhere, anywhere with Evan; but it is terrible, almost more than I can bear, to be left so long alone."

The eye had grown brighter as Ida spoke, and Lady Maelor, as she kissed her, said, "Poor girl, thou hast at last felt what I have often feared thou wouldst. As time rolls on, life's path opens to thee as to others; but thou must try to endure it. When the prince returns to Snowdon, Evan and Gilbert will be here."

At this instant Eleanor came quickly into the room, and told her mother that something was amiss at the castle gate. One of the warders was immediately summoned, and asked the cause of the disturbance.

"There is a courier, my lady, at the gate, methinks from England. I know not his errand. Our chief is with him."

Two men had arrived at the castle at the same

time, one bearing the King of England's mandate, the other from the camp, with letters from Evan and Gilbert, and an account of the destruction of Gam's dwelling. At the gate these couriers had met, each bearing tidings repulsive to the other, each armed with weapons of defence, and in every way as bold and powerful-looking as his foe. The warder inquired their errand. The Welshman was the first to speak, and, without further ceremony, he was admitted into the castle; but refusal, even to the strangers' apartments, was given to the Englishman, and he was told to go on his way, but he clamoured loudly for admission for the night. David, hearing of the matter, went to the castle gate, and told the courier that, while war was declared with his country, even Welsh hospitality must be closed to it."

"Am I then to pursue my way this cold, bleak night? Nay, thou surely canst give me some shelter, and in the morning, before I start, I will tell thee, noble young chieftain, the cause of my sojourning in this part of Wales."

"Tell me now," said David, "else, without further parleying, hurry on."

The man refused to tell his story, and David turned away towards the castle.

"Stay, noble chief," said the man; "forgive, I pray thee, my folly, and hear the words of the most noble and mighty sovereign, Henry the Fourth of England and Wales. 'Ten thousand marks shall be given to him who can kill or make prisoner Gwendower the outlaw.' Thou knowest him, and perhaps will try to win the sum."

The castle gates were thrown open, and, before the daring fellow could say more, a number of men fell upon him; but before he was secured he drew his sword, and, with some skill, severely wounded several of the men who attacked him.

Disarmed at last, he was overpowered, and conveyed to one of the dungeons; and David sought his mother, to convey to her the contents of two papers which had been taken from the English courier.

Lady Maelor took the one he offered, for he had placed the other in the bosom of his tunic, and then moved to the window to read it, and her dark, expressive eyes flashed as, throwing back the little band of hair which, unconfined, had fallen over her forehead, she turned to David and said,—

“What an act is this of the King of England?—not content with diffusing his hatred of us amongst his own people, he would take advantage of one of the most sacred institutions of our country, so that while we succour and protect the wanderer, we nurse the destroyer. Where are the people that can stand against such arts as these? That man would have tried, perhaps successfully, to infuse a traitorous spirit amongst us, for who is always proof against temptation! Where is this traitor?”

“He is safe in the eastern tower; and I have made Watkin and Emion his keepers.”

“Keep him there; his heart is as bad as his master’s, otherwise he had never undertaken such an office. What is that other paper in the bosom of thy tunic?”

David gazed at his mother, and hesitated as he drew out the document she requested.

"It was in the traitor's wallet, mother; see, it contains thy name."

"Mine! David, mine!" but, reading it, she saw indeed her own name amongst many others, all bearing the stigma of traitors for joining the Welsh rebels. Unlike her son, no hesitation came over her, but, laying her hand upon his shoulder, she said—

"David, thy mother cares very little for such a menace as this while she can depend upon this castle and its garrison; we have defied England once, and can again. Traitors, indeed, we are *not*! That deed is as false as he who framed it,—he is the traitor that has brought it. Let double guard be sent to the pass to-night, and see that the castle gates are well secured, for we know not what may be following this man, and to be on our guard betrays no fear."

The other courier had brought better news. Gilbert and Evan were about returning, which was all to Eleanor and Ida; and, with light hearts and happy faces, they sat that night round the cheerful hearth.

To Lady Maelor this courier also brought joy; for, whenever a blow was struck at England, her patriotic heart burned with a deeper fire, and she knew how to rejoice when she heard that the prince had shown his power to the people who were willing to support the cowardly assassin.

After obeying Lady Maelor's commands in making the castle more secure, David cast aside his soldier accoutrements, and, in a loose tunic, came and threw

himself carelessly upon a mat of goat's hair near the fire. Eleanor and Ida, in the fulness of their hearts, more than once kissed his forehead, and his faithful hound came and stretched himself by his side.

"Ah! Gelert," he said, "ever faithful, thou hast neither forsaken nor forgotten thy master; good Gelert," and he patted him as he spoke.

Lady Maelor gazed thoughtfully at them all: the two short years of warfare had had its effect upon each of them, and a long time had passed since David had so entirely thrown off the soldier, and returned again to his boyish delights.

"Gelert might have forgotten thee, my son," she said, "and yet have been a faithful dog, but his memory seems better than mine, for I indeed have forgotten the evening when I last saw thee so free from thought, taking thy old place with us again."

"It is to thee, dear mother, that this leisure must now be attributed. I have been too anxious, always too easily excited, and thy brave heart, to-night so calm, when I felt there was so much to fear, has had this effect upon me, that I feel I must be with thee a little more to learn better how to encounter and prepare for danger."

There was pride upon his mother's face as she listened, and, bending over him, she pressed a fervent kiss upon his cheek. Eleanor had her full share of the mother's heart, but it was in David all the honours of the house rested, and by him they were to be sustained, and perhaps she loved him more as she watched his opening manhood.

The night had quite closed in; Ida had asked, and

answered, the question of the number of days that would probably elapse before Evan came; and Eleanor, almost impatient for the chapel-bell to summon them to prayers, continued at nothing long, and at last drew back the curtain at the window to see if the moon was rising.

"Hark! there is a knocking again at the postern gate," said Lady Maelor, and David started to his feet; but Eleanor, as she sprung from the window, exclaimed—

"Ida, Ida! it is Evan. I know it; I saw his feather by the warder's lamp. Gilbert is with him. Oh, mother! mother," and she clasped her hands together.

David, with his mother and Eleanor, hastened to meet them; while Ida, with her beautiful tresses falling over her snowy neck, stood still to listen, for disappointment more than once before had made her a little incredulous. Ah! that was Evan's step,—his voice, too! In another instant she was beside Lady Maelor, and in Evan's arms.

"Soon back this time, dear one; thou hast not had time to mourn me," said Evan, as he kissed her.

Ida *had* mourned him, but that mattered nothing now. Eleanor, too, forgot all her anxiety for Gilbert, and her mild blue eyes seemed to have partaken of the fire which shone in the dark ones of Ida.

"We did not expect thee so soon," said Lady Maelor; but Gilbert told her that the prince had gone to Snowdon, and that he and Evan had followed the courier sooner than he had expected.

They were happy, indeed, in that mountain home,

where we will leave them for the present, and turn to other scenes.

When the King of England heard of the destruction of Gam's dwelling, no burst of passion escaped his lips, but those who stood near saw how the heart worked within. There was a deep frown,—every baron guessed its meaning, and scarcely one of them refrained from bitter invectives against the Welsh rebels, or sad regrets for the imprisoned Gam; and their wrath, as the barons hoped it would, had the effect of appeasing their royal master's.

Lord Grey was amongst them, and *his* voice only remained entirely silent. This being perceived by the Duke of Hereford, one of the king's warmest adherents, he said, as he passed him on the stairs as they were leaving the royal apartments, "My lord, hast thou no word for the captive, nor invective for the outlaws."

Lord Grey gazed at him for a moment, and then said, "Thou hast not been sparing in thine, most noble duke. Every one is not able to call up at will words such as thou hast spoken."

"True, my lord; it is not every one, perhaps, that feels as I do. I have been a sufferer through the outlaw—so hast thou. Stay—thou art bound to be neutral. Thy neutrality binds thee very closely, my lord."

"Such is indeed the case," was the reply, and the colour mounted upon each cheek.

"If I remember rightly," said the duke again, "thine was an extorted promise; if so, it cannot surely be binding."

"Somewhat extorted, perhaps, it was; but it gave me my liberty, and it is binding."

"How, my lord? But stay—I remember now; thou hast wedded the outlaw's daughter. Let them not wile away thy heart from England."

They stood now together in an open passage, and Lord Grey for once, more noble-hearted than his companion, turned to him, and as his hand rested on his sword, he said, "Most noble Duke of Hereford, when Reginald de Grey requires caution, he will accept it from his king, for whose sake, and by whose permission, he formed a matrimonial alliance with Jane Glendower, and promised strict neutrality towards her father's cause."

"Pardon, my lord, I meant not to disturb thy noble spirit, though, having done so, I the more regret, as every other baron in England would, if he saw and heard thee, now that thy brave heart and hand are forbidden, by an outlaw and rebel, to wield a sword in defence of thine own country and king."

Lord Grey turned from the tempter; and it was well that he did, for his well-matured hate towards Glendower had not yielded up every root to the circumstances which had lately befallen him, and he could feel it springing up again when assailed by a powerful temptation. But the world knew of his act, —knew of the vows he had taken when he married the outlaw's daughter; and superstition, joined with the honour which he as a Grey seemed to possess inherently, forbade him breaking through his promises at present.

How many different scenes were passing on this

night; turn aside, reader, again, and see at Machynlleth the wretched Gam, languishing in a miserable dungeon, with the fewest possible comforts about him, while round his once happy home all was a heap of ruins, and the affrighted people mourned over the destruction they had had no power to prevent. At Snowdon the powerful prince joined his family again, gathered round him the chief supporters of his sovereignty, and the night was spent by the bards and chieftains in celebrating his fame and return. Another place, too, in which we are interested, had its passing scene. Still alone, with no one to whom to tell her woe save the young, fond Gatha, Lady Grey mourned her husband's absence, watched in vain for his return, and had learnt at last to weep on Gatha's bosom. The tidings of Gam's treachery had, in its way through Wales, at last reached Ruthin Castle, and tearless agony for her loved father's safety so wrought upon her spirit, that more like a marble statue than Glendower's beautiful Jane, she stood leaning against one of the windows. Gatha, ever beside her, took her hand as she said, "What fresh woe, dearest lady, makes you look so ill? Oh! tell me, do tell Gatha," and she pressed the hand she held to her lips.

"Silly child," said her mistress, drawing her hand away, "I want no sympathy; my heart is growing as cold as the one that banished me from home and all its love, brought me here, and then left me lonely—oh! how lonely—no one to love me."

"I love you, dearest lady, all in the castle love you, and so does Lord Grey; he will soon come now.

Forgive poor Gatha, but her heart's breaking, too." And she burst into tears.

The agony was past, and as Lady Grey folded her sorrowful companion to her bosom, she said, "Alone! —no, thank heaven, not quite alone." Such is the human heart; it may pretend to reject it, but it must have sympathy, and, no matter from whom it comes, the finest chord in our nature revibrates when a stranger's heart bleeds at our woe.

There was joy once again at Ruthin Castle. Not many days passed before its master came home, and as Lady Grey, with a pale face and a somewhat thinner form, started from her seat at his unexpected appearance, he clasped her affectionately in his arms, and whispered, as he kissed her lips, "Dear Jane." It was all, but sufficient for the neglected wife; and as she passionately returned his caress, she said, "Oh! my lord, how I have mourned your absence; no courier has ever brought me any tidings of you, and I your wife."

Lord Grey felt the rebuke, but returning no answer, he kissed her again, and drew her to a seat by his side.

The secret of Lord Grey's sudden return home was this. His compulsory marriage with the outlaw's daughter was displeasing to all who attended the court in London, but they would in a great measure have overcome this if he had been less scrupulous in observing his bond of neutrality. A few instances of contempt from some of the barons' wives roused his fiery nature, and upon good proofs that his neutrality was esteemed cowardice by the barons themselves, he

quitted the court, and, with rage burning in his heart, hastened home to his castle. Reflection brought regret, and then something like injustice seemed to confront him, and his heart had warmed to his young wife long before he reached Ruthin.

How happy was Gatha; hers was a calm slumber that night, and few prayers were more fervent than those she offered for the happiness of the one with whom her lot was cast, and whom she loved so well.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

But helms were glancing on the stream,  
Spears ranged in close array,  
And shields flung back a glorious beam,  
The morn of a fearful day ;  
And the mountain echoes of the land  
Swelled through the deep blue sky,  
While to soft strains moved forth a band  
Of men, that moved to die.

HEMANS.

THE winter had passed, cessation from hostilities passed away with it, and there were whispers of another campaign.

Harlech, Caernarvon, Dolbadern, with many other military stations round Snowdon, received additional troops from England, and they, as well as the Welsh, grew busy as the spring advanced. They were busy, too, at the castles along the English border.

Like the rapid dispersion of a cloud which has long hidden the face of the sun, the calm which had settled upon the two nations suddenly passed off, and, like the returning rays of that luminary, the call to arms entered every dwelling.

All England as well as Wales heard that the Scotch under Douglas, joined by the Duke of Northumberland and his son, Harry Hotspur, intended to sweep over the north of England ; then, joined by the Welsh under Glendower, a powerful and decisive blow was

to be aimed at the throne. Sickness seized the Duke of Northumberland, but there was no time to pause ; so he stayed behind at Berwick, while his son and Douglas led on the army without him. The Welsh, hearing of their advance, left Snowdon to meet them, while the King of England hastened to Shrewsbury to prevent, if possible, the confederate armies uniting.

The misfortune that had attended all the king's encounters with the Welsh now seemed again to confront him, for on his way he was met by a courier, who told him that the Welsh occupied the important position of Oswestry, that the flag of Percy waved along the whole county of Cheshire, and that an army under Hotspur and Douglas was encamped a short distance from the walls of the very town to which he was hastening. He paused a moment, scarcely knowing what course to pursue ; there yet might be time to reach the beleaguered city and save it, and that key to the Border Marches was worth every effort, so the army hastened on. Without resting either that night or the next morning, the English army continued their march, and at noontide they reached the city, the gates of which fell back to admit them, while the people crowded together, and rejoiced loudly as they came.

Hotspur and Douglas heard of the English approach, and immediately sent word to those in command of the Welsh army ; for Glendower, not expecting such rapid movements of the English, had gone to attack a chieftain in South Wales, leaving his son in command at Oswestry. Upon hearing of the English approach, four thousand of the Welsh troops imme-

diately hastened northward to join Hotspur, and the remainder began to make ready to follow in their rear early on the morrow.

Night's darkling mantle now was falling, eight thousand of the English army issued from the western gate of the city; some encamped before it, while the others spread out towards the position occupied by the Welsh.

Hotspur and Douglas waited impatiently for the Welsh troops to arrive, but finding they did not come up, they took the advantage night gave them, and deferred attack until the morning. They looked anxiously towards Shrewsbury; the city gates were closed, the banner at the top told a king was there, and every heart gave out its hopes in silent beatings. This memorable night, however, was not allowed to pass without event, for the confederates sent their challenge of battle to the king, and refused to acknowledge him as their sovereign.

They told him that without title, without right, and by falsehood and perjury, he had claimed the title of King of England, reminded him of his oath when he came back from exile to demand nothing but his own inheritance, and asked how he had fulfilled his promise of protection to the hapless Richard. Then they set forth the rights of the young Earl of March, and called Henry a usurper, accused him of base conduct to the young earl's uncle, and finally, because they negotiated with Owen Glendower to obtain the imprisoned uncle's release, he sought to destroy the Percy family, for all of which base deeds they despised him, challenged him to battle as the destroyer of their

country's peace, and hoped with God's blessing to prove the justice of their cause by force of arms.

There was heroism in this daring defiance; and emanating as it did from injuries rather than bad hearts, something innate in the British bosom leads one to look back with pride upon the brave men who could frame it; but how came it to the monarch? He had previously wished to meet the Percies, and argue any cause they had for complaint, but they had refused to comply with his wish, and now their contempt and menace irritated and roused him to such anger that, casting the deed aside, he grew anxious for the morning to arrive, that he might revenge himself in battle.

July with all its rich lovely hues had grown brighter towards the end, and as the morning of the twenty-first dawned upon the country round Shrewsbury, the face of nature looked brighter than ever. But what a change was about to come upon that happy scene! It was early morn, Hotspur and Douglas, ready betimes, moved on with their army; and King Henry, at the head of his, pressed forward to meet them. Hotspur looked in vain for the Welsh army to join him, and grew irritated and desperate at their not appearing. He was not aware that the armies of his foe lay encamped between him and the Welsh, thereby preventing their coming up; so, nothing disheartened, he moved on to the English ranks. There was a pause—fourteen thousand to fourteen thousand, nearly all of one nation, arranged in battle against each other. Long, long years had passed since England had witnessed such a scene, and did the soldiers feel it? or

why did they pause? The momentary calm was over, the trumpets echoed along the lines. "St. George for us!" shouted Henry's army. "Esperance, Percy!" was the cry of the others, and the battle began. Hotspur and Douglas led the first charge, which was so terrible that the King's Guard was completely dispersed, and many noble hearts ceased to beat. The royal standard fell amongst the slain, and the young valiant Prince Henry received his first soldier's wounds. Recovering the fallen, bloodstained banner, and rallying from the charge, the royal lines formed again, and closed bravely upon their opponents. Another and another attack, in which the young wounded prince fought bravely, followed the first, and the time passed on. Nearly equal in numbers, they were the same in valour, and shattered lances, spears, bills, and hooks, with the murderous missiles of death, continued, on both sides, to increase the slain.

Hotspur and Douglas, undaunted, sought in vain for the king, who, sharing the glory of the field in plain garments, eluded them, and the glory of the day seemed turning to England; but the Welsh, having attacked the English sent out to intercept their joining Hotspur, now came up, and infused new spirit into their confederates, who fought again with renewed energy. But the help had come too late—most of the leaders of the brave northern army had fallen, and Hotspur tried in vain to rescue his van. For three long hours the fight went on again, and Hotspur was contending against fearful odds, when an arrow—the fatal winged messenger of death—struck him in the head, and he fell amongst a

heap of slain. "Victory and St. George!" immediately shouted the English, and Douglas, with the remainder of the army, fled. So the fight was won. Ten thousand men on each side washed away the quarrel with their blood, and the heart shudders at the record of that dear-bought day.

Many prisoners fell to the English; amongst them were the brave Douglas, who was overtaken, and the Earl of Worcester, the uncle to the fallen Hotspur. The Earl of Northumberland had partly recovered from his illness, and, at the time of the battle, was marching with troops to join his son, and to him, as to Glendower, came the fatal news of defeat. Hotspur fallen, every hope was gone. Northumberland turned home to mourn, and the unexpected blow to the Welsh so damped their ardour, that, without staying to rally, the remainder of the army hastened back to Wales, and the next morning dawned upon a deserted camp.

It was the first defeat, and, though the Welsh have fallen more than once under the censure of men versed in military tactics for not rallying and falling upon Henry and his bleeding troops after the battle was over, it has been incontestably proved that the opportunity was wanting. Glendower, that mighty spirit, was not only far from the scene of action, but was unadvised of the English march upon Shrewsbury until too late to render any help; Hotspur had fallen, Douglas had been taken, ten thousand of the confederate troops slain, and the remainder dispersed some days before he could reach the battle-field. By that time additional numbers from England had repaired

Henry's broken ranks, and he was marching northward to humble the Earl of Northumberland.

A bitter cry was heard throughout the land after the terrible slaughter at Shrewsbury, for some brave one had been torn from nearly every hearth.

The Earl of Northumberland heard of Henry's approach, and by some means obtained forgiveness, and the king returned home, determined to attack Wales once more. His coffers, however, were empty, so, while he applied to the monks for a loan of some of their surplus wealth to enable him to carry on the war, he ordered more troops to be sent to the English garrisons in Wales, saw that they were in the custody of competent governors, and commissioned his son to pardon all who had appeared in arms, if they were willing to forsake the rebellion, and join the English.

Other nations had watched the battle-cloud lowering on Britain, and the King of France, though before compelled to sign a truce with Henry, prepared to break it, and the English heard with dismay that a French fleet hovered near the coast. Such information roused the ire of the offended king, and, having at last succeeded in obtaining from the Archbishop of Canterbury some of the monks' surplus wealth, as the year 1404 commenced, he prepared for another struggle.

The winter season had not passed by inactively with the Welsh, for their prince had induced the King of France to espouse his cause, and he sent his chancellor, Griffith Yonge, and his relative, John Hanmer, with the deed, and appointed them his ambassadors to sign it.

They met in the chancellor's house in Paris, on a bright morning in June, 1404, where several persons of rank assembled to witness the signing of the treaty by the French. One month later the signature of the Welsh was added, and this grand league gave Wales once more a place amongst the nations of Europe.

With France for an ally, the hopes of the Welsh were raised higher, while to the English this union bore something more formidable than they felt able to meet; and perhaps it was under the influence of such an unexpected event that, resting upon the laurels they had lately gained at Shrewsbury, they allowed the whole year to pass without declaring war. The Welsh, unwilling to slumber, directed their arms against the castles garrisoned by the English, and many of them surrendered, for such an army as Glendower had raised swept over every opposition, and the noble castle of Harlech, one of the strong watch towers over his actions, yielded to his prowess. Aberystwyth, equally strong and defensible, possessing a powerful garrison, and governed by the young Henry of England, next felt his hand, for the English Prince of Wales was unable to contend with the one chosen and supported by the Welsh nation. Rival princes so near each other augured contests until one surrendered, and it became young Henry's lot to yield up the stronghold to his foe.

Something, indeed, was gained now; the English footing in Wales was less strong than ever, and as the prince took possession of the palace of the noble Cadwallader, perhaps a hope swept through his mind

that he might restore the glory of that prince whose ancient home he now occupied.

This year of internal warfare drew to a close, and, while the winter's snow covered the earth, inclination as well as opportunity yielded to the inclement season.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Of every hope deprived,  
Fatigued with vain resources, and subdued  
With woes resistless.

ARMSTRONG.

YEAR 1405.

THE cruel and unjust captivity of the young Earl of March and his brother at Windsor had long been with the Welsh a familiar theme; and though they knew that King Henry exercised all the vigilance of a usurper over them, yet, ever daring, they formed the bold project of rescuing them from the king's power as soon as the spring advanced, and setting up the young earl to contest for the throne of England, to which the English as well as the Welsh knew he was the rightful heir.

Now the adventurous spirit once more rose, and Glendower having gained the adherence and assistance of Lady Spencer, hitherto a firm Lancastrian, and defender of a castle in Wales against the Welsh, she secretly waived her allegiance to Henry, and, making the most of her opportunities, intended, while she was unsuspected by the English, to try, if possible, to steal away the unhappy prisoners.

The guards were as watchful as ever round the prison doors, and the seal of security was stamped upon the towers of Windsor. The mighty Henry was

holding his court at Westminster, and Wales, still peaceful, was no slight ease to the monarch's mind. It was night, and Lady Spencer, the brave defender of the Castle of Caerphilly, was a guest at Windsor, and, without suspicion, she was seen to linger near the young earl's prison.

"Lady!" said a voice, "haste to the castle, the night is cold."

"Hush! holy father, it is I; speak in whispers, else all is lost."

"Pardon me, lady," said the monk; "I thought it some foolish maiden from the castle wandering in the cold night air to meet her lover."

"Thy thoughts were vain," replied the lady, "and yet no heart ever beat more anxiously than mine. Will it be long before the guards are changed, and art thou sure Reuben will be here to-night? Heaven grant he may!"

"Hush! lady, it is thy turn to whisper now; methinks the guards are coming—it is just the hour—hark! haste, lady! they come!"

In another moment only the monk stood upon the rough stones, along which the tramp of the guards sounded plainly, and as they passed by, the captain bade good-night to the holy man.

"Good night, my son; it is a cloudy night—no moon yet, she rises late; may the Holy Mother keep you all; good night."

The guards were changed, and Lady Spencer felt her heart beat high as she saw Reuben take the night watch before the frowning tower which contained the young helpless boys she had come to rescue.

"Reuben!" came like a soft echo on the young sentinel's ear, and he stayed a moment to listen. "Reuben!" once again wafted by, and scarcely above a whisper, he answered—

"My lady, it is I; all is safe."

The door of the monk's little chamber now opened, and with silent step Lady Spencer approached the sentinel.

"Is all ready at the Keep, Reuben? where waits Bertram?"

"All is ready, lady, he waits near the lime-tree; the steeds are there."

"Didst thou see him?"

"I did, lady, but there is no need of haste; they feast to-night at the barbican, so that few besides us who keep guard will know what passes."

"Hark! Reuben, what was that? It was like a distant tramp of horses."

"It is, lady, but they come southward—guests, perhaps. Bertram is safe, and will wait thee until sunrise."

"Then I go—but nay, one moment more. Swear, Reuben, to be faithful; look up at yonder star, and let it be witness of thy vow, that thy knowledge of this deed shall never escape thy lips."

"I swear, lady."

And the man, as he looked up to that pale witness of his faith, crossed himself and bowed. Not another word was spoken, and Lady Spencer disappeared.

It was a narrow stair, and the well-worn steps told it had been well trodden. One door after another opened as if by magic, and the room was gained.

There was no need of ceremony, time was precious, and as the last door also yielded to her hand, the boys, dreading a cruel fate, looked round in alarm.

"Fear nothing! rise! haste! come with me, not a moment must be lost!—haste! your uncle Mortimer is waiting—follow me;" and Lady Spencer turned to leave the room.

The royal boys started to their feet, followed the beckoning hand, and were soon winding their way down the dark staircase; they would have spoken, but Lady Spencer hurried on, and unused to such rapid walking, it was almost more than they could do to keep close behind her. A touch from Lady Spencer's hand opened the door at the foot of the stair, and after a moment's pause to make it secure again, she hurried on along a passage as before; now down another stair, so dark that she led each youth by the hand, then through a longer passage with several windings, so damp and cold that the delicate boys trembled and asked where they were going.

"Hush!" whispered Lady Spencer, "our voices echo—one minute more and we are safe."

A faint light now seemed to shine before them, and as they drew nearer they perceived they were approaching a door, beneath which a light glimmered from the other side; this door, like the others, yielded to Lady Spencer's hand, and they were all soon within the chamber.

"Throw on these cloaks and caps; fear nothing now; the way here is known only to a few, and fewer know that we have passed along it to-night."

The putting on the cloaks was the work of an

instant, then the lamp was extinguished, and Lady Spencer led the way up four stone steps, opened another door, and there in the open air, beneath the lime-tree, stood Bertram with four horses. They are gone. The sentinels keep watch as before—and in another hour the guards are changed.

The morning beams fall upon a deserted chamber, and they also light up the path of the fugitives, along which they hurry with their noble deliverer. Wales is before, a prison behind; one has friends and freedom, the other a tyrant, and perhaps death. The Prince and Sir Edmund Mortimer waited near the place they had appointed to receive the fugitives, and there was an oppression in their bosoms as the time drew near. Again and again they inquired the hour, growing more anxious as the time passed on. Every sound startled them, for three days and nights had passed since the rescue was to have been effected, and they wondered whether it had been successful.

There was a sudden panic at Windsor, every guard became filled with alarm, and the Constable of the Castle seemed almost paralysed at the terrible intelligence. The princes gone! How, when, or where? They were questions no one ventured to answer, and every guard was placed under arrest. There were steeds at the castle as fleet as any in England, so, acting upon a random thought, the Constable ordered instant pursuit.

“Strike for the nearest point of Wales, stay for nothing,” was the order, and a bold company dashed after the fugitives.

A thought of such a probability had struck Lady

Spencer, and the paleness of her cheek was caused by it.

On went the fugitives; faster still came the pursuers, and Wales was nearly gained. On again, for a tramp as of steeds following was heard, and the faithful horses seemed to understand something of their position, as, without spur or whip, they sped faster with their light burdens. But 'twas over!—all was lost! Better trained to ride, the English soldiers had overtaken them, and bitter tears stole down the cheeks of the hapless boys. Their brave companion, however, more able to bear the disappointment, and the woe likely to follow it, smothered her own grief at the sight of theirs, and assured them that it was on her head alone all the punishment would fall; then, again, to quiet their generous alarm at her having to suffer, she told them that she had no fears, for she knew well how to encounter the king's wrath.

With drooping hearts and hopes all crushed they returned to Windsor, while the news sped on to Wales that they were recaptured.

Bitter disappointment and regret mingled in the prince's bosom when he heard from Sir Edmund Mortimer that their scheme had failed. Neither he nor his people had yet learned to bear failure rightly, and there was perhaps a degree of recklessness in their future warfare; for, before the summer had passed, various encounters with the young Prince Henry and some English lords who raised armies to defend their Welsh possessions, swept several thousands from his ranks, and a cloud as of misfortune

seemed to follow him. Strange vicissitudes, indeed, were about to come upon him, under which hearts less brave than his own might have entirely sunk. At a battle near Pwll-Melyn, with young Prince Henry, Glendower's noble brother was taken prisoner, and the English gave out that the prince had fallen. This report struck terror through the Welsh nation, though to the English it was the inspiring note to action.

Their prince, the defender of their freedom, fallen ! —every hope was gone. What were the Welsh to do ? Hundreds submitted to the usurper's power at once ; and before the prince could show to his people that he was alive, and still able to cope with the nation which for once had gained such signal success, he found himself deserted, and obliged to flee for safety to the mountains.\* What a change ! A few trusty —more than faithful ones—now only remained to him, and he had time to reflect upon his position and the caprices of fortune. What ? deserted by the people who had so lately crowned him prince ? Nay : —they heard he had fallen, and the mighty cause seemed lost ; so, yielding to the despair which always follows the ruin of high hopes, they submitted to the ruler whom they felt could now easily conquer them ; but as soon as the joyful tidings reached them that their prince was alive, and again at Snowdon, they gladly returned to their allegiance.

King Henry, with a spirit raised almost to frenzy

\* There is a cave near Beddgelert where Glendower secreted himself for a short time, and another, called Llan-gelynian, near the sea, where he stayed until he could get safely to his family.

at the daring attempt to steal away the two young princes, marched at the head of 37,000 men, determined to end at one tremendous blow the long harassing struggle; but one hundred and forty sail of vessels, bearing troops from France to espouse the Welsh cause, stayed the destroyer's hand once more.

No opposition meeting the French troops, they landed at Milford Haven, committed sad devastations, and after attacking Haverfordwest and Tenby, they were joined by Glendower with ten thousand troops. After this they marched to and took Caermarthen, burnt the suburbs of Worcester, spread desolation wherever they felt the blow would affect England, and added another dark page to the catalogue of feudal warfare.

The year 1406 was closing; Henry, with a troubled mind, looked back upon the still unsettled position of his country. Indeed, he could glance through the whole of the past six years, short in usurpation, yet long for a war struggle, and as in the retrospect he remembered the spirit of the nation he had once so little feared, there was some cause for the deeper gloom that from that hour settled upon his heart, for no one human could divine a conclusion to the terrible contest.

The winter set in, hostilities ceased, and the Welsh, in their mountain fastnesses, rested from warfare.

The various and unexpected changes of the past year had damped the ardour of some of the Welsh, but the prince was fully aware of this; so as soon as hostilities ceased, in order to increase the confidence of his barons, he held a parliament at his stronghold

at Aberistwith, and assembled them around him once again.

The Earl of Northumberland, who had been forgiven and taken into favour by King Henry after the battle of Shrewsbury, had again lapsed from his loyalty and taken refuge in Scotland; but doubting the Scotch fidelity, he had now, with another noble fugitive, found an asylum in Wales, and sat in council with the prince and his barons.

The power and strength of the English nation increased as soon as they settled their own internal quarrels about their usurper king, and their brave young prince, so early initiated into warfare, became a powerful warrior; still Wales, with its brave hearts, vowed to continue unyielding; women also imbibed the spirit, and even children sung of their country's freedom.

The barons and the chieftains were gone, Glendower was alone in his chamber, and his bosom heaved as many hopes and fears in that quiet hour mingled together. A sternness had of late come over his heart, and there was not that charm for him in his family that there used to be; indeed, the all-absorbing warfare had had its effect on them, and his fair girls were following its fortunes with warrior husbands. His sons, too, were in the camp, and the young Margaret only remained to bless her father; yet on this evening other than ordinary thought was upon him, and he could not even turn to her.

There was a mighty struggle in his heart, and as, with clenched hands and a burning brow, he paced the room, deep lines of care began to form upon his

handsome features. Around his banner still were gathered the noblest and bravest chieftains in Wales, and there was enough to inspire him with all confidence in the army he was able at any time to call together; but there was a silent monitor that he could not hush, whispering ever that the flower of his army was lost, and though bravery was not wanting, the more experienced and prudent soldiers were.

Many brave and dear ones of his own family lay with their countrymen in heroes' graves, and his heart burned as he thought of them. Time was when his eye would have dimmed in recalling the scenes of the past; but he had learned to encounter woe in more forms than one, and perhaps, like the king against whom he struggled, passion and hate for once obliterated better feelings. In the presence of his chieftains that day he had read over the offers of pardon made by the King of England to all who would renounce their allegiance to Wales; and in that lone, silent chamber, all the anger in his heart burst forth, though it was not against his people, but against the foe who tried to allure them. The weak and the helpless, he knew, must of necessity yield to the ruling power of their district; but the strong and powerful would scorn and reject a sway which had so long humbled their country, and, like himself, support the cause of freedom to the last. In them he hoped, and in them he trusted; but when, in this hour of reflection, he saw them falling before the sweeping armies of England, or heard their names echoing along his country as outlaws and traitors, his heart

seemed to yield as a strange trembling came over him. But it was over—the bold heart rose above that moment's weakness, and the little touch of nature which told the father glowed in the bosom of the hero. He could turn to his daughter now, hear from her young lips something that could soothe his spirits; though as he watched the glow upon her cheek, which was throwing off the simple child for the richer and more lovely bloom of woman, sad thoughts came over him again, and passing his hand over his brow, a deep sigh escaped him.

As quick as thought, that favourite girl turned to her father, and as every mark of dignity ever fled before those two hearts so linked together, she laid her gentle hand upon his arm, and, without a word, gazed earnestly into his face. Perhaps the mother's gaze, or a young eye like the one which had beamed and won him in youth, met his own, for, clasping her to his princely heart, a holy dream of the past seemed to return.

"Margaret, my child—my last," fell from his lips as he kissed her; "earth has yet a charm with thee."

"Thou art sad, dear father; has something troubled thee? tell thy Margaret."

"Sad! my child—and yet it is only to thee thy father would give an answer. Thou art ever bolder than thy sisters, yet I love thee most. Sit beside me, Margaret, and tell me, art thou ever lonely here, in this large castle, now thy sisters have all left us? A home, perhaps, with one of them would suit thee better."

"Nay, my father; I am always gay, except when thou art engaged in war; for without thee I am ever

lonely, but only then!" and as she spoke she threw her arms round his neck. She had heard of the change of fortune which had lately come upon her country, and though she knew nothing of the prince's refuge in a cave after the battle at Pwll-Melyn, misgivings of future success came unbidden upon her thoughts, and superstition filled up all that remained.

"Margaret," said the prince, as a warm tear fell from her eye upon his hand, "never let me see thee shed a tear again; weep where thou wilt, but not before thy father. All thy sisters gone—thy mother too—oh! Margaret, thou art the last of all my joys save the freedom of my country, and I must not see thee sorrowing."

A long time they sat together, the young girl of sixteen summers softening the growing sternness of her father's heart, and he forgot the bitterness and anger that had depressed him in the gentle nature of his daughter. Like his race, warmth of heart and bravery, parents of enthusiasm, predominated in his character; and though bold as a lion in the field of battle, he could, in his quiet moments, cast aside the cares of the world, and not love his family the less for bringing him back to the purer thoughts of his bosom.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,  
    . . . . will dream it had a friend.

BYRON.

ANOTHER year had nearly passed without anything save a few internal skirmishes to mark it. It was an autumn night, stormy and wild; many an anxious heart watched for the coming morrow, for the hurricane swept along the country from one end to the other. The towers of Aberistwith Castle seemed to rock in the storm, and many lights glimmering from the windows in the town showed that for once those mountain children could not slumber in the tempest.

The night was dark; nothing save the lightning's flash brightened up the gloomy region; and as that passed over, everything was blacker than before.

There was a momentary calm, the sentinel at Aberistwith stepped from his shelter to listen, for the sound of a horse's tramp had fallen upon his ear. One word would arouse in one instant the whole of the well-disciplined garrison if danger were near, but the sentinel was not alarmed, and gazed out along the mountain path into the direction the sound had come. Another flash of lightning, the mountain path was visible, along which, upon a black steed, a horseman

was seen approaching the castle ; still no cry of alarm was raised at this unexpected event.

The dark dress of the horseman was known, and as the heron's feather shone brightly in the flash, the sentinel's brave heart bounded with joy as he exclaimed—

“’Tis my master!—’tis Knight Evan!”

Slowly and softly the castle gates were unbarred, and the wayworn traveller entered ; but he looked with astonishment at the sentinel, who stood beside the warder, and exclaimed—

“Here, Allan ? how camest thou here ? Is there nothing worth thy guarding now at Snowdon ?”

“The prince's daughter, my lord, bade me come hither in her guard ; all the others have returned, but it was her royal pleasure I should tarry.”

“Right, good Allan. Hast thou any news from Snowdon ?”

“Nothing new, my lord ; all is secure there ; but we all miss thee, and more so the Lady Ida. Will it be long before we see thee and her there again ?”

“Maybe it will, Allan,” said Evan with a sigh ; “but we must hope, and I will tell the Lady Ida of the devotion of her vassals—for thou knowest, Allan, that mine are hers.”

They had gained the castle door, and as Evan entered he bade good-night to his faithful vassal : the night warder within the castle conducted him to a sleeping chamber, and though still around those ancient towers the tempest raged, and the heavy thunder echoed, Evan threw off his wet garments, wrapped himself in thick warm covering, and lay

down upon a rude couch to sleep. Perhaps his dreams were of Ida; for he smiled, and there was a calm upon his face as he slumbered; then, when he awoke, an indistinct recollection of some beautiful being rose up in his thoughts of the night, and he fain would have slept again.

It was noontide, and the prince held converse with his nobles; he had heard of the avenging hand which the King of England had stretched over Anglesea, and though the estates of many of the chieftains round him were confiscated, not one of them ever breathed a regret.

It is a mistake to think that harsh measures can win the unwilling heart;—it may indeed yield and submit to an overpowering tyranny, but never can such tyranny gain the implicit love and obedience it desires. What effect had Henry's wrath upon the Welsh chieftains? It never truly won a heart. To be with their chief—their prince—to fight with him, and even to die that Wales might be an independent power once again, had led them to join his banner; and now they clung to him the stronger, feeling themselves doubly the victims of English tyranny, though they cared for Henry's actions as little as his words.

"Ah! brave one," said the prince, seeing Evan approach him, "welcome, most welcome; we hope no evil has befallen Lady Maelor."

"None, my liege, none: she and all in her castle are well. Your servant bears her greeting, with that of all your truly loyal and devoted subjects in the Ber-

wyns;" and as he bent he kissed the hand of his royal master.

Nothing, indeed, had occurred to ruffle the calm tenor which seemed to settle round Maelor Castle, for the English found enough to do to defend their own position without making attack, and their king's mind was fully occupied in reducing, by fine and imprisonment, the people of Anglesea; and another year was closing with Wales unconquered. Leaving Evan, however, with the prince, let us turn to other scenes.

On that evening, when the storm raged high, and winter's gloom settled upon England as well as Wales, there was much satisfaction in King Henry's heart as he reflected upon the power he had exercised over the people of Anglesea, and the desolation he had caused at many hearths. Around him, in rich and princely costume, many of his barons assembled, and heard with a pleasure akin to their royal master's of the number of Welsh who had forsaken the standard of revolt, and of nearly three thousand in Anglesea under arrest for the part they had taken in the insurrection. A degree of hope was disseminating amongst them now, and the alliance between the Welsh and the French having lost its terrors, more than one in that council dared to be confident of the speedy ending of the rebellion. There were some, however, who knew the Welsh better, and the Earl of Arundel begged permission to address his majesty.

Differing from his friends in council, the earl told

his desire to see England peaceful, and showed that an understanding with the Welsh might easily procure it, but a crushing tyranny never would; and there was a nobleness in his eye as he begged for the consideration of a treaty rather than another campaign.

The king listened, but as his face grew pale with anger he said, "Wouldst *thou*, then—*thou*—the Earl of Arundel, dare to say one word in favour of that whole nation of outlaws?"

"Nay! my liege, nay! most mighty king, not one word would I say for them, not a single boon would I crave—but for England I would ask much. What glory can ever be gained in humbling Wales sufficient to repay England for the blood she sheds. I know that country well, and (pardon me, my liege) when she is conquered so that she never rises to defend herself again, it will be when her last child ceases to breathe, but never till then. Yet with a treaty—my liege, there is honour in the Welsh nation, and if a treaty can be made, they will most surely abide by it."

Scarcely a sound was heard save the speaker's voice, and when he had finished he stood gazing undaunted at the king, whose face had worn alternate changes as he had addressed him.

"A treaty with Wales," said the monarch, "that shall never be. By St. George, thou art bold in thy proposal—a treaty—never! Arundel, we must look to thee; it is enough for the outlaw to delude his own countrymen,—marvellous change when our own nobles take the part of the traitors. We have not yet forgotten the treachery of Northumberland."

"Pardon, my liege, but never yet has the Earl of

Arundel been traitor to his country either in word or deed, and his own nation was first when he spoke for Wales—first! ah, for ever! Command me as you will, my liege, and this arm shall perish ere it ceases to wield a sword in defence of its king and country.”

“We doubt nothing of thy bravery,” replied the king, “and command thee at once to redeem thy loyalty. Ere long we shall put thee to the test; until then, watch and guard both thyself and tenantry without further commands.”

There was wrath and hate mingling in the bosom of the dark-browed king as he spoke; but the earl was powerful, and cared very little for the frown, and as the hollow blast swept round the palace some spirit zephyr may have wafted to the earl the voice of the nation whose cause he had pleaded.

It was night, the king was alone, but many of his barons sat round the midnight lamp in close converse with each other. “A treaty with the Welsh,” they said; “nay! crush them at once—sweep them from the earth for ever.” What mattered, they had rebelled long enough. A treaty, indeed—it could be broken, but an extirpated people could rebel no more. Then, again, none save the Earl of Arundel had dared to say there was honour in the Welsh nation, and he—they breathed his name, but they felt he had power, and gazed one at the other without giving utterance to their thoughts. So the barons reflected, and with ruthless, unrelenting hate listened to the storm as it swept by to the west, and sent on with it *their* fiat of destruction.

The earl returned to Dinas Bran, with orders to

make the most of the wintry months in afflicting the Welsh around him whenever opportunity offered, and he had resolved in his own mind to show the king how unwilling he was to spare the nation for which he had so lately pleaded ; but when he saw the lovely woman at Ruthin Castle, and watched, as he thought, a sadness stealing over her face, every resolution fled, and he felt his heart was not yet hard enough to win royal favour, if, by so doing, he must inflict more woe upon that hapless woman in raising his hand against her people. Not a few whispers had fallen upon his ear from his own loved Lady Arundel, who, though not admitted to the confidence of Lady Grey, saw through her woman's vision that the gentle heart was breaking, and they had each learned to pity the sad victim of a compulsory marriage. They knew the Lord of Ruthin well,—his bursts of passion,—his disregard of another's feelings when his own were concerned ; but they also knew that much inherent nobleness lingered in his bosom, and they regretted, for the sake of his wife, that the most evil part of his nature predominated ; they knew him to be weeks and even months from home, without even caring for Lady Grey, or acquainting her of his whereabouts ; and when in angry mood he returned, disgusted perhaps with himself, and irritated with the world, she shrunk from his bursts of rage, which fell as oft on her as on any in the castle. More than once her spirit had risen, and she was on the eve of resenting his treatment by appealing to her father, but then she remembered the circumstances under which she became his wife—felt that the sacrifice she made

sheathed a sword against her people, and she was content to resign her own happiness for that of those she loved.

Disappointment and unkindness told too soon upon Lady Grey, for the little acts of tenderness her husband was wont in early years to bestow, and which, though brief, lessened many of her sorrows, had entirely ceased; then came the bitter consciousness, too well founded by report, that he gave his love to another, and she mourned the deeper since she had tried earnestly to forget the first passion of her youth, and centre all her affection upon the one with whom her lot was cast. Gatha alone remained her source of comfort, and thus the prince's daughter, the noble mistress of Ruthin Castle, for the sake of others, wept away her existence, seeking all her earthly peace of a young female domestic.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Contention, like a horse full of high feeding,  
Madly hath broke loose, and bears down all before him.

SHAKSPEARE.

A.D. 1407-9.

AGES have passed since the heroes of our story lived, and time has swept away much that was interesting about them; their homes are ruined; their lineage nearly extinct; and the partial page of history almost fears to speak in their praise. They had human hearts like us, and human feelings capable of fine as well as evil passions; and to brand them as villains, traitors, and instigators of crime, is altogether unjust and undeserved.

His was a noble heart that could cling to his friend in the darkest hour of adversity—bear insult and wrong with a calmness seldom recorded; and until every act of justice was refused, and contempt heaped upon both him and his nation, could refuse to rebel; but when his spirit rose above the indignities and turned at last upon the unjust oppressor, what marvel that the nation joined him? Unwilling subjects of a country that enslaved them, suffering the deepest oppression from a number of petty lords, who occupied the ancient homes and lands of their own native nobility, how ready their hearts were to throw

off the chain of servitude, and these pages have shown that they hailed the resentment of their brave countryman as the day star of their freedom.

Few transactions marked the year fourteen hundred and seven, and scarcely anything more the one that followed. Several castles were in the hands of the English, who took care to keep them well garrisoned; for in most instances they were menaced by one defended by the Welsh, and thus a civil war was kept up between them, sometimes one proving successful, and sometimes the other. In this way the strongholds of Aberistwith and Harlech fell to the English again, and the prince once more made his home at Snowdon.

Passing thus quickly over the few events of the last two years, let us mark the conduct of some of those English nobles who had espoused the Welsh cause. The hour of prosperity—life's sunny time—had won for Glendower many strong and powerful allies; but the wing of adversity had lowered, and the summer friends had fled. The Earl of Northumberland and Lord Bardolf had found with him an asylum when neither England nor Scotland could be trusted; but they watched the change stealing over his fortunes, and deserted him at the only time when their help might have been acceptable, thereby proving themselves traitors more than once, and clouding their memory for ever.

The respite from war was not of long duration, for scarcely had the Earl of Northumberland deserted the Welsh cause and returned to his own home in the north, before he induced the Scotch to join him and

invade England. Once more the banner of revolt floated over the north of England; a large army was gathered, and Northumberland determined to dethrone the usurper of England's crown, and revenge the death of Hotspur, or perish in the attempt.

They had prepared for battle, and King Henry, with a large army, was hastening northward, when he was met with the pleasing intelligence that his foe had fallen upon Barham Moor, in Yorkshire, where he had been surprised by the high sheriff of the county, his army routed, and he, with Lord Bardolf and the chief of his followers, slain.

The news of the victory over the northmen found its way to the Welsh, but it did not deter them. The season of calm had been well employed, and as the spring of 1409 commenced, Wales took up arms again.

Many of the English garrisons in Wales had been reduced in order to supply able soldiers to the army going northward, and Glendower's hand fell heavily upon them as he took his way to harass the lords of the border marches; this he did so effectually, that superstition mingling with fear, again affected all classes of the English. Once more writs issued from the king's parliament to all quarters of his western dominions, and all hate returned again at this fresh outbreak in Wales.

A new personage attended Glendower in this campaign: near to him, wherever he went, was his friend Trevor, the Bishop of St. Asaph. "More faithful," as he had once remarked, "to his cause than to the hapless King Richard's," he had clung to him through every change, and now at last came out with him to

battle. Evan and Gilbert also joined the ranks, glad to be able to strike the foe again.

The writs reached Wales, commanding its various lords to exercise power which it was well known scarcely any of them possessed; and oh, what a heart beat in the King of England's bosom when he named Reginald de Grey, the Lord of Ruthin, amongst others whom he commanded to execute his vengeance. At Dinas Bran, the Earl of Arundel received the royal mandate. Lady Spencer, again in her castle at Cearphilly (she had said she knew how to encounter the king's wrath when she stole the princes from Windsor), was at peace with Henry, and to her the mandate was carried; a courier also reached Ruthin Castle. What! Ruthin Castle! the possessor of that place and all its broad lands was bound by a sacred tie to sheath every weapon against Wales, and the King of England had sanctioned the tie that bound him. Had he forgotten? Nay, he had remembered it all. But that was of little moment now. How to annihilate the enemy which had troubled him again occupied all his thoughts, and he cared little for the dishonour or the consequences of breaking that bond which robbed him in the hour of need of the prowess of one of the most powerful barons. Lady Grey was, after all, only an outlaw's daughter, and he hated the entire race.

The misfortune which seemed to attend the English at the commencement of the insurrection appeared to turn now upon the Welsh, for in nearly every fresh attack some brave ones, least able to be spared, fell by the accidents of war into the English power; yet the prince pursued his ravages, and before the year closed,

many lords of the marches, who had suffered severely, united together and made a local truce with him for their own peace and security.

Glendower, though the glory of his cause was waning, was still able to exercise princely power, and the tyrant lords were glad to ask the mercy they would never have shown, and he whose soul was above oppressing the weak, promised, upon certain conditions, to spare them. It was not so with the English monarch. New writs commanded even the breaking of treaties, and all his fury fell upon the hapless warriors who were taken prisoners in battle. Many a long list of names might be given of those who fell into his merciless power, with many a dark catalogue of the sufferings they endured. Oh, Henry! thou wert mighty—but terrible, indeed, are some records of thy reign. Man has forgotten nearly all thy virtues, but ages must yet roll on before thy dark deeds shall cease to call up a shudder in the heart which is human, as thine was.

The campaign once more yielded to the inclemency of the weather; the prince returned for the winter to Snowdon, and Lady Maelor watched anxiously for Gilbert and Evan to return. She knew the army was dispersed, yet her loved ones came not, and dark foreboding of their having also fallen into the English power filled her with alarm. Poor Ida, grown more thoughtful since we last mentioned her, became more anxious every hour, and looked continually from the narrow window over the distant hills; and Eleanor, as she pressed her infant son to her bosom, shuddered at the dreadful thought of its father's fate. Five days

had passed since the prince had returned to Snowdon ; a messenger had brought the word that Gilbert and Evan would not accompany him, yet they came not to the Berwyns. The day was gloomy, a hollow blast swept round the castle, and sadness sat upon every face. The monk tried in vain to remove the cloud of sorrow, and at night, when they all bent low in the little chapel, a deep cry burst from more hearts than one. The outburst of woe unburdened the bosom, but it brought not the loved ones home, and they all grew anxious again.

Far different was the scene at Ruthin Castle. Its potent lord, acting upon the command of the king, had broken the treaty of neutrality, and had returned home from an encounter with a detachment of the Welsh army. He sat in a large, well-furnished apartment, evidently well pleased, holding converse with the captain of his garrison ; and not far off, in one of the strongest and highest towers of the castle, sat two prisoners, whose dress and appearance told they had struggled with a foe. A black cap with a broken feather, and a torn scarf, lay on the floor, beside one whose raven hair and brilliant eye contrasted with the pale blue one of his companion, who, with his left arm bound up, sat leaning against a stone table. They had been four days in that gloomy apartment, and were growing weary ; they had each thought of home, and grew desperate at the terrible blow they felt their captivity would be to those they loved. Every part of the cell had been tried to see if there was any chance of escape ; but now, without the least particle of hope, they sat down in silence, the manly bosom refusing to

confess to despair, though the pale cheek and quivering lip told it was creeping on.

More than one of Lord Grey's evil passions had been gratified when, after a desperate encounter in a narrow pass, he had succeeded in capturing the two young heroes, and, after seeing that their prison was secured, and a trusty old vassal placed over them, he sought the society of his wife, not to tell her of his good fortune, that she too might rejoice, but to probe afresh the already wounded heart, by telling her of his success over her countrymen.

Lord Grey's return, however, to the castle had not been unobserved by his wife. She knew he had gone out with the larger portion of his garrison, and a dread made her watch for his return. She had watched all day from the turret window, and saw him at last coming in the distance. She gazed again, and as he drew nearer, she clasped her hands together in agony, when she saw two prisoners beside him. Was it possible she recognised that broken plume? The torn scarf, too, waving in the breeze—was it the one her own hands had sometimes folded in happier years? And that strange dark dress—was it he with whom so many happy days had passed—so much of life made joyous, so many hopes destroyed? Alas! she saw too well 'twas Evan; and as all her youthful love for him returned, while her cruel lot seemed to confront every thought, a faint cry burst from her heart, and throwing herself upon a seat in an agony of despair, she exclaimed—

“Mary! Jesu! have mercy—mercy!”

Gatha, ever beside her mistress, gazed from the window to see the cause of alarm, and watched the two prisoners brought to the castle; she saw it was Evan, and recognised Gilbert as the other.

"Move not, Gatha; watch them, and see where they go, for I cannot," said Lady Grey; and Gatha stood before the window until the castle gates were closed; then, turning to her mistress, she said—

"They are gone round to the castle door."

"Go, then, Gatha, at once," said Lady Grey; "too many of our countrymen have already suffered a cruel death; find out, without suspicion, where the prisoners are lodged, for I have a vow to befriend the Knight Evan if ever he needs it, and before I press my pillow again, I will fulfil my vow if possible. Haste, Gatha! haste!"

"They are in the western tower, lady," said a friendly voice; and Lady Grey, turning to the door, saw the monk entering the room, and as he spoke he raised his hand to stay Gatha.

"I come, my daughter," continued the monk, "with a message from thy noble lord, to acquaint thee with his return with two prisoners, Evan ap Evan, and Gilbert ap Ddu, both from the Berwyns, and to bid thee join him in the eastern hall in one hour, where he will wait thy coming."

Gatha retired from the room, and the monk, throwing off the cold business manner in which he had first spoken, said—

"Dearest lady, I see thou already knowest of the unhappy fate which has befallen him thou wert wont

in thy youth to love, but remember, the ways of Heaven are manifold, and he may be more fortunate than others who have fallen to the English."

"Never! holy father, unless something extraordinary interposes. But mark me, I am the daughter of a race more ancient, and far more noble, than those who oppress us, and I feel a terrible burning in my bosom to rescue both the prisoners. It is the blood of my race, though I never felt it so much as now, and I must, I will save them, or die in attempting it. Stay at the castle, holy father, until I tell you to leave; for if I succeed, I shall need your help, and if I fail, my heart will cease to beat, and my soul will need your prayers; promise me, then, holy father, that you will not go."

"I will stay, my daughter," said the monk, alarmed; "but what wouldst thou do? Thou canst not save them."

"But I will!" was the reply. "Thinkest thou that because Lord Grey is lord of this castle he has the hearts of his guards? Nay! I, his injured wife, gained them all long ago. They pitied, and then they clung to me; and he lost them utterly when he broke his faith. I have seen, many times, their bitter gaze and tardy willingness to do his bidding; but for *me*—I tell you, holy father, they are soldiers, and English ones, too; but they have forgotten all their hate to my country in the unjust treatment I have received at the hands of their master."

The monk made no reply, but stood gazing at the woman whom nature had endowed with so much loveliness, and who, under her own and her nation's

wrongs, determined at this last stroke of woe to turn upon the smiter. Much warmth of spirit, which until now had never appeared in her passive nature, glowed in her bosom, and the coldness which had lately crept over her fled before the fire of her injured heart, and as she passionately bewailed her lot, the monk yielded every thought of his own to her loveliness, enthusiasm, and sorrow.

Lady Grey left the monk, and hastened to adorn herself to meet her husband. Though a heroine just now, she was woman, and not deficient in the weaknesses of her sex; so, with the assistance of Gatha, she dressed in her most elegant attire, and bestowed more than ordinary pains upon her appearance; then when ready to descend to the room where her husband awaited her, excitement had added such a lovely bloom to her cheeks that she smiled in confidence of some success.

Lord Grey, whose heart was not quite impervious to his wife's beauty, started as she entered the room, and all the cruel words he had intended to say fled back at the approach of the beautiful woman. All the loveliness which had struck him when he first saw her in her mountain home at Snowdon was again before him, and as he passed his hand over his face he perhaps wished she had been any other than Glendower's daughter.

The feeling was brief—it passed as quickly as it came: and as without one caress he gave her a seat before him, there came a swelling in her bosom, and her eye flashed at the coldness with which he had received her.

There was a short silence, then Lord Grey told of the noble two whom the chances of the day had thrown into his power, and his wife, without either movement or change of colour, gazed at him earnestly and listened; but when he cruelly added, that in five days he intended to convey them to the Tower of London, her heart quailed, for she knew in a moment all the after scenes of the tragedy, and rising from her seat she clasped her hands together as she exclaimed, "Oh! my husband, as you value the peace of your soul, do nothing so rashly; more than enough have already perished. Oh, let me implore you to spare your hand the stain of innocent blood."

"Innocent blood, indeed!" replied Lord Grey; "it is the duty of a wife to acquiesce in all her husband does, and not presume to dictate to him thus."

"True, my lord, but when he forgets his duty both to God and man, would not his wife be forgetting hers if she did not, with a gentle hand, try to stay him? The world knows of the sacred pledge of thy neutrality, and how will it regard thy broken faith? I implore thee, then, not only for myself, but for thine own sake, to liberate those two unhappy men. Mercy is kin to honour; show the one, and then, if only out of justice to me, thy wife, who gave up so much for thee, continue to keep the other."

Many strange thoughts gathered in Lord Grey's bosom while his wife addressed him, and very little indeed would have induced him at the moment to comply with her request. Had she been the daughter of any race on earth save the Welsh, her beautiful face had ever been his talisman against evil; but she

belonged to that hated nation, and as he looked at her, and struggled with the conflict in his own heart, he remembered the prejudices of the king and his court, and felt, too, his own desire to gain royal favour, which was the balance against all his purer thoughts. Then he once more revolted against the wife of his bosom. A frown settled upon his face as the more evil part of his nature prevailed, and rising up he was about to leave the room; but his wife knew the meaning of the frown, and seizing him by the arm stayed his going. It was only one gentle hand that rested on his own, but there was a strangeness in the touch which made him turn and look at her. "What wouldst thou, Lady Grey?" was his brief inquiry, as his cheek turned pale. Oh! there was cowardice in *that* heart. He had sent for his wife to come to him that he might wound and crush her more, but when unable to bear her words he would have turned away rather than depart from his evil intentions, her soft hand stayed him, and yet he was used to the scenes of the battle-field.

"Save! spare them!" was all his wife could reply, and as she sank into a chair her husband left the room.

The chamber was deserted, each of its late occupants was gone—Lord Grey to meditate on the future fate of his captives, and his wife to invent, if possible, some plan to rescue them. Night came on, beautiful without, but casting grim shadows into various places of the castle. The pale moonbeams fell brightly into the chamber where Lord Grey sat by the midnight lamp, deeply engaged in looking over old documents and writing new ones, for there was still that dark

gloom upon his heart, and his mind was too ill at ease for him to retire to rest. In another portion of the castle, where only a shadow of the moonbeams fell, sat his wife; but her uneasy mind cast its distress upon the help and sympathy of the monk, and little did Lord Grey imagine the power of that heart he had tried to crush.

"My daughter," said the monk, as he became astonished at the plan Lady Grey proposed, "would I could see its success as plainly as thyself. I doubt not thy being able to get them out of the dungeon; but after that the danger is, methinks, too great."

"Not, under thy care, holy father, will any evil befall them; with thee any one may pass and be safe, for all know the confidence Lord Grey places in *thee*."

"But, my daughter, I should betray his confidence in such an action."

"Canst thou, then," replied Lady Grey, "ever again regard the confidence of the man who cares for little in breaking all placed in himself? Had my countrymen, under other circumstances, fallen into his power, I could have mourned them deeply, and pleaded earnestly for their release, but never have raised my hand in opposition to my husband's will. Nay, holy father, thou hast mistaken me, but I pray thee be silent. Age, perhaps, forbids thy heart joining in so daring an undertaking. Breathe not a word, then, of what has passed, and I may, perhaps, gain the assistance of some one else."

"Nay, lady, command me as thou wilt," replied the monk. "Youthful enthusiasm has, I know, passed away with my years, yet enough remains to

forbid my leaving thee alone to try to save some of thy people. Let it be as thou hast said, and may the holy Mother help us."

Lady Grey grasped the friendly hand as she replied, "Our plan is laid, then; go to the abbey by day, but at night be here. I will work matters in the castle, and watch thou at the doorway behind the western tower; thou wilt know the signal, though it may weary thee, perhaps, to wait."

"I shall not weary, daughter, but will watch while there is hope. Have courage; thou hast given it to me, but *thy* hand trembles."

"Does it tremble? Holy father, there is no trembling here," and she laid her hand upon her bosom. "Go," she continued; "do what I have asked of thee, and thou'lt find that I am not afraid."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

If there be love in mortals, this was love.

BYRON.

FOUR days had passed by and Lady Grey had not yet succeeded ; the prisoners were still in the castle, and as night drew on she grew more anxious than ever.

The Earl of Arundel had been to Ruthin that day, and as he left the castle again the expressions of his face told that anger predominated over every other feeling. He would have given much to have had opportunity to show the King of England how little cause he had to doubt his fidelity, but he was also determined to maintain the noble feelings of a manly heart, and scorned the action by which Lord Grey had made Evan and Gilbert his prisoners.

He had sat some time in Ruthin Castle, trying, without suspicion, to touch the finer points in the nature of its lord, but the interview ended as it had often done before by each feeling disgusted with the other ; and as the Earl turned homeward, Lord Grey prepared to carry out his well-arranged plans with his hapless prisoners.

The sun had gone down, the moon had not yet risen, and a mist hung round the mountains. In the prison cell all was deep silence bordering on despair, though not far away throbbed more than one bosom to give the captives hope. With the morrow's dawn

they were to be conveyed to England, and there was an unusual stir in the castle. In one large room, as if proud of success, Lord Grey entertained and held converse with several high and important votaries of England, and as secure as ever under the watchful gaze of the sentinels the business of the castle went on. They were busy, too, in the western tower; then there came a sound, and something moved along beneath the shadow of the high wall which bounded it; no voice was heard, but the noise was like the opening of a door, and the waving of garments seemed at one moment to float by on the breeze, then all was silent again, and the moon passing behind a cloud, overshadowed the surrounding scene. Evan and Gilbert, no longer inmates of that lone cell, hurried on with the monk, too glad to be released to stay for one moment to ask who had saved them. A woman's form, they knew her not, had opened the door of their prison; they followed the beckoning hand and spoke not, because her own lips were sealed by her finger.

Scarcely out of the tower, a door opened in the wall immediately, and there a monk appeared to be waiting for them. The woman whom they had followed stood aside for them to pass on, which they did in the quickness of the moment; then the gate closed behind them, and they were in the open country; but she who had saved them was still within the castle.

"On! on!" whispered the monk, with earnestness, fearing lest their surprise should make them tarry, but they followed him without a word.

The path was difficult and uneasy to travel, for the monk never once went into the regular track, until after more than two hours walking he came to a cross cut in the grass, when he pushed aside the branches of a drooping tree, and ushered his companions into a cell.

Evan recognised that place, for he had sat there once before, and turning round to the monk, he said—

“Holy man, I know thee.”

“Silence, my son; thou art safe here. But speak low lest some one overhear thee. Here, take these garments, put them on over thine own, and stay not another moment. Get thee home—thou knowest the way better than I can direct, and in thy prayers remember the noble lady of Ruthin Castle.”

“Impossible!” said Evan; “true, it was nearly dark, yet I should have known Lady Grey had I seen her.”

“Thou didst indeed see her, my son,” said the monk; “changed a little, perhaps, since she came to Ruthin, and much since the night when I conducted thee first to her father’s house. Ah! all has changed since then, thyself even; for, if thou wilt remember, thou wert loath to trust thyself to *my* care then.”

“It was a youthful rashness, holy father,” said Evan. “I pray thee forget it, as indeed I had done.”

“And will perhaps the part I have taken in this act,” replied the monk. “Ah! well, remember the noble woman who saved thee, but let it be only in thine own heart. Tell the world, if thou wilt, of thy captivity, tell, too, of thy escape, but never breathe to mortal ears the circumstances of thy release.

Here, take this holy symbol of our faith, and ere thou goest, breathe the vow I ask."

They each in turn took the crucifix, and as they vowed never to betray their deliverers, there was a deep earnestness in their manner, and a tear glistened in Gilbert's eye.

They are gone, that little cell is left to the silence of the woods: on the wings of hope and joy they hurry on to the loved ones at Maelor Castle, and the monk by a great effort returns to the abbot's house at Ruthin, where he breathes a prayer for their safety at the midnight vespers.

But to return to Lady Grey. The struggle in her heart was over, her vow was fulfilled, and as she closed the door upon those she had saved, a terrible woe was swept from her heart. She had little fear of pursuit; she felt almost certain that, beyond the castle, they were safe. Yet when she again reached her room she trembled and hesitated. There came the consciousness that nature had rebelled against duty, and there was a momentary dash of fear; but only momentary, for her injured country seemed to appeal, and as those feelings which led her to save the prisoners returned, she determined to brave all future danger.

Long time that night, and late, Lord Grey enjoyed the society of his guests, and as he gazed out sometimes at the western tower, he still saw the light of the prison lamp glimmer through its narrow window. Few luxuries were allowed the prisoners. A day's provisions were brought them in the morning, and in the evening the warder came again to light the little lamp which hung far above their heads near the ceiling.

Cruel luxury this, for it kept them waking when in the darkness of night they might have sunk to rest. All through the night it burned, for Lord Grey, perhaps suspicious of the warder's heart, else wishing to make their captivity severe, forbade him going again until the morning. Night passed away, a bright sun rose above the eastern hills, and Lord Grey in alarm started from his couch; a strange vision had mingled with his waking dream, and he arose in fear at the cry of alarm which came up from the court-yard below. In another instant the terrible truth was told, and with a brow more livid than the warder's, he heard that the prisoners had escaped.

No account could be gleaned from the warder, save that on the preceding evening after the lamp was lighted the door was secured as before, and when he returned with the morning meal, the door was as secure as he had left it, but the prisoners were gone.

"Eighteen years of faithful servitude, my lord, have I passed in this castle," said the warder, "and have braved many dangers, but this is the worst of all."

"Traitor to England," said Lord Grey, seizing him, "thou shalt confess this deed; tell me, before my sword drinks thy vile blood, all thou knowest of the escape; tell me, traitor, tell me!" and Lord Grey was too overcome with rage to say more.

"I have told thee all, my lord; I only know that they are gone; run me through, if thou wilt, but I can tell thee nothing more."

The warder, with all the sentinels round the western tower, were imprisoned in separate cells, and Lord Grey in his passion as oft determined and as oft hesi-

tated to strike off their heads at once, or reserve them for the wrath of the king.

The warder of the western tower might have told more: he could have told his master how often his own heart, rough and untutored as he was, had grieved for the lovely woman whose face he had watched grow sad, and spirit droop under the neglect and unkindness of her husband; and though of another nation, one he was bound to hate, he felt he could almost love the entire race for her sake, and was unable to refuse when she came alone to him in the silence of evening and asked him for the keys of the dungeon. Then, when before the crucifix which her own gentle hands upraised, he knelt at her command, and breathed the vow she asked never to divulge the matter, a superstitious terror came over him, and he felt he could die rather than by breaking his vow involve her in danger.

Equipped in the monk's garments, Evan and Gilbert bent their way through the town of Llangollen, and proceeded to find the mountain path, along which Evan had come on his first visit to Glyndwrwy. Long before the morning broke they were far out of the reach of pursuit; so throwing off the friendly garments which had undoubtedly helped to protect them, they sat down to rest beside a stream as it emerged from a thick cluster of trees. Gilbert's arm, which had received deep wounds, became so painful under the excitement of his escape and hurried walking, that he was unable to proceed any further. Many long miles of dangerous mountain path lay between them and their home, and Evan saw with

alarm that his brave companion was every hour becoming less able to accomplish it: there was no dwelling near, and Evan sat down by Gilbert almost in despair. At length the little gurgling stream at his feet seemed to strike him as a remedy, so, gently unbinding the wounded arm, he tore up a portion of the monk's white garment, and applied cold bathing; under its soothing influence Gilbert sunk to sleep, and the day had nearly gone before he awoke; more than once Evan's fears had arisen at the delay, but then his bold spirit seemed to check him, and though he had no weapon of defence, he had sat down quietly beside his sleeping companion. Gilbert awoke: the burning brow was cooler, and his arm so much easier that he rose up to proceed on the way. Their pace, however, was much slower than before; and when night closed round them, they had not reached a dwelling, so they made their beds upon the dewy grass.

Many bitter thoughts came into Evan's mind as he gazed in the moonlight upon Gilbert's pale brow. In him, as he slumbered, he saw his wounded country; and in himself, unarmed and powerless, he saw his nation's inability to contend with the foe. Then the proud heart beat again: had danger been near, he would have rushed that moment to confront it; but he was in a silent vale, with the pale moonbeams falling gently round him, and the influence soothed his bosom, where a feeling of tenderness remained. "Oh! Ida,—my country," fell with a deep sigh from his lips, and wrapping his cloak around him, he lay down to wait for the morning.

There was joy in the Berwyns; Evan and Gilbert were home. Ida's fond heart had poured out all its love and fondness upon Evan, and Lady Maelor and Eleanor had each in turn caressed and wept over Gilbert. David's dark eye flashed when he heard of Lord Grey's baseness, and they were almost too excited to speak when they heard of the escape from one so cruel. Everything connected with the imprisonment at Ruthin soon echoed through the castle, every heart beat high with joy and excitement, and once again the harpers gathered round, and sung of the bravery and ancient glory of Wales.

The night closed in; happy hearts and happy faces met round the glowing hearth, and not a thought of care clouded their pleasures, though Lady Maelor felt she could rather have wept than smiled. But it would not do, a tear in her eye would change the joy of all around her; and when she saw Ida, who had wept and mourned so long, now so happy with Evan; then her own boy's flashing eye as he heard more about Lord Grey; and, on the other hand, Gilbert reclining upon a couch, with all the comfort his loving Eleanor could bestow, she subdued her own feelings rather than dispel the lightness of theirs.

The moon had long risen; not a sound save those that ever murmured round the castle, fell upon the ear, and sleep's light mantle covered its inmates; then Lady Maelor wept, then the heart refused to resist the sadness that overwhelmed it, and gave way to its weakness. More than one story of the desertion by her countrymen of the common cause had been told her, and many a dreadful record of the doom

of some brave one who had fallen into the hands of the English had brought woe to her heart; but she had borne up because those around her were sorrowing. Now the loved ones had returned, and their grief had passed, she turned to her own woe, and sorrowed in reflecting over the position of her country. Too well she knew the power of the man from whom her sons had escaped, and too truly she drew the nature of his heart in so ruthlessly breaking his sacred bond of neutrality. Then for the hapless one, the daughter of Wales, who stood in the position of wife to the betrayer, she offered many a prayer; and when the morning dawned, though her cheek was paler, her heart was lightened. How little Lady Maelor knew of the part Lady Grey had taken in Evan's release, and when she breathed the silent prayer for her happiness, hers was a happy unconsciousness of the woe that royal heart was enduring.

Lord Grey's passion and resentment at the escape of the prisoners increased as time was given him for reflection, especially when the men he had sent out in pursuit returned unsuccessful, and the event began to spread beyond the castle walls. The monk came as usual, and perhaps was the only one exempt from Lord Grey's fury; but as uncurbed passion soon gains the entire mastery, the heart soon yielded up every better feeling, and being persuaded that the warder had set the two prisoners at liberty, he determined upon sending him in their stead as a traitor to the Tower of London. Every threat and inducement had been used to draw a confession from the

warder, but, more noble than his master, he refused to betray, and heard his doom without a murmur.

As long as cruelty had not been inflicted upon the warder, Lady Grey regarded his imprisonment as something that *must* be, until she felt certain that Evan and Gilbert had reached their home; but when she heard that he was to be sent to England, she too well knew the fate of all those who were given over to that cruel king, to allow him to go without one effort to save him. Four days had passed since the prisoners were set free, the weather had been fine, and the monk had assured her that their path was a secret one; and as days passed on without their being brought back, she grew calmer, and prepared to meet her husband, and tell him the part she had taken. Very often indeed she had wished to do so, but she had refrained, for the sake of those she had liberated, until now, when she felt their safety was no longer concerned.

There had been many guests at the castle, and amongst them came the Earl of Arundel, though not as he had often come before, to endeavour to turn Lord Grey from some evil notion, but to hear, if possible, how the prisoners had escaped. Nothing, however, could be obtained from the warder, and the earl returned to Dinas Bran, not without some slight presentiment that Lady Grey was concerned in the matter.

It was night: Lord Grey was alone, and with a troubled mind he sat down to read over the documents he was about sending to England. The lamp had

just been retrimmed, and the noise of the day had passed away with the guests. Attired in a rich dark dress, fastened at the throat with a golden ornament in the form of a dragon, and her flowing hair caught loosely up under a coronet, also surmounted by a dragon, Lady Grey laid her hand upon the door of her husband's room, but not as the timid woman, or the gentle girl of his love, did she come at this time, to share his quiet hours, but as the injured daughter of Wales—the neglected mistress of Ruthin—the wife whose hand had been raised against her husband, and she was now coming to confess, and vindicate the deed. Lord Grey heard the steps approach his door, yet started as his wife entered the room; and when she came near, and stood before him, perhaps a consciousness of his own guilt came over him, for he hesitated to speak.

"Is it true, my lord," said Lady Grey, "that he who has so long been a faithful warder to thee is to be sent to end his days in the gloomy Tower of London? Is he not an Englishman?"

"He is," replied her husband, "but a traitor to his king; and it matters not to what nation he belongs, if he betrays a trust, he must suffer."

Now the colour mounted to the fair cheek, and the heaving bosom told how readily she could have retaliated, but, with an earnest gaze at her husband, she replied calmly—

"They tell me proof is wanting in condemning the warder, and methinks thou wouldst not willingly condemn an old vassal without proof that he is guilty."

"It matters not," said Lord Grey, rising from his

seat and pacing the room, for he felt uneasy at his wife's remarks; but stopping all at once, and turning to her, he continued: "Lady Grey, it is not for thee to interfere in the fate of the traitor; with to-morrow's dawn he shall be conveyed to England."

"Know, then, my lord," replied his wife, as the colour spread deeper over her cheek, "it was not the warder who gave liberty to the prisoners, but it was I—thy wife; this hand opened their prison door, but it was not until I had vainly pleaded for their release. Remember, no honourable act threw them into thy power; had it, I would not have released them."

Lord Grey's face turned pale, and seizing his wife's hand, he said, as he trembled with rage—

"Thou! thou gavest them liberty; by heaven, there are more traitors in the castle than one! Tell me by what means the keys of the western tower fell into thy hands?"

"Nay, my lord, nothing else shall escape my lips respecting it. Remember, they were my people—the associates of my happier days; they had done thee no wrong, and when thou didst cruelly refuse for my sake to give that liberty which thou hadst no right to control, I gave it them myself. No trust was broken in my doing that, though thou hast broken one, the most sacred, else they had never been prisoners here."

No tear at the remembrance of her husband's broken faith dimmed her eye now, though she had long wept over it in secret, but she stood before him like one ready to recoil upon the author of her wrongs; and he, without uttering another word, stood gazing

at her. Excitement had restored the richness of her complexion, and that peerless beauty which had once won his heart, seemed to strike him again. But a second thought recalled the act she had committed, and the next moment he retaliated with words of bitter hate, both upon herself and nation. Spirit rose with spirit, and Lady Grey stood still and listened calmly to the ebullition of her husband's wrath. She was conscious she had done enough to offend, but then she had borne much, and only turned when the burden became too heavy. Her eye was as bright as the one that flashed in anger upon her, and she fully returned the gaze, but when her husband's rage was exhausted he hurried from the apartment, leaving her to meditate upon her deed alone, and to learn that the breach between them was widened.

What pity that Lord Grey could not return the affection of that heart which had more than once tried to love him, and to which, in his purer moments, he had sometimes turned and been happy; but to win royal favour, and indulge his own bad passions, he had bartered every worthy feeling, thrown a shadow on his otherwise bright name, and blighted the heart he was bound by a sacred tie to cherish.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

From life without freedom, say who would not fly?  
For one day of freedom, oh! who would not die?  
Hark!—hark! 'tis the trumpet! the call of the brave,  
the death-song of tyrants, the dirge of the slave.  
Our country lies bleeding—haste, haste to her aid;  
One arm that defends is worth hosts that invade.

T. MOORE.

LADY GREY's confession changed the aspect of affairs at Ruthin Castle; the warder was again restored to his office, and none, save Lady Grey and the monk, knew of the part he had taken. The sentinels also were released from prison, and it soon became known who had set Evan and Gilbert free. Lord Grey, however, endeavoured for his own sake to conceal the matter, though he enshrined it deeply in his bosom, and not many days passed by before he set out for England. No truce for peace had been made between the two hostile nations, yet at this time there was a slight cessation from warfare, of which the young Prince Henry of England took advantage, and succeeded in winning the allegiance of the people of the town of Flint, though, to their honour be it told, it was not until treachery and ill fortune had deprived them of those who had led them to join their country's cause. Glendower heard of this disaffection, but hope still urged him on, for his bards continued to sing of the ancient Merlin, who foretold that every obstacle should be overcome, and that the red dragon should

ultimately rise and drive the remorseless Saxons and Normans beyond the seas. Once more these predictions roused the martial spirit, and our hero was not exempt from the common feeling. Again he issued from his mountain home, and smote with unerring aim wherever English sway was acknowledged, and his spirit was nothing daunted, though his army was lessened. Around him yet were hundreds of brave and powerful men, and England well knew that many thousand hearts still clung to the hope that Wales would yet be free.

Very little had been won, and very little had been lost, by either nation during the year 1410, which was now closing; and the sword, still drawn, only rested because winter with unusual severity had thrown its mantle over the mountain country. Ten years, reader, had passed since the war-cry went up through Wales; the struggle for freedom still went on, and England, unable to check it, trembled lest that hardy race should win the laurels of the mighty Cadwallader back again.

It was a bleak, cold night in the depth of winter, the snow lay deep upon the ground, but every heart beat warm at Maelor Castle. Again round the glowing embers sat Lady Maelor and her family; Gilbert's arm was well, and Eleanor had forgotten every care.

David, pondering over the written page of legendary lore, lay, with his faithful hound at his feet, in a careless attitude near the fire; and Ida, more lovely in her opening womanhood, sat beside Evan, listening with joy to some reminiscence of his bygone years.

They all loved Evan's stories, for he could tell of

many scenes both on sea and land, of which from their seclusion in the Berwyns they had no opportunity of knowing. He could tell of many legends and wonders of the sacred Snowdon, and the stormy terrors of the deep which lay westward of his home; then, too, in the battle scenes which he had encountered, when victory had been theirs, his enthusiasm caused every heart around him to beat as warmly as his own, and even when they had suffered defeat, not yet knowing how to despair, he led all within the castle to hope, like himself, in the future.

Far away at Snowdon, on this cold winter's night, another scene was passing. Bards and harpers gathered in the prince's home, and lights again glimmered on the snow-clad hills.

There was a marriage in that mountain region. Margaret, the last, the dearest child of the prince, the one who brought back the mother to the hero's heart, was given to another's keeping; most like a regal bridal was this of Glendower's last child. Roger Monnington had won the youthful heart; guests from far and near had come with him, and many hundred warriors stood around when, in the mountain chapel, he claimed her as his own. Banners of every hue, and war trophies collected from every part of the castle, were hung upon the walls, and bards and harpers stood near the altar. Each noble chieftain there was dressed in the costume of the house to which he belonged, and amongst the banners, the gilded dragon showed where the prince was sitting. The Bishop of St. Asaph, on whose previously quiet life the last ten years of trial and pre-

carious fortune had worked a change, stood with his whitened brow and bound those two young hearts together; and when his words were ended, and the bridal song rose above all other sounds, every rising sigh was hushed, and there was not a bosom that did not respond to the joy. What mattered that the wind howled by, it made that mountain dwelling more secure; and as they sat round the festive board not a thought of waning power ever entered their bosoms, and a long time the chieftains revelled at the bridal feast.

Measuring their tread slowly along the castle walls the sentinels kept watch through the night; but while the snow flakes fell, he who watched before the northern gate, turned into the warder's apartment for shelter.

"What! feasting here?" said the sentinel, as he saw a number of soldiers sitting round a well-spread table; "you are a little more favoured than we who have to face the snow just on the ridge of the mountain all night."

"Thy turn will be next, Thomas," said the old warder; "but come, draw to, there is abundance for us and thee, and the winds will keep watch without; besides, they are busy enough in the castle. Come, Thomas, sit down, it may be long before we enjoy such a feast again;" and as the old man spoke he pushed back the stool upon which he was sitting to make room for the new guest.

"Nay, warder," said the sentinel, "I am in no mood to join thee; I'll go again when the snow has ceased."

"Then thou'lt likely tarry until the morning," replied one of the soldiers. "Why, what's come to thee, man, I never saw thee in such a mood before; here, take this goblet and quaff it to the lovely Margaret."

The sentinel took the goblet, and as he raised it to his lips he said—

"Here's to the lovely Margaret, the noble lady of Monnington; but how much rather would I quaff it to our own beautiful Ida."

"Well said—well said!" replied the warder. "We had almost forgotten the Lady Ida."

"Which we may perhaps as well do as remember her," added the sentinel, "for our master seems well pleased with Maelor Castle, and will perhaps never bring her here again."

"Let us hope," said the soldier who had offered the goblet, "that when he does come he'll bring with him a better temper than thou hast, for in truth thou art strangely crossed about something;" but the sentinel, turning to him, said—

"Not more, perhaps, than thou wouldst be hadst thou seen the changes in this castle that I have;" but as he sat down upon a seat near the door, he added—"A truce to every sad thought when every one else is happy."

The sentinel's words were followed by a laugh from all in the apartment, and except that when the snow ceased to fall he rose up to pursue his watch before the gate, they sat undisturbed like the chieftains within the castle, and enjoyed their gala until the morning.

Well might the sentinel speak of a change in that

mountain home, for armed warriors from every part of Wales had long occupied the ancient dwelling in which he had first seen the light, and he had rather see Knight Evan dwelling there again in peace with his young, beautiful Ida, than all the martial glory that surrounded the prince.

Not only had deep thought filled the sentinel's mind, but it had held large sway over Glendower's, and though he had left the festive board at an early hour, he was perhaps the last to slumber. He thought of his family which once brightened his home, and saw his beautiful daughters round other hearths; then of his sons, two brave ones slept in heroes' graves by the hill side, and the others, save one, were far away, engaged in defending his cause. He had heard of the treachery of Lord Grey, and longed to give him battle again, but he could not forget that the wife of the traitor was his own loved daughter, and for her sake he refrained. Many a bitter reflection arose on this festive night, when his heart was sad at parting with his favourite child, though nothing but a pale hue upon his brow on the morrow, told that he had known anything but repose.

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Though no warlike expeditions had been undertaken by the King of England during the last two years, the effect of the existing discord was plainly felt both by himself and people, for being compelled to supply to the garrisons in Wales troops and able governors whom he would have well liked to have made use of in England, he was so continually harassed that his feeling of hate towards

the insurgent nation grew stronger with time; and especially did his fury rise when he heard that Lord Grey's prisoners had escaped. Another writ, commanding every baron and governor in Wales to convey to England at once every person that fell into their hands, was issued by the king's prerogative, and no time was lost in serving it upon every Welsh garrison. Glendower heard of the decree, and to show the English how little he cared for the sovereign they feared, he prepared to leave his stronghold again, and at least harass, if he could not conquer. Once again the bold couriers bore the prince's notice to their countrymen to take up arms, and again many hundreds flocked to his banner; for earnestly as many of them desired peace to warfare, patriotism held captive nearly every heart, and while hope of independence lingered, the call to arms was resistless. The brave family in the Berwyns rose with one accord as soon as the mandate reached them, and this time young David joined Gilbert and Evan, for the native spirit swelled defiant at the late remorseless edict of England.

For three long months the English garrisons were now sorely harassed by the depredatory warfare pursued by the Welsh, and many a darkened wall remained a witness of the firebrand; but additional troops from England coming in before the Welsh army could be sufficiently restored, the blow they intended to strike was checked, and as the various garrisons received succours, Glendower, unable to contend with them, again turned back to Snowdon. Disappointment pressed heavily upon the hero's

bosom as he pursued the way to his stronghold, for though brave hearts still gathered round him, and thousands acknowledged no other prince but himself, he felt at last that he was not strong enough to contend with the exhaustless troops of England; but the bards endeavoured to dissipate every gloomy thought by recounting, as the Welsh army went on, the prophecies of the ancient British rule which was to revive and sway the sceptre of the whole island. David and Gilbert returned to the Berwyns, but Evan in his old place near the prince accompanied him to Snowdon.

Many a strange costume had appeared in Evan's home since he left, and many a noble form had occupied his seat at the morning and evening meal; but his own brave vassals had looked in vain for one like their chief, and had grown weary at his tarrying so long. Now, when the army drew near, and the sentinel at the furthest outpost saw them advancing, he started as the heron's feather met his eye, and "Unwavering," his master's watchword, burst in joy from his lips. "Unwavering" sped on with the air, vassal after vassal caught it up, and before the prince reached the castle, they all came forth to welcome both him and their chief.

There was much to keep Evan at Snowdon. Again in the home of his fathers, amongst his vassals, to whom he was so endeared, and surrounded with so much enthusiasm and bravery, his thoughts for a time were weaned from her he loved in the Berwyns, and he was a soldier again; and yet his staying there

was much for Ida's sake, for to have carried to her the news that the prince had overcome his enemies, would have been one of the dearest joys of his life; and though in the moment of enthusiasm or excitement he oft appeared soul-wrapt in his country's struggles, without Ida the charm would have been broken, and his noble heart had perhaps shrunk before the dark cloud of misfortune which sometimes lowered on his devoted land.

There had been a hunt on the mountains, and a thought of her far away came over Evan as he drew near the cave where they had so often sat together in happier years, and where he had told his love for her to the Lady Jane. Evan thought a moment as he stood by the cave, then he turned and sat down upon the rock which overlooked the Castle of Dolbadarn. For a long time he gazed upon the towers of that strange solitary edifice, and as the sun went down and threw its dark shadows upon the mountain side, the black waters struck a chill to his heart, and he rose up from his seat to return home; just then a departing sunbeam shot between the opening of two hills to the west of him, and fell upon a grey stone building which lay between Snowdon and Caernarvon. There was no voice near Evan, no echo of a distant sound to startle him, yet his step was checked, and he stood for some minutes in deep thought, gazing at the solitary dwelling. No smoke curled from the chimneys, nor sign of life appeared anywhere about it; even the wild birds seemed to have preferred the forest trees to those growing about the deserted

home; and as all the circumstances which had made it so crossed his mind, he turned and hastened back to the castle.

It was Ida's childhood's home that lay before him in the distance, and as all the promises made in other years to her father when he resigned her to his boyish care, and all the hopes breathed into her young ear since she had been able to understand and return his love, flashed upon his memory, he felt as he stood alone upon the hill-top that her heart was more true than his own, and he determined to return to her on the morrow. Why he had never yet made her his bride he was unable to answer; and it was not until he gazed upon the old dwelling of her father, that he remembered the promised day had passed. The struggle which had torn his land seemed to have swayed *his* heart more than others, and he had indeed put aside bridal joys for the glory of warfare; but now his heart burned with double power, and there was a tinge upon his cheek when he told the prince that he would like to return to the Berwyns.

"Go, brave knight," said the prince; "we would not wish thee to stay here; we know the charm that lures thee from Snowdon, it is well it has not won thy heart from its patriotism."

A deeper tinge than ever mounted on the young chieftain's cheek, something always seemed to confront him when his heart turned to Ida; but before he could reply, the prince added—

"We have often heard of the beauteous woman who has won thy love; thou must bring her to thine

own house, then we shall not lose thee so often, for we cannot forget the service thou hast rendered to the cause, and would like thee here a little more than thou hast been of late."

"Think not, my liege," said Evan, "that your servant forgets his duty, or that he shrinks from danger during his absence from the camp."

"We can fully trust thee, noble Evan," replied the prince, "yet we would like thee better in thine own home, than at the castle in the Berwyns; but go, carry our greeting to the Lady Maelor and her brave sons, bid them hope on to see Wales free, and when thou comest again thou wilt, perhaps, bring with thee the Lady Ida."

Evan bowed and left the room; he had rather the prince had talked of anything save that which was first in his own thoughts, and the thought that his love could ever shake his patriotism almost tempted him to stay. But it was night, and in the quiet dream that came over him a lovely face seemed near, and he started from his couch just as the sun's first rays shone over the hills, and equipped for the journey he left the castle. Twelve vassals accompanied Evan from Snowdon, well accoutred to resist any attack which might be made upon them by the way, for there were few paths now but what were known to the English, who were ever on the alert to seize any one attached to the prince's army.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

Oh! if there be, in this earthly sphere,  
A boon—an offering Heaven holds dear,  
’Tis the last libation liberty draws  
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause.

MOORE.

It was a bright sunny morning in the autumn when Evan and his twelve vassals left Snowdon, and knowing that the news of his escape from Lord Grey had been sent to all the English garrisons in Wales, he thought it best to take the more unfrequented paths, though he and his men were well equipped with weapons of defence in case of danger. They journeyed on, crossed stream, bank, brae, and hill in safety, and when the night was closing they stayed at the cottage of an aged harper, and asked to rest until the morning.

“Welcome, my son, welcome,” said the harper; “and perhaps thou wilt tell me whither thou art going, for this path leads to an English garrison, and a Welsh army now lies on the other side of yonder hill, they tell me, to give them battle.”

Evan stayed no longer; there was time enough yet to reach the army before the darkness came on; so inquiring the way round the hill, he left the harper’s dwelling, and took the little winding path to pass the night in the camp rather than with the harper. As

the old man had said, they found a small Welsh army, under Robert Tudor, making ready to attack the English on the morrow. The two heroes welcomed each other, and Evan became as enthusiastic as the old warrior at the expected attack, the success of which he felt certain. Alas! there was a traitor in the little camp; and when, in the still hour of night, sleep stole over them as they lay upon their heather beds, one of the sentinels hurried off to the English garrison, and told them where his comrades slumbered, and no regret appeared to cross his mind as, under sentence of instant death if he were false, he boldly led them to seize upon his countrymen.

The sentinels still kept their measured tread around the silent camp, where the soldiers, without thought of treachery, still slept on; but a strange sound falling upon the ear of some more wakeful than the others, they started up, and at that moment the sentinels gave the alarm. It was of little use: the English army had come upon them so unexpectedly, that many of them were slain even before they were able to offer resistance. It was not so, however, with their leader and Evan. A fierce struggle ensued with them, and it was not until all the arrows were gone, and the short sword shivered to pieces, that Evan was captured. Robert Tudor struggled longer, but he, too, was overpowered by numbers and made prisoner. Many of the Welsh had escaped, many had fallen. The only two who were made prisoners were Robert Tudor and Evan; and the governor, acting upon the spirit of the writ recently issued from England, returned with all haste to the garrison,

where he fully equipped himself, and then set off, with a strong escort, to convey the prisoners to Chester.

Now Evan's heart grew sad, though his outward bearing was unchanged, and he refused to answer any question put by the English governor. A different feeling, however, filled Robert Tudor's bosom; he cast on his captor a look of scorn—passion for a moment had the mastery, and he strained the cords that bound him. It was not for himself the hero felt thus. The cause he served was his sole joy on earth, and he would not have felt it a great matter to die for it. But the young hero beside him he knew had other hopes—a fond young heart was linked with his; and as he turned and gazed at his hapless companion, whose only fault was patriotism, he dreaded lest there should not remain one feeling in the King of England's heart that could yield to an appeal in his behalf.

While the prisoners journeyed on, those of their army that had escaped took different roads, some going to Maelor Castle, the others to Snowdon.

The capture of Evan was a terrible blow to his vassals, for not even the bards could give them one ray of hope; and when they told the sad story to the prince, he desired his chieftains to leave him; then, when alone, he clasped his hands together, and his noble bosom heaved as he paced up and down the apartment. For the aged Robert Tudor he felt bitter regret; such a faithful chieftain he could ill afford to lose, and he mourned the fate that hung over him. As for Evan, his enthusiasm, youth, and singleness of heart had so won upon him, that he felt now as

he did when they brought him word that two of his own sons lay dead by the hill-side, and he exclaimed, with all the passion of his nature, "Oh! my country, I would have raised thee from a cruel subjection, and made thee again what thou once wert, but thy own children seem to love the chain that binds them, betraying even those that would set them free."

There was a conflict in the hero's heart, and as he ceased speaking, he drooped his head upon his bosom; far more refined than most men of his day, he was susceptible of a greater tenderness of feeling; and though there were none more brave in the hour of stern necessity, he could feel and appreciate the purer touches of nature, and see more in the capture of the two brave heroes than his noble bosom could control. The struggle passed, the chieftains met round him again, and some of them may have thought that the lines of care were deeper on his brow.

They had watched and waited long at Maelor Castle for Evan to return; the English garrison near them had received additional strength, and Lady Maelor more than once responded to Ida's wish, that Evan would not tarry long at Snowdon. She had not forgotten that her name had long ago appeared on the proscribed list of traitors, and she had often wondered whether her security was not owing as much to the defence she had been able to keep up, as to her seclusion amongst the mountains; the addition to the neighbouring English garrison made her uneasy, as she felt it might expose her to the danger she had hitherto escaped.

It was a chilly evening, and as they gathered round

the hearth again, Ida asked Lady Maelor if she thought Evan would be long ere he returned.

"Nay, not long, Ida, love," said Lady Maelor. "The prince will not detain him now the army has dispersed for the winter season; he will be too anxious to return to thee to tarry until the bad weather sets in. Hark! there is some one at the western gate—that is the bell I hear, perhaps 'tis he."

"Nay, mother, perhaps 'tis the abbot," said Eleanor. "If he has been to Fronwen he will come that way, and he said this morning he should go there."

"No, no, dear Eleanor," said Ida. "I saw him in the courtyard at noon; if he went, it is too soon for him to return. Who can it be?"

Ida betrayed impatience as she spoke, and Lady Maelor replied, "Ida, Ida, thou art by far too easily excited; it is only lately thou hast become so, and it is not quite what a soldier's wife should be. The least thing affects thee now, thou silly girl."

While Lady Maelor spoke a deep colour mantled Ida's cheek, but her kind guardian knew all her wealth of love for Evan; so, without allowing her to speak again, she threw her arms round her neck as she said, "I would not see thee any other than thou art. Oh, I would give the world for him to come home."

At that moment David, coming in haste to his mother, requested to speak with her alone, and when she had accompanied him to an inner room, he told her of the terrible news which had just arrived of Evan's capture. Lady Maelor's heart sunk within her, for she had not a ray of hope that he would ever escape again, and, as she sat wondering how to tell it

to the hapless Ida, she was startled by a scream from the apartment in which she had just left her.

Ida had already heard of Evan's fate, for, as she looked out once again over the hills, she heard it passing amongst the soldiers in the court-yard. Her cheek blanched, and as one deep cry escaped her lips, she rushed towards the room where Lady Maelor held converse with David, then, as the door opened from the other side, she fell senseless upon the floor. Lady Maelor knelt beside her, and wept bitterly as she tried to bring her back to life: but the arrow had struck deeply into the young heart, scarcely yet able to stand against such a calamity.

A short deep sigh at length told life was returning, and as Lady Maelor, with Eleanor and some faithful domestics, stood around, young David also lingered near, for his heart had long since secretly wound itself round the beautiful girl, who, only two years older than himself, had so long been an inmate of his home; yet, for Evan's sake, he strove to conceal the emotion of his own bosom, and felt now, when he saw the effect his capture had upon her, that he could face any danger to restore him to her again; and when she passionately inquired if no one would attempt to rescue him, David started to her side, and told her he would go off in the morning with a hundred men.

Lady Maelor did not check her son, though she could not persuade herself that there was any hope; but before morning another of Evan's vassals arrived, and told them that all hope was vain, for he had lingered round the spot where his master was captured

until he heard from the old harper that his captors had conveyed him to Chester.

They were busy in the little town of Llangollen—flags waved upon the tower of the church and on the old stone bridge, and most of the inhabitants had come out from their houses as though they expected something important to pass by. The artisan had left his craft, the children, delighted at so many people idling about, made more noise than was their wont, and the women, some with arms folded, others nursing an infant, stood together in groups, deeply engaged in conversation.

They were busy, too, at Dinas Bran, for a courier had arrived there late on the previous evening, with information to the Earl of Arundel that his nephew would be there on the morrow with two Welsh chieftains whom he was conveying as prisoners to Chester Castle.

The news soon spread on through the town, and produced excitement in every bosom.

They had risen betimes at Dinas Bran, and one of the earliest visitors came in the person of Lord Grey, to whom the earl communicated the fact of his nephew having captured two Welsh chieftains.

"Two!" said Lord Grey, as a smile played over his face; "how I hope they may be those who escaped from me." And then, as he turned to the window, he told the earl that he would stay until they arrived.

Slowly the company moved along amongst the hills, and the prisoners still kept up boldly; but as Evan neared that well-remembered spot, where once, in a happier time, he had come with a dauntless heart

to Glendower, all the many scenes which had passed before him since then returned upon his memory, and he stayed a moment to gaze around him; the guards, however, hurried him on, and the captain said, "Thou art acquainted with this beautiful vale, perhaps—maybe it is not the most pleasant thing to return to it in thy present condition."

Evan made no reply, though, as he fixed his large dark eyes upon the captain, any one could have seen that the will was not wanting to resent the taunt; but Tudor turned to the captain, and said, "We need no further proofs of the baseness of thy heart; thou hast already taken advantage of treachery; let it suffice for the present—*thou* mayst suffer next." But they had now reached the bridge, over which they passed amidst a number of people, and disappeared amongst the windings of the path leading to Dinas Bran.

Lord Grey had looked anxiously down from the castle, and it was just as they crossed the bridge that he caught sight of the dark costume and the heron's feather, when, turning to the earl, he said, as a bright ray flashed upon his handsome features, "By St. George! it is the man Evan." The earl started, though he scarce knew why, but he hoped Lord Grey might be mistaken; however, the truth was soon told by the entrance of his nephew, who confirmed Lord Grey's remark, and requested the strongest guard to be placed over the prisoners. All that the earl's nephew requested was done; and while, with Lord Grey, they rejoiced and talked over the capture, high up in that impenetrable fortress, far below its

foundations, in its strongest and most secret dungeon, lay the two hapless warriors.

The dungeon was dark and cold, not a sound reached their ears, and, as Evan stretched himself upon the straw which at the request of the earl had been granted, hot tears fell upon his wretched pallet when he thought of Ida; for *himself*, he would have cared nothing—but for *her*, the dear dependent on his love, the only one of all the many forms he had ever seen that had brightened his life—to be torn from her now, when he had hoped to fulfil his promise, and make her his own, was a woe under which his spirits sank. Yet there was a deeper woe than that—he could picture that dear being waiting his return, looking for him from the castle windows, and oft inquiring why he tarried. Then he could see her listening to the news of his capture; and the very thought of her fond bosom being torn dashed away the bravery under which he had calmly passed the two days since his capture, and, throwing himself upon his straw pallet, he poured out his woe in silent weeping. No eye saw the hero's tears, yet his companion knew he wept, and under other circumstances would have checked him; but he knew the brave heart too well to feel it was yielding to despair, and he felt that the half-suppressed sorrow was flowing from a generous soul for its dearer self.

Long before Lord Grey returned home, the news reached Ruthin Castle that Evan was a prisoner at Dinas Bran, but neither Gatha nor the monk breathed a word of it to Lady Grey. Only a year had passed since she risked so much in restoring him to liberty,

and she had become changed since then. Neglect and harrowed feelings had too surely smitten the bright bud of existence, and it was well known amongst those who surrounded her that her life was waning. Lady Arundel had also watched with deep concern the blighted life of the lovely mistress of Ruthin; and as she clasped her own young daughters to her heart, she prayed that a better fate might be theirs. It was for Lady Grey's sake that the Earl of Arundel had induced his nephew to leave the prisoners together; and it was also for her sake some straw had been spread upon the dungeon floor. Further sympathy he dared not show, otherwise he would have begged Lord Grey, before he left the castle, not to breathe one word at Ruthin of Evan's capture; but long experience told him how vain the request would be, and when he saw his visitor bend his way again to his own castle, sad thought seemed to cloud his spirit.

The moon had long risen in the heavens when Lord Grey reached his home; and as the sentinel threw back the castle gate, he felt assured that his master had heard of Evan's capture, for the moonbeams at that moment fell upon his face, and showed a lurking smile.

The sentinel gazed after his master, and muttered, as he closed the gate, words which told he had little regard for him, though they showed that even his rude, untutored heart had turned to his injured mistress.

Lord Grey passed on to the castle, and after throwing aside his cloak and cap, he dismissed his attendant,

and hastened to his wife's apartment to tell her that Evan was a prisoner again, for no second thought had crossed his mind since he left Dinas Bran; and utterly regardless of any pain the news could inflict, he entered the room leading to the one occupied by his wife.

His hand was upon the door, when suddenly he started round to see what touched him, for bad-hearted men are always suspicious, and though he had heard no step, nor seen a young form sitting at one of the windows, his conscience told him that he was not alone, and as he turned he saw a woman beside him. "Speak!" were the only words he uttered; and a gentle voice answered, "I am Gatha;" then falling upon her knees, she said, as she grasped his tunic, "Stay, my Lord, she sleeps at last, her rest is always short, she will awake soon."

Lord Grey's hand fell from the door as Gatha spoke, but disregarding her appeal, he sought it again, when Gatha laying her hand too upon it, she said, "Nay! my lord, thou wouldst tell her of Knight Evan's capture. Stay, oh! stay; her heart is breaking; I know it is, for I am most with her. Oh, spare her this last woe—let her linger a little longer, if only for me."

"What!" said Lord Grey, seizing Gatha by the shoulder, "wouldst thou dare to tell me that thy lady regards this foul captive with affection? Speak, woman! tell me this moment, on thy life;" and though there was no other light save the moonbeams falling in upon them through the narrow windows, Gatha saw the passionate gaze and blanched lips of the speaker.

"Regards the captive with affection," repeated Gatha, as she drew herself up boldly before him. "Nay, my lord, else she had never mourned thy neglect and unkindness so much; but he was her father's friend, she too knew him long years ago; besides, my lord, is he not a noble chieftain of her own race, and even *thou* hast promised to protect her people. Forgive me, my lord, but thou wouldst cruelly wound her heart by telling her that another of her country's heroes has fallen into the English power."

Lord Grey was not prepared for this encounter, else he had not deigned to listen so long; and as Gatha ceased speaking, he turned without another word, and entered the apartment.

Upon a table in the centre of the room a lamp, which Gatha's kind hand had shaded, was burning, and a gentle flickering from the fire sent out another soft ray of light, while upon a richly-wrought couch, at the opposite side of the room, lay the sleeper. Lord Grey approached the couch, and raising his hand, was about to awake her from her slumber, but at that moment something fell from her lips, and he bent his ear to listen. She had breathed a name, the sound of which made him start. Ah! it was not Evan's. Was it possible it could be his own? But with a deep-drawn sigh, the word "Reginald!" fell again upon his ear. Gatha's words now smote him, and as he stood beside the couch gazing at the sleeper he repeated to himself, "else she had never mourned thy neglect and unkindness so much;" and he saw indeed that a change had come upon her. The small white hand that lay out upon the coverlet was only a shadow of what it

once was; the face was paler, though there was a bright spot upon each cheek; but the eye was sunken, and the sleeper's rest seemed troubled. Could he crush that heart which conscience now told him he had already so deeply wounded? Nay, there was yet some tenderness in his nature, and it rose above all other feelings as he stood beside his injured wife. There was a conflict in his bosom, and sitting down near the couch, he cared not to check it; but the sleeper's rest was short, and as she awoke she started up, but seeing her husband sitting beside her, she clasped her hands together as she exclaimed—"Oh, thou art safe! thank Heaven thou art safe!" Then covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears.

Lord Grey sat gazing at his wife without speaking a word, but she suddenly checked her tears and said—"Forgive my weeping, but I have dreamt terrible things of thee to-night. I thought strangers had captured thee, and far below a castle, in a dark cold dungeon, they had imprisoned thee, in spite of every entreaty of mine for thy release. Well might I dream it, for it is five days now since I saw thee." And as she laid her hand upon his, she said again, "Thank Heaven thou art safe!"

Such tenderness and truth from the heart he had come to that chamber for the sole purpose of wounding, overcame him; what little love he had ever felt for his wife returned, and rising from his seat, he clasped her to his bosom and kissed her pale but beautiful lips. It was a fond embrace—not a word was spoken by either for some minutes; but then Lord Grey

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said—"Thou hast a tender heart, Jane, and hast too keenly felt my absence, but forgive me if I have ever wronged thee."

Lord Grey wanted to say more—these words were not all that his heart dictated; and yet when they were spoken he wondered how he had been able to utter so much. But when his wife threw her arms round his neck, and told him in tears how freely she forgave him every pang he had caused her, something came swelling up to his throat, and he clasped her to his bosom again.

Not a word was spoken of Evan's capture, and, for the sake of the woman he had at last learned to love, he determined that, if possible, she should never know it; then, as he gazed earnestly at her lovely face, and at the eye, rendered brighter by that peculiar beam which marks consumption, he felt that he could sacrifice much to hear the captive had once more regained his liberty.

Strange change in that hitherto stern heart! it had come late, yet it could soothe the spirit it had crushed so long, though it could never restore it; and as time rolled on, he became bitterly conscious of the unworthy part he had taken, and often felt the keen edge of the weapon with which he had smitten.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

"In his eye  
There was a quenchless energy,  
A spirit that could dare  
The deadliest form that death could take,  
And dare it for the daring sake."

LONDON.

WHILE the hours of night were passing at Ruthin Castle, and Lord Grey became reconciled to his wife, the Earl of Arundel sat with his nephew beside the midnight lamp, and heard the particulars of Evan's capture.

What mattered the tie of relationship in that period of civil discord! The earl truly felt it mattered nothing, else he might have said a word in favour of the captives; indeed, he would have done so, if it had been some stranger noble who had captured them; but not a word was uttered to his nephew, and they sat till the morning dawned—one in valorous pride speaking vauntingly of his prize, the other vainly hoping that they might escape the doom awaiting them at Chester. Meanwhile, below in the dungeon, the captives slept. Robert Tudor, weary with his journey, and utterly careless of the future, wrapped his cloak around him, and laid down upon the straw to sleep; while, as in thought and sorrow the time passed on with Evan, the silent tears ceased to flow, and sleep came over

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him also. Then came the kindly dream, and who could the visitant of his slumber be? It was Ida—she had brought him from the gloomy dungeon; all their hopes and love of youth were realized, and he thought they were once more free in their mountain home. In that short vision every woe had passed, and there was a smile upon the captive's face; but cruel waking came too soon, though the heart was calmer, and the day had scarcely dawned before they set out for Chester.

The roads now being less difficult to travel, a rudely-constructed conveyance was obtained, so that before night they came within sight of the castle. The bringing of prisoners to Chester had long been of frequent occurrence, yet on this occasion a goodly number of people had assembled in the streets, as though an unusual scene was expected, for they had become truly loyal in the town of Chester. Yet, for all that, when the prisoners passed by, many a sad expression fell for the handsome young captive chieftain.

The English had highly prized the cessation from actual war with the Welsh, and they had become incensed at the increased spirit of revolt which had shown itself during the year 1411, which was now closing, and especially were the people of Chester pleased at the addition to their captives. At Windsor Castle many a Welsh chief was languishing; there were also some in the Tower of London; and amongst those at Chester was William Tudor, the traitor brother of the noble Robert. He had offended the man for whom he forsook his own country, and now waited a traitor's doom.

No mercies were shown to Evan and Robert Tudor ; separated and immured in cold gloomy cells, they felt all the bitterness of captivity without any hope of release, except in death. Robert Tudor—good old man—felt their fate inevitable, and determined, if possible, to make an effort in behalf of Evan.

It was night—three times these silent hours had returned upon the noble Tudor since he had arrived at Chester, and he had grown weary in watching for the governor to visit him in his dungeon—a boon which he had asked his captor to obtain for him, upon the promise that he had something important to communicate.

The warder, a stern man with a heart as dark as his face, had brought the scanty evening meal, and the prisoner inquired if there was a governor at the castle.

"A governor, thou Welsh dog ! what meanest thou ? Be content that there is a warder to whom the ill-luck of attending to thee falls ; thou'lt see the governor soon enough—we don't keep prisoners here long."

The warder had reached the door of the cell as he ceased speaking, and as the key turned in the lock he cursed the hapless man whose bodily wants he tended ; and as Robert Tudor gazed after him with a spirit too noble to reply to the insult, he felt his last hope in speaking for Evan had gone. For some time after the warder left the meal remained untasted, for the noble heart swelled at the thought of Evan perishing ; and as he sat listening to the few sounds which penetrated his dungeon walls, more than once a deep sigh escaped his bosom for the young hero he felt unable to save.

All at once a sound as of some one coming towards his cell fell upon his ear, and he started as he listened.

A key once more turned in the lock, the door of the dungeon again opened, and two men bearing lights entered; behind them, wrapped in a cloak, followed a third person, whom they introduced to the prisoner as the governor of Chester Castle.

He was a tall fine-looking man, with a clear open brow, and Robert Tudor rose as he entered the cell; when the governor, with a little kindness in his manner, told him to speak at once, though he assured him that nothing whatever that he could communicate would save him from the doom that awaited him.

"For such a boon, noble governor," said Tudor, "I shall not ask, but I would plead for the young prisoner who came with me. He was a traveller on the mountains, and passing near our camp lay down to rest amongst us; and when, by a traitorous act, the English came upon us while we slept, he was made a captive. For this young hero I would enlist all thy sympathy; he has done nothing worthy of death. For me, I am old, and life cannot in the ordinary course of things hold out much longer; but for Evan life has a thousand charms, and more than one heart will break if he suffer. Oh, spare him!—save him if thou canst; his only crime is a bold brave heart, and thou, perhaps, hast a son guilty of the same fault."

The governor gazed at the speaker (who, still clad in his Welsh costume, looked more like a warrior than a doomed captive), and as he remembered that indeed he had a son acknowledged the boldest and bravest

youth in the young Prince Henry's army, he said in haste—

“Hast thou nothing more to say?”

“Nothing more,” was the reply; but, as some of the fearlessness inherent in his race rushed to Tudor's aid at that moment, he said as he clasped his hands together—“Oh! thou canst not, thou darrest not let my appeal be disregarded; the King of England I know thirsts for the blood of the nation that has harassed him so long, and would not tolerate indulgence towards *one* of my people; yet, for all that, he is brave, and would not methinks willingly shed the blood of the guiltless.”

The governor turned to leave the cell, though as he did so he said—

“Thy appeal shall *not* be disregarded, though I fear there is no hope, for there are more charges against the man Evan than thou knowest.”

While the noble Robert Tudor pleaded for Evan's life to be spared, efforts were also being made in Wales. Glendower could do nothing, though he had thought of many plans; and it was not until he had looked upon his army, after he had indulged in the thought that he might collect strength enough to go and attack the town and Castle of Chester, that he came to the sad conclusion that he was too weak, and altogether unable to raise one hand to rescue the young chieftain his heart clung to.

At Maelor Castle the scene was different; hope and determination increased day after day, and Lady Maelor tried to hope against overwhelming persuasions that all hope was vain; while Ida, the beautiful,

impetuous girl, rose above the terrible woe which had bowed her down, and infused an unusual bravery into the hearts of them all. What was life to her without Evan?—what cared they for any danger that could come between them? Their love had that peculiar bliss which ever clings to an affection that begins in youth, and every terror—the mountain wilds, the enemy's country, the dark dungeon, and even the King of England himself—she determined to confront, rather than Evan should perish. Then, and not till then, would she yield to despair; and as she raised her small white hands imploringly to Heaven, a sudden bound was felt in every heart at the expression on her lovely face, and her earnest soul-stirring prayer for help from on high.

Ida had determined to follow Evan to Chester, where she hoped to meet with the young Prince Henry, and plead for the captive's life to be spared; but Lady Maelor shrank from exposing one so beautiful to such trial and danger as she must necessarily encounter, and tried to persuade herself that it would be better to gain the sympathy of some English lord, to whom a formal petition to the king might be entrusted. But when she named it to Ida she was surprised, though she could not blame the indignation she showed at the thought of tarrying when the sword hung over her loved one's head.

"Oh! Lady Maelor," she said, as she grasped her hand, "Evan believes I shall come, and thou knowest well that we are all the world to each other. Were it David instead of Evan pining in a dungeon, wouldst thou tarry for a friend to save him?"

Lady Maelor clasped her to her bosom. "Nay, Ida," she said, "I feel for thee—thou shalt go; what care I for the King of England, though he *has* cruelly named me as a traitor through his dominions? No, Ida, we will go together—Evan must not die."

Night, with all its memories, fears, and glooms, was closing, and as they sat around the hearth weaving plans for the future, they little dreamt that other hearts beside their own throbbed to rescue Evan.

The Earl of Arundel accompanied his nephew some distance on the road the morning the prisoners were conveyed to Chester; but when they parted, and the earl returned, a strange mingling of thought came over him as he rode along. Firm to the house of Lancaster, and ever willing to show his king how earnest he was at all times to bow to his allegiance, there was a struggle in his heart more than once, when circumstances drew him towards the hapless people who were under the heavy displeasure of his royal master. The earl's family connexions were powerful, and he knew full well that the king valued their countenance and support, yet he also knew how utterly regardless the monarch had sometimes been of a brave heart that had offended him; and as he watched the hapless warriors retreating from his sight, he wondered if he dared say one word for them to the governor of Chester Castle.

It was the lovely vale of Llangollen in all its pristine beauty through which the earl rode, and as its many murmuring sounds fell upon his ear, they helped to touch the heart that was not always proof against ten-

derness; but the day wore on, the people in the town continued to talk of the incidents of the morning, and the earl, as he sat in converse with his wife, more than once spoke of the beautiful woman for whose sake their hearts had turned to their own nation's foes. Three days had passed, and their interest in the captives had not abated, when there came news to Dinas Bran that the King of England was about negotiating for the release of the almost forgotten David Gam, who, for nearly ten years, had endured a well-deserved captivity; and as the earl went to inform Lord Grey of the fact, he wondered whether he had yet inflicted all the woe he had intended upon his hapless wife. Something unusual seemed to be moving in the castle as the earl entered, there was a smile too upon Lord Grey's face as he welcomed his friend; and when the earl told him that the king was going to humble himself to Glendower, and ask for the release of Gam, he was astonished to hear him reply—"Glendower should ask for Evan." What! thought the earl in a moment, release the man whose captivity had appeared to give his friend such joy? It was what he had not expected to hear, and probably he displayed his surprise as he gazed at the speaker.

"My noble friend," said Lord Grey, "the heart is sometimes deceived; in these times of civil discord we become prejudiced, and often judge too quickly of men's actions. Perhaps Evan, after all, ill deserves our anger; he has doubtless been misguided by others older than himself; better, methinks, give him his liberty again, than shed his blood."

"True, my lord," replied the earl; "but who can

ever trust a traitor? He who has not scrupled to betray once is liable to do it again."

"Pray, whom has Evan betrayed? Not that I would ever palliate one act of any of the Welsh. Mistake me not, noble earl, I only want the truth; whom has Evan betrayed?"

"His nation," replied the earl, "for is not King Henry the lawful sovereign of Wales, and has not Evan excited the peasantry to join with him in open rebellion against him? He has, my lord, and thou knowest that the doom of the traitor is death."

"Ah, more's the pity," said Lord Grey, "though it is not always carried into effect, otherwise David Gam had not now been a subject of ransom. It may be that Evan's friends may intercede, and if Gwendower is willing to accept a ransom for Gam, our king may perhaps accept one for Evan."

The earl soon found that Lord Grey, more confiding than himself, was sincere in his wishes about Evan; and though utterly unable to account for the change, he sat some time with him trying to invent some plan by which the captive's life could be spared; and while with folded arms they walked side by side up and down the richly furnished apartment, their hearts grew as anxious for the young hero as those who mourned him at Maelor Castle.

Many a writ and cruel mandate had been issued by the King of England during the last twelve years to afflict the Welsh; immense armies had been raised, battles fought, castles and towns had been garrisoned from one end of Wales to the other, and many thousand warriors had fallen. Still Wales, though crushed and

bleeding from fresh deep wounds, was not subdued ; and the mighty spirit, like a monster wave sweeping all along the shore, had perhaps now only retreated to sweep on again with redoubled force.

The garrisons round Snowdon were stronger than they had ever been, yet there was a consciousness in many hearts that the unconquered hero was still to be feared ; and was it possible that such a thought ever possessed the king ? Then why did he condescend to treat with the outlaw for a ransom ? Nay, for ten long years Glendower had, through all the fluctuations of his career, been able to detain in captivity the traitor coward ; and now, after all the success in war and friendly negotiations had failed in obtaining him, Henry acknowledged the power of the foe he had vainly tried to conquer, by treating with him, as he would have done with any sovereign upon earth, for Gam's release.

Far different indeed was the king's writ now ; no command, no threat, nor bitter words appeared on it ; and Llewelyn, Gam's father, hastened with it into Wales. Glendower received the royal deed from the hands of two of his chieftains, who, attended by a company of soldiers, had received it from Llewelyn at one of the outposts of Snowdon ; then as he read it, with not a whit less pride than that which surrounded him when his fortune was brightest, he turned to his chieftains, and told them what the deed contained ; then he retold the circumstances which caused Gam's imprisonment, reminded them of the long dreary captivity, and asked them if they were willing he should accept the terms of ransom. " To us, my noble men,"

he said, "Gam's captivity or release is of little moment ; we lose no coveted favour by detaining him, nor win any by setting him free ; yet in doing the latter more than one brave heart might be restored to us, for the King of England offers two, provided they take up arms no more. Now, my brave chieftains, let us give an unreserved freedom to the traitor, and ask our own countrymen on the same terms. Kynaston and Adda of Trefor are the two offered in exchange. Shall we accept and give, or shall we refuse? We appeal to thee, because we know thy worth and devotion. Say, then, shall we give liberty to the traitor?"

"Our will is yours, most noble prince," said the chieftains. "As *you* will, we would let it be."

Glendower's terms of agreement were soon despatched to Gam's father, who, fully empowered by King Henry, accepted the proposal ; and on the following day Llewelyn signed on behalf of England, and Sir John Tiptofte for Glendower.

They had met together once again in Evan's house. He whom they still called Prince sat in state amongst his chieftains, and the Dragon waved in the breeze from the castle tower. Sixty summers had passed over the prince's head, which later years had slightly tinged with grey, but his spirit was nothing abated, and much of the native fire in his heart burst out again as he sat with his chieftains in the audience hall of the castle.

There was silence for a moment ; the bards ceased their strains, as one whom they had almost forgotten was brought in and placed before them. There were chains upon his feet ; his hands were also secured, and

his face seemed to have lost that fierce darkness which lurked there when they saw him before. It was the traitor Gam, whom ten long years of captivity had made a wiser, if not a better man. There was a sadness upon the pale face that went direct to the heart of his captor, which ever cherished one little germ of nature—his own; his chequered career was for his country.

A slight colour rose upon the captive's cheek as he approached Glendower's seat; perhaps it came from shame, perhaps from hate; but the eye still retained its brightness. He may have felt, that to pass ten years in a dungeon was a sufficient punishment for the deed for which he was imprisoned, and that the long-subdued spirit had a right to rise again when the captivity was ended.

"David Gam," said Glendower, as he gazed at him, "thine was a cruel heart, to clothe itself in the garb of friendship that thou mightest end the life of him who never wronged thee; and more so, when thou knewest that it would bring woe to many thousand hearts that were indulging in the brightest hopes. What was thy hand that it should clothe a nation in woe? Oh! Gam, it was a deed unworthy a heart that can boast its lineage from Wales; we had rather seen thee encounter the troubles that were sweeping thy country than turn its traitor. But thou hast suffered; yet as time fleets on, and future ages look back upon us who struggled for our country's freedom, how shall thy name appear? But we will remove thy chains, and bid thee go; recover, if thou canst, some of thy lost honour, though remember, the blot upon thy name will darken it for ever."

Gam stood unmoved as Glendower spoke, though the colour fled from his cheek, leaving it paler than before, and the heaving of his bosom was visible through the tight-fitting tunic that covered it. Two chieftains now approached, and removed the chains he had worn so long, when, as soon as his hands were freed, he clasped them together over his bosom, as if to still its beatings, yet not a word fell from his lips.

"David Gam," said Glendower, when he saw him unfettered, "thou art free; follow the company waiting at yonder door, and they will restore thee to thy father."

Perhaps something Glendower had spoken touched his heart, else the change from his dungeon to freedom overcame him, for his lip quivered, and there was no deeper hue upon it than on his cheek; but the conflict was too strong for words, so, without uttering *one*, he turned and left the apartment.

They were rejoicing at Snowdon: David Gam was gone, two noble chieftains were restored, and they met round the festive board to welcome them again; and the spirit, as untamed as ever, echoed loud and long round Evan's home—but where was he? More than once a thought had been wafted to him, and more than once silence reigned throughout the banqueting-room at the mention of his name. Robert Tudor too, the noble old hero, who had risked so much in crossing from Anglesea, was missed from his accustomed place, and sometimes a high burst of joy in some heart was suddenly checked as the eye fell upon his empty seat. The banquet ended, once more the

sound of joy ceased to fall upon the ear, and the passing moonbeams fell softly upon the lonely sentinel.

There is a strange peculiarity about the moonlight of the mountains, and well may superstition be inherent with those who dwell there; for the grim shadows, the deep blackness, then the bright moonlit spots, with the waving trees, and the many sounds now rushing hither and thither, then dying into the softest calm, all help to feast the imagination, and conjure up ideas which can only flourish under such influences. It is no marvel then that the sentinel stood upon his beat and gazed with a fearful eye into the darkness beyond, for he had thought of his captive master while the chieftains revelled, and something like the dark dress, and more especially the heron's feather, flitted before him down the hillside; he stayed—called three times upon the shadow which had startled him—then devoutly wishing for the morning, he continued his lonely watch.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

No sign or sound of fear  
Came from that lip of pride;  
And never king or conqueror's brow  
Wore higher look than did his now.

L. E. L.

It was a clear bright morning in spring, birds and flowers alike seemed to enjoy the sun's warmth, and a large company of soldiers, apparently equipped for travelling, waited before the door of Maelor Castle.

Four months had passed since Evan had been captured; he was still in prison, and petitions had been sent to the young Prince Henry, to Lisle, the knight-marshal of England, and to the governor of Chester Castle, begging them to plead with the king for Evan's life to be spared; but Lady Maelor had now equipped herself for travelling, and the beautiful Ida was ready to bear her company. She had heard that the Earl of Arundel stood high in the king's favour, and she had remembered an incident which had occurred many years before, when fortune was less bright with him than now, an incident by which she sheltered him from the vindictive wrath of a powerful enemy, and she determined to brave all feelings of Lancastrian loyalty which the earl might have, and ask his aid.

The road to Dinas Bran was intricate and toilsome; many miles of mountain path would have to be tra-

valled on foot; but the heart had overcome all obstacles, and Lady Maelor looked upon the journey as the least difficulty in the way.

Gilbert accompanied Lady Maelor, for she would on no account allow David to leave the castle, as it gave her some comfort to know, that if she never returned, there was yet a brave representative of her family remaining.

The party journeyed on; many times Lady Maelor desired them to halt and rest awhile upon the mountain side, for no other reason than because Ida had ceased to talk, and her kind heart mistook deep thought for weariness.

Many brave men, whom the power of England could not reach, dwelt amongst the mountains, and a fierce fire burned in many honest bosoms when they heard the story of their not unwelcome guests. Sometimes, when horses could not be obtained, a kindly ox bore them on through the forests, and at the end of four days they saw, through the opening of two hills, the lofty summit of Dinas Bran. Guests at the castle were scarcely noticed now by the people at Llangollen, for the unsettled state of the country had many times brought strangers there, and except when prisoners came, little notice was taken of any one going along; so that when Lady Maelor passed down the one narrow street, a few children, and an old man who kept the bridge, were the only signs of life in the quiet town.

The small company arrived at the outpost of the castle, and Lady Maelor requested an interview with its noble possessor; but all her fond hopes were

destroyed when the warder told her that his master had, a few days previous, been summoned to England. "To England!" said Ida, "oh, tell me where!" and the man, moved at her earnestness, replied—"To Chester, lady; preparations are being made to execute some prisoners, though before that, I believe, they are to have a trial, and the earl has gone to be present."

A short, sharp cry burst from Lady Maelor; but before she could reply to the thoughtless manner of the warder, Ida fell forward into her arms, and she sat down upon a seat to support the fainting form; then calmly taking from her bosom a packet, she gave it to the warder, as she said—"Convey this at once to Lady Arundel, and tell her the bearer waits an answer."

The man, whose curiosity was excited by the appearance of them, bowed as he took the parcel, and then conveyed it to Lady Arundel. Ida had scarcely recovered before the warder returned, when they followed him up the dark winding stair leading to the summit of the rock, where Lady Maelor left Ida, she herself being conducted to the room where Lady Arundel awaited her. She had never seen the noble woman before, yet many fluttering hopes were so calmed on entering the room, that she crossed the floor with her usual stateliness.

Lady Arundel arose from her seat, and, extending her hand to her visitor, she said—

"Welcome, my friend; I have often wished to see thee; for though many years have passed since the earl received such service at thy hands, he has never

forgotten it, and the name of Lady Emma (we will not say Maelor) is not unfamiliar with us; indeed, *we* have a little Emma, and it may comfort thee perhaps to know that thou wert remembered when we named her."

Lady Maelor sat down beside Lady Arundel, and her eyes filled with tears at so much tenderness; but when she thought that the name of Maelor was hushed, she remembered the cruel proscription, and her cheek flushed as if in anger; but it was momentary, for, remembering her errand, she replied—

"It gives me pleasure to meet thee, noble Countess of Arundel, so worthy the man whose life I once risked my own to save; and it is upon the recollection of that deed that I have this day intruded." Then with all the deep feelings of a mother's heart she told of the long years of love between Evan and Ida—the bravery of the one, and the beauty of the other; and the mighty sovereign of England little knew that the wife of his most favourite minister was proffering all her help and sympathy to a sorrowing daughter of Wales.

The night drew on; Ida joined the two high-born women, who, waiving all feeling of national enmity, had become linked together by a touch of woe; and as she told them of many little joys which had marked her youth with Evan, all her love and hopes now sadly blighted, Lady Arundel pressed her small feverish hand, and assured her that she would, if possible, win the earl's sympathies and assistance.

The executions of which the warder had spoken so heedlessly were only his own anticipations, though

the trial—a mock one—was indeed being held at Chester Castle.

The release of the notorious David Gam by an exchange of prisoners soon became known throughout the country, and the king felt humbled at having been obliged to negotiate, instead of compelling Glendower to restore him. Disease and an unhappy conscience, with the growing power of the Parliament, to whose will the king's ambition was often, for the safety of his crown, obliged to bow, caused remorse and wretchedness, while nothing softened his cruel, unscrupulous heart; and as his hatred seemed to rise once more against Wales, he remembered there were prisoners at Chester.

Windsor Castle and the Tower had already given up to execution all the unhappy warriors who had been imprisoned there during the insurrection, but thirsting revenge required more to satiate it.

What cared the monarch for a trial of his prisoners? Many had suffered death without one; but the Commons had become more powerful, and had demanded the privilege, which the king granted, perhaps because he knew that on more than one occasion that body had acted with entire independence.

They were busy at Chester Castle; many nobles had met there, and the two Tudors stood with an undaunted mien before their accusers. The young Prince Henry, with some of his father's failings, but many virtues peculiarly his own, sat with pride as his father's representative.

The charges against the two captives were all too truly proved, and though the trial continued some

hours, they were doomed to death almost at the opening. Evan was not with them; perhaps some powerful heart had been touched for his sake, for in those days of party zeal sometimes a single word was effectual. More than once Robert Tudor had gazed round upon the assembly for Evan, but after his eye had fallen everywhere in vain, he turned and listened to his own doom. "Traitor, death!" were words too bitter to bear, and in a moment of silence he gazed earnestly on the prince as he said—"Most mighty Prince Henry of England, it matters little to an old man that his life is shortened, but as I stand here in the presence of brave and noble hearts, I swear by the Holy Mary that thou hast falsely accused me. I, Robert Tudor of Anglesea, a traitor! nay, *never* have I yet been a subject of England." And laying his hand upon his bosom he added—"This heart never acknowledged but *one* sovereign, the mighty and the noble Glendower, and for him only this heart will ever beat. Oh! mighty prince, I ask for no clemency, it is a high glory to die for one's country; but remember, Robert Tudor was no traitor, neither was the sovereign he served a usurper."

There was not a sound while the chieftain spoke, but as his last words fell, the assembly started up in anger, and the brave old hero, with his less brave brother, was taken immediately back to a gloomy cell, where, deprived of most of the comforts they had hitherto enjoyed, the remaining days of their existence were rendered cruelly wretched.

Oh, how hard is the heart that can rejoice at another's woe, and how utterly lost to all feelings of

humanity is he who can help to crush where he ought to save! Bright indeed would that name now appear, and cherished 'would be the memory of him who had pleaded, not for pardon but for mercy towards the Welsh prisoners who suffered such cruel captivity, and ended it upon the block.

Not a voice was raised in behalf of the brothers Tudor, but when the trial was over, nearly all who had judged and condemned them retired without another thought to some other scene.

All save the Earl of Arundel had left the castle, and his appearance, as he sat in conversation with the governor, betokened no readiness to leave. It may have been that some of the petitions sent on Evan's behalf had been effectual, else by one of those incidents which occasionally happen directly opposite to every expectation, he was not cited to appear at the trial; and the earl lingered at the castle to ascertain, if possible, the cause. The governor, whom Evan's undaunted bearing and apparent youth had deeply interested, readily answered the earl's cautious inquiries, though all he could learn was, that Evan's name had not appeared upon the king's writ, and he was still a prisoner in the castle; then the governor volunteered a regret that one so noble should be lost to *any* cause. "Far better would it be," he added, "if that proud spirit, which must ultimately prove their ruin, could be subdued; for, though I feel bound to exercise my authority to the fullest extent, believe me, noble earl, my heart has felt for them more than once."

"Do you mean the nation, or only the prisoners now in the castle?" inquired the earl.

"For them all, for any nation under the sun, deluded as they are by a profligate outlaw; yet, by St. George, they deserve to smart for being led by him. This young man Evan, it may be, is to be pitied. How old is he, think you—thirty? Perhaps not so much, for he looks very young; he must have been a boy when he joined the rebels."

It was not often the governor made so long a speech; he was a man of but few words generally; but he had a noble listener, and his heart had warmed towards the captives, whom his office compelled him to treat severely.

"One brave heart," replied the earl, "can always regard bravery in another, and I am not surprised to find thee regretting the fate of so many of the Welsh. I have regretted it, yet if they continue in arms we cannot avoid it. Hast thou any hope that Evan's life will be spared?"

"Nay, no hope," said the governor; "his turn will come sooner or later."

The earl did not leave the castle that night, and it was late before he and the governor parted; and when he entered his sleeping chamber it was not to rest, for he paced up and down during the greater part of the remaining hours of the night, exerting, as he had done with Lord Grey, every iota of his imagination to frame a plan to save Evan. He had heard of his love and devotion for Ida, though he had never seen her, and little thought she was then an inmate of his own dwelling; and he had also heard, no matter how, that the beautiful lady of Ruthin had, in years gone by, given him the heart Lord Grey had never tried to win. The escape from Ruthin Castle was an

incident readily explained in his own mind, and he felt that for Ida, and also for the sake of the injured wife of Lord Grey, he could almost brave the fury of the King of England rather than see Evan die. He knew that Lady Grey's affection for the captive was now only a thing of the past, but he also knew something of the human heart, and would do anything to save her a pang, though he knew full well her bosom had lost much of its sensitiveness for ever.

While the Earl of Arundel thus meditated and night sped on, he was not the only one whom sleep refused to visit. The two captive brothers were placed in the same dungeon together, and for the first time for many years they stood face to face. Two sentinels sat with the prisoners as guards, and as the door closed, leaving them there, Robert Tudor arose and approached his brother.

"William, my brother," he said, gazing at him with an eye as piercing as it was dark, "many years have passed since we met; the same fate now awaits us, but how different has been our course! Thou hast forsaken the country of thy birth, and wouldst have betrayed to a cruel death a prince of thine own blood. Oh! thou false brother, what reward hast thou reaped? The same doom indeed is ours, but I, unshaken, faithful to my country, *not* a traitor, can meet it as I have ever met the foe. But I'll not reproach thee more;" and, as he threw his arms round his brother's neck, he said, "let the world upbraid thee if it will, but sons of one mother must forgive and be forgiven; the same doom is ours, and we die together."

Many a rough scene had passed in that dungeon, and much that was calculated to harden the heart had been the lot of the two sentinels; but they were moved at the meeting of the brothers, and stood with arms folded gazing silently at them; and it was not until the night had far gone, and the warriors had laid down side by side on their rude pallet, that the sentinels became as regardless as was their wont, and made the dungeon echo with their mirth and loud talking.

In Evan's cell a scene was passing too, but it was a lonely one. Not a word had come to cheer the prison from her he loved, and as the moonbeams fell upon the floor through the grating in the wall, he sat down upon his seat in despair.

Meanwhile they were busy in the town of Chester making ready for the execution; the nobles with their young prince were returning to London, and the news sped on from town to town. But this is a sad portion of our story. Let it suffice that the two heroes were the next day drawn through the town of Chester, and then executed, and the Earl of Arundel returned to Dinas Bran.

How often do we find a bold heart shrinking from the scene which in contemplation he had vowed to brave. It was so now with the Earl of Arundel. Perhaps the late sanguinary incident at Chester had subdued the feeling he had had towards Evan, for he trembled when he reached Dinas Bran to find who were its inmates; though when Lady Arundel reminded him of other years, and the obligation he was under to his noble guest—told too of her suffer-

ings and trials, and endeavoured to show that it was the same principle which led her to benefit him in the hour of distress that actuated her now—his heart beat warmly again, and he was soon willing to give all the aid they asked in favour of Evan.

Ida's young lovely face had no occasion to appeal to him a second time; and, as he took her small hand within his own, he promised to exert his utmost power for him around whom all her young affection had twined.

The summer had passed, the month of November with its misty shadows and gloom had begun; in England the mind of both king and people was occupied by an expedition to France under the command of the monarch's second son, the young Duke of Clarence. Wales, with the exception of a few skirmishes with the English garrisons, was for the present quiet, and the hapless Evan still lingered in the castle at Chester.

Gilbert had returned to the Berwyns, the vassals had returned also, and Lady Maelor and Ida, assuming other names, agreed to pass the winter at Dinas Bran, under the fond hope of yet saving Evan.

But, reader, hast thou forgotten Lady Grey? Leave Ida for awhile, and return to Ruthin Castle, for a sympathetic word mayhap has often escaped thy bosom over the page of story which has told the sorrows of that ill-starred daughter of Wales.

The summer had been hot and sultry, and as the beauteous flowers faded, the deep flush returned to the cheek of Lady Grey, and the frame which had so long wasted grew weaker. Lord Grey had fully atoned

for his cruelty, and strove with a devotion and affection worthy the fondest heart to make the flower he had too truly crushed bloom again; but though it did revive, and long months blessed the hearts so long disunited, it withered too soon. Lord Grey saw with keen distress the effect of his own conduct; for the intensity with which his wife had felt every cruelty he had inflicted, and every woe of her hard lot, had so crushed her spirit, that it was unable, when the storms of life were over, to flutter back, and she died with the last leaves of autumn.

It was a calm, still evening, not a sound seemed to float upon the air where death hovered round the castle; but ere the shadows of night fell, a deep moan echoed through that ancient dwelling for the beautiful woman they had lost. Truly the heart knew its own bitterness that night at Ruthin, and as the broad black flag was drawn half-way up the flagstaff over the castle-door it seemed to partake of the sorrow, and hung mournfully down as if in woe.

They buried Lady Grey, and the people of Ruthin forgot when they mourned her that she was the daughter of him from whose avenging hand they had scarcely yet recovered; or perhaps they knew that her heart had been broken, and could weep the fate of a noble daughter of their race, even though her father had so terribly injured them.

With Lord Grey's sorrow came bitter, keen remorse, which time only could remove; but let us leave him now to the sad associations of his lonely home, and turn to Snowdon.

Another arrow pierced Glendower's bosom when

they told him his daughter was dead, and there was sad truth in his words, that his beloved Jane was another sacrifice offered for his country's freedom. There was no revel that night amongst the chieftains. Glendower's soul was torn, and the harper's death-song echoed until the morning; then the mighty woe was past, and the prince's hair was more whitened.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

And thus we meet, that loved, and did but part  
 As for a few brief hours!—my friend, my friend!  
 First love and only one. \* \* \*  
 How have I watched for thee, wept, wandered, prayed,  
 Met the fierce mountain torrent undismayed  
 In search of thee.

HEMANS.

It was the last day of November, 1412. The Earl of Arundel had made the journey to Chester rather often of late. This morning they were all busy at Dinas Bran, for he was about setting off again, and his guests were making ready to accompany him. All was ready; six vassals waited with horses at the foot of the steep pathway, and Lady Maelor, having assumed her husband's Christian name, left the castle as Lady Griffith, and the beautiful Ida as her daughter.

Lady Arundel had wept when she bade farewell to her friends, and now, as she looked down upon them from the castle, her kind heart breathed a fervent prayer that all Ida's dreams of love and hope might be realized, and that the path of her young life might be brighter.

The travelling party were soon out of sight of the castle, and as the day was closing they came in sight of Chester. Ida had kept up well during the journey,

but there was too much in the gloomy-looking castle before her to admit of calmness now, and as she drew near, her heart beat so wildly, her power to control herself was so entirely gone, that, as they stayed at the castle gate, she only saved herself from falling by clinging to the horse's neck. She was carried into the castle, and the little event proved to be one of some service; for almost at the same instant came three horsemen up to the postern gate, who requested admittance in the name of the king.

The Earl of Arundel had seen the horsemen nearing the castle, and suddenly recognised one of them to be Sir William Lisle, the knight-marshal of England. In another moment, fearing lest their errand might concern Evan, and more particularly lest they should discover the part he was taking, he turned away from the castle and rode forward to meet Lisle and his companions.

The four noblemen being on the very best terms with each other met cordially, and the earl, appearing to take no notice of the company at the gate, talked loudly as he passed by, which so absorbed the attention of the new guests, that without observing anything that was passing they dashed on with their steeds to the castle door.

From the earl's strange manner Lady Maelor grew fearful; she had watched the colour fade suddenly from his cheek, and she was not sufficiently versed in such incidents to account for the change.

As the earl passed on with his friends, Lady Maelor followed in another direction those who were carrying Ida, and she was not a little astonished to

find that though she had not spoken a word to any one, she was conducted to a spacious apartment, where the governor's wife waited to receive her.

Lady Maelor's heart almost failed her now, for the earl had not told her under what circumstances she was to be admitted to the castle, and his sudden departure, with her own more sudden introduction to the governor's wife so alarmed her, that she sunk down upon a seat beside Ida. A soft touch startled her, and a kind voice said—

"Noble lady, has thy journey wearied thee, or art thou alarmed at the appearance of the knights who just came to the castle? Fear not to confide in me. I know all thy troubles, and also the disguise under which thou art here. Much has been risked to accomplish thy coming, but thou art safe; fear not the knight-marshal and his companions, they are not on business. There has been a tournament not far away, and many noblemen are in the neighbourhood; but they will not stay long."

"How long," said Ida, grasping the friendly hand, while a deep hue covered her face; but the sudden consciousness of having betrayed herself smote her, and sinking back in her chair, she covered her face with her hands.

"Daughter," said the kind lady of the castle, "wouldst thou blush to own a love a queen might covet, or dost thou think that the affection between thee and our noble captive is a thing unknown to me? Reflect for a moment, and then ask thyself how it were possible for thee to have been here without my knowing something about thee?"

Such kindness and genuine interest was the best introduction Lady Maelor could have received, as it assured her that all scruples might be waived, and relieved her bosom of a weight of care. Ida, too, appeared more cheerful, and as a little colour spread upon her cheek, the governor's wife said, with a smile—

“Thou art looking better even now—come, thou must be happy—Evan must not see thee pale and sad.”

At the sound of that magic name, Ida's heart beat afresh, and she grew impatient to see him.

It was cruel to keep her in suspense, but they could not help it; the knight-marshal was too important a person to treat with disrespect, and it was no small annoyance to the governor and the earl to hear him ask accommodation for the night. To go to Evan's dungeon while he was in the castle was utterly impossible, for he was a bitter persecutor of the Welsh, and the governor dreaded lest he should at all remember the captive, for he knew how eager he would be to remind the king that he still lingered at Chester.

Elated with the pleasure of the day, and well pleased at the attention and good fare which the governor thought good to bestow upon him, the marshal and his friends sat until a late hour of the night, talking chiefly of the events of the tournament, though the conversation more than once turned on Wales; but the earl with a ready tact drew attention to something else, and never had the governor's heart felt lighter than when the

marshal rose up to follow the man who had been summoned to conduct him to his sleeping chamber. He heard him request his companions to make the most of their few hours' rest, as they must leave early in the morning; then turning round to the governor, he added, "Sir John, we must forego thy hospitality early to-morrow, and would have the horses accoutred by sunrise."

"They shall be ready, marshal," said the governor; "but sunrise! that is soon to commence a journey at this season of the year."

"Which must be our penalty for tarrying here to-night," replied the marshal; "indeed, Sir John, were there more of us, we should start before daylight: I should not have tarried now, but I could not resist the tournament, and then I could not resist thy kind hospitality. I would recommend thee to make thy quarters less comfortable to some of thy guests."

The marshal meant nothing; it was merely a random speech, more out of compliment than anything else; yet the governor's cheek changed colour, but it was unobserved by the marshal, for as he finished speaking, he followed the man to the sleeping-chamber.

The Earl of Arundel had already retired to rest, though still round the midnight lamp sat Lady Maelor and Ida; and as the governor's wife rose up to meet her husband, on hearing his step approach the door, she begged him to say something comforting to the young heart she had vainly tried to soothe.

"Dear lady," said the governor, taking Ida's

hand, "Evan is safe; the marshal leaves early in the morning, and then, if possible, thou shalt see him; he knows nothing of thy being here, so that this disappointment is thine only."

"But should the marshal stay," replied Ida.

"Nay, lady, we have seen too much to indulge in so slight cause for fear. Calm thyself a little longer, for it would be unsafe to let our guests know that we have any visitors besides themselves in the castle." Then addressing Lady Maelor he said, "Thou, perhaps, knowest that there is too much licentiousness amongst our English nobles, to let a word of thy daughter's presence be told to the marshal or his companions; to-morrow it will matter little, but we are lost if we attempt anything to-night."

How much can the human heart at times endure! Ida heard all that passed, and calmer than she had been for some time, she gave her hand to Lady Maelor, and asked to retire.

The sun had long risen before Ida awoke; for, overwhelmed and exhausted, she had sunk into a heavy slumber, but not too deep to be unrefreshing; and when she awoke, Lady Maelor kissed the cheek she thought more beautiful than ever.

The marshal and his companions were gone, the governor had sat some time in Evan's cell, and Ida, with a heart too full to partake of the morning meal, sat rocking her foot to and fro, waiting for him to return.

There was a sound upon the stair, which Ida's quick ear soon caught, and as she started up, the door opened, and the governor, with a smile, told her to

accompany him: she was by his side before he had ceased speaking, and Lady Maelor, taking her hand, followed also.

How the lip quivered, the bosom heaved, and the cheek burned with an inward fire as she neared the cell; and Lady Maelor felt the fervour of her own youth returning, when the key turned in the dungeon door. The long, cold, dark passages through which they had passed had struck them with fear; but the cell was gained, and as the door opened, Ida, with one sharp cry, was in Evan's arms.

"Oh! Ida, Ida," said Evan, clasping her to his heart, "thou *hast* then come to me;" but his head drooped upon her neck, for he could say no more until the first burst of feeling was over; then, with all the passion of his soul, he continued, "Oh! Ida, Ida, how often have I dreamt your heart was broken! Speak to me, Ida, speak! say but one word,"—and warm tears fell upon her cheeks as he kissed her. But Ida *could not* speak, she could only weep upon his bosom, and it was well she could do even that. The governor had left the dungeon as soon as he had opened the door, but Lady Maelor had heard all the fond outpourings of their love; yet there was no tear in her eye, she stood before them as one unable to move, and there was a deep crimson upon her cheek.

Evan sank upon a seat, with Ida still in his arms, and as he pressed her again to his heart he thought of Lady Maelor. "Kind, good, noble friend," he said, addressing her, "thou hast indeed watched over and kept from harm this tender girl; God bless thee,

Lady Maelor!" but his fond heart was full, and he could only bend his head again over Ida.

"Evan, Evan," said Lady Maelor, after watching him some time, "this is weakness;" and laying her hand upon his shoulder, she added, "control thy heart, and be brave, as thou wert ever wont."

"Brave! Lady Maelor," Evan replied; "what has borne me up now for nearly a year in this gloomy cell but bravery? It has made me scorn to repine, or yield to all the despair such a place like this might well create; nay, I *have* been brave, and am now, but thou knowest little of my love for Ida, or how my heart has been torn at being parted from her: had I not been brave, I should not have lived till now."

"Forgive me, Evan," said Lady Maelor, with some warmth, "I did not, could not think thy bold, brave heart had changed. I would not have seen thee less moved at meeting Ida, but more incensed against the power that keeps thee a captive here. I could have wept as bitterly as thou hast, but when I saw thy woe, I felt that I could crush the power that severed such affection, and then I could not weep. But I was wrong; such feelings would have availed *thee* nothing, but now thy woe is in a measure passed." And as tears at this moment started to her eyes, Evan and Ida remembered that there was a fond heart in *that* bosom now heaving for their sakes, and they each strove to comfort her.

"I was wrong, indeed," she uttered, as she dried her tears. "Comfort each other; the cruel Henry may part you for ever to-morrow."

"He may, indeed," said Evan, as he drew Ida to his side; "why he has spared me thus long, I know

not—perhaps to increase my woe. Poor Ida! ill-fated girl—double sufferer of a king's vengeance. Richard robbed thee of a father, and Henry robs thee of me; what wilt thou do, poor, hapless girl?"

Ida's heart was bursting with grief, but she tried to soothe Evan's, and begged him to hope that the king would pardon him.

"Oh! Ida, dearest, fondest one," he replied, "what would life be to me without thee? Our country free, our princely line restored, would be nothing if I had not thee. Oh! Ida, Ida;" and with all the fervour of his nature he sat in the gloomy dungeon, weeping over and straining her to his fond, manly heart. "Let us weep no more, dear one," he said, as he wiped the tears from her cheek. "I have no hope to give thee that I shall ever return to Wales; yet we will not despair, we will be as brave as when we were free upon the heights of Snowdon. Oh! Ida, to be there again!" and as all the memories of the past returned, all his hopes of life rose up before him at the mention of that sacred word; his head drooped as before, and he was no more able to contend with the terrible woe which had overtaken him, than the young fragile creature that wept upon his bosom.

Time hurried on, while Evan and Ida sat mingling their tears together. It was the hour of noon; the door of Evan's dungeon opened, and the governor told them they must leave each other for the present. There was no particular danger, he said; yet at that hour of the day they were not quite safe from intrusion, and he bade Ida follow him; though it was not until he assured her that if all was well she should come again in the evening, that she could consent to

go; and even then, as she turned to leave, the remembrance of the many times she had parted with Evan before came back, and throwing her arms round his neck, she refused to leave him.

The governor's heart was scarcely stern enough for his office, and for a moment he turned to another part of the dungeon. Lady Maelor also moved away, and Evan, speaking in low whispers words of love, and his wish that she should obey the kind governor, pressed a fond kiss upon her lips, and they parted again.

Three weeks had passed, the Earl of Arundel had returned home, but Lady Maelor and Ida were still guests at Chester Castle. Evan's captivity had lost much of its bitterness, for as often as opportunity offered, Lady Maelor and Ida shared his cell; and, though rudely furnished, dark and gloomy enough to chill every vein in the captive's bosom, with Ida, the charm, the soulspring of his existence—his oasis in life's desert, every shadow fled, and more happiness came to the tenants of that dungeon than the mighty sovereign of England, with all his state and pride, could ever know.

Much of Ida's bright spirit had returned, and Lady Maelor would fain have gone back to her castle in the Berwyns, but those two fond hearts could not consent to be severed; and while they tarried day after day the autumn passed, the winter's snow fell deeply, and blocked up all the paths, so that the courier who, under the auspices of the Governor of Chester Castle, kept up the link between Lady Maelor and her family, was frequently unable to continue his journeys.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

But not, my child, with life's precarious fire,  
The immortal ties of nature shall expire.

T. CAMPBELL.

How many tears fall when a hero dies! A nation weeps when it loses the sovereign it loves, and it must help to sweeten the passage to the grave to know that tears will fall. Far otherwise is it with that monarch who, though ruling the destinies of a people, is conscious that they love him not, hears the inward whisper that no tears will fall around his bier, and feels, despite every persuasion of his heart, that his people can raise no monumental record of his worth, but when the soul departs, not even a regret will follow it.

Henry the Fourth, the mighty ruler of England at a time when internal strife and faction swept the nation, might have won undying laurels, and ruled with a master mind the people who were anxious to improve the sycophantic rule of King Richard; but when he came and cruelly murdered the monarch whose very weakness should have secured pity, he incurred a hate which never died. That cruel deed was the spring of all his actions, not one of which could give him comfort as he drew near the grave.

The winter had passed, and the spring had commenced, wild and stormy, wind and rain swept

furiously across the mountains of Snowdon, bearing to Glendower a stormy dirge of the soul that was passing away. Far distant, at the abbot's house at Westminster, lay England's king, whose frame had long been sinking, and there was more fear than regret upon the faces of all who moved about that old Abbey when they heard that the monarch was dying. Seized as he knelt in prayer before St. Edward's shrine, his careworn and undermined constitution was unable to rally, and his spirit departed almost before his people knew aught of his illness. Unregretted indeed died this cruel, ambitious king, and there was no sorrow, but the whole nation arose and hailed with universal joy the brave, much-loved Prince Henry; not a word was spoken about his right to the throne, and he was hailed king, with a nation's voice, the day after his father died.

There was loud rejoicing at Snowdon; Glendower and his chieftains revelled again, and many an old war-like song rose from the lips of the bards and harpers at the death of England's king. The storm-cloud still lowered, the hurricane echoed round that mountain home, yet the sounds of joy rose highest, for the foe had fallen.

At Maelor Castle they heard of King Henry's death with a pleasure equal to that which Glendower felt; and far away, at Chester, it was received without regret. Thus, amongst his own people as amongst his foes, he was alike unmourned, though above the towers of Windsor Castle waved dark, gloomy banners, and the bells tolled out mournfully for the dead.

No sooner were the Welsh certain that the King

of England was no more, than the old war spirit returned, and they called aloud for their own prince to come forth again, to strike another blow; but they had forsaken the cause once, and their past ingratitude met with a just reproof when they found their call unanswered. Every outlet and garrison round Snowdon was so strongly fortified, that though Glendower was able to boast his own security, he was unable to lead an army out; and the Welsh, finding the prince did not appear, turned with unrelenting hate upon the English dwelling amongst them, and so great was their prowess, that before the summer closed, their military power began to alarm the English again.

The sword, which had now been so long drawn, had drained away much evil blood between the two nations, yet a great deal remained, which the harsh and cruel laws of Henry the Fourth were calculated to increase; and his death opened another way for warfare.

The new king's path to the throne had been upon his father's battle-fields, and he had already won many laurels. He knew full well that the Welsh clung to the memory of King Richard, and there was doubtless much wisdom in his removing the remains of that hapless monarch from their obscure grave in Langley churchyard to the resting-place of England's kings. It was a worthy deed, winning its reward in a nation's praise. But one more worthy still, as magnanimous as it was unexpected, added lustre to his name.

The dead King Richard could in no way affect him,

but the young Prince Edmund Mortimer certainly could; yet, without scruple, he opened wide the prison-doors at Windsor Castle, and restored the long-imprisoned youth to all his father's honours. Such deeds won lasting renown; and when they were told to the Welsh, the spirit which could always appreciate honour was not backward in warming towards the noble young monarch; but then they remembered that his hand was against them, and the faint hope that they might yet be free made them raise the war-cry again.

A fierce scene of discord followed now. Henry the Fifth, engaged with both civil and ecclesiastical troubles at home, and moreover bent upon retaliating many annoyances and grievances with France, almost forgot the nearer strife in Wales, and left the English nobles to oppress and struggle with the Welsh, and the Welsh to struggle with and make predatory warfare on their oppressors.

With England, however, the king was more concerned; the army was increased, and many governors of castles were changed. Some old prisoners in the Tower of London, and some both at Windsor and Shrewsbury, received their liberty, and most of them being Welsh, hastened home to their own people.

An old man, with a whitened brow, leaning on a staff, passed through the open gate of the Tower of London, drew a long breath as he stood out again free in the world; then turned to the warder, and asked the way to Wales. More than twenty years that old man had heard the winds howl round and the waters dash against his wretched prison; summers

and winters had alike passed away, two kings had died, yet his captivity had continued. He had almost forgotten the cause of his imprisonment; indeed, it was only at times that he could remember having once offended a powerful English baron, whose ravages would soon have involved him in ruin; then again a vision of encountering his foe in a narrow pass flitted across his brain, but the memory was gone in an instant. One thing, and only one that clung to him, was the memory of a gentle child, and though in years gone by he had pondered for hours over the vision his imagination had brought into that lone cell, of his daughter growing up to womanhood, of late his mind had wandered back, and it was the memory of the gentle child again that cheered his dungeon.

"Adieu, old man," said the warder, after he had directed him; "thou'lt regain a little freshness now thou canst enjoy the air, for methinks thou art not very old."

"I've forgotten," said the old man; "but I was thirty when they brought me here—how long is it since, a hundred years?"

"A hundred years! nay, but it's over twenty," said the warder, "so thou art not yet sixty."

"What year is this, then?"

"Fourteen hundred and fourteen," replied the warder; and then, bidding him another adieu, once more turned within the Tower gate.

"Not yet sixty," muttered the old man, as he stood still after the warder had gone; "not yet sixty," and passing his hand over his forehead he felt his long-

guide me to the nearest path to Snowdon, for I would fain go there."

"But it is a long way, and thou art old," said the monk; "besides, thou canst never regain the lands which once were thine."

"I care not for the land," was the reply, "but with to-morrow's sun I will forego thy hospitality and go on my journey."

The friends separated for the night, the monk devoutly hoping his guest might change his mind and stay at the abbey, rather than encounter the many dangers that lay between him and Snowdon.

But Rhys Gwyn forgot his weariness, and as he paced his little chamber, thinking over the many incidents the monk had told him, some of the spirit of his early manhood returned, and his eye assumed a brightness a long captivity had dimmed. Poor old man! many a familiar name had rung in his ears that night, and the morning sun had not been long in the heavens when he left the abbey and bent his way to Snowdon.

He had heard of Glendower, and his heart burned to behold the hero of his country; but his first incentive to reach Snowdon was still the strongest, he was going there with a fond hope to recover the gentle child of his happier years.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Whose freedom is by suff'rance, and at will  
Of a superior, he is never free.

COWPER.

SOON after the new king ascended the English throne, a change took place in Chester Castle, owing to a royal mandate appointing the noble-hearted governor to a more important post of honour, and Lady Maelor and Ida prepared to return to the Berwyns.

With the death of the late king, all fear had fled that Evan would perish ; yet Ida trembled lest he should fall to the mercy of less kind treatment, and the thought of leaving him in his gloomy dungeon, perhaps for years, came heavily upon her heart.

She had heard of the mercy shown by the new king to many of his father's prisoners, and she watched and hoped day by day for it to be extended to Evan. No pardon, however, came ; yet the bitterness of an awful fate hanging over him had passed.

A succession of sorrows and disappointments had begun to sear the heart, and Ida, relying upon the promise of the governor to interest himself for Evan, went to the dungeon to pour out upon his bosom the woe of parting—showed a bravery she had never shown before, and then tore herself away.

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Once more the dungeon-doors closed upon the lonely captive—for she who had brightened the gloom of the dreary cell was gone—gone! never to return. Evan stood with hands clenched, the cold drops standing out upon his forehead, gazing at the door of his cell which severed him from Ida.—Ida gone! Oh, how much of the bitterness of life returned, and less brave than she whose absence now brought back his woe, he threw himself upon his rude bed, and more than one deep groan rose upon the silence of his dungeon.

We will pass on, reader—it will not be well to linger now. Time on his rapid wheels has rolled by; it is the spring of 1415, a year, a long weary one, has passed since Lady Maelor and Ida returned to the Berwyns, and not a word has yet reached them of the king's mercy being extended to Evan. Let us turn to Snowdon. The garrisons placed by the English round that sacred bulwark were felt by the Welsh, yet many a secret pass remained open, along which the chieftains could pass with impunity to their prince, and he could come out to them, notwithstanding that the English soldiers watched with an eagle's eye; and it was no idle story that fell unexpectedly upon the young king's ear, that the fluctuating fortunes of his father's old antagonist were still to be feared.

As the chief aim of Henry the Fourth was to humble Wales and Scotland, so his son's chief desire was to annex France to England, and when the news of a rising spirit amongst the Welsh was told him, he turned to the Earl of Arundel, who had been admitted to his private council at Windsor, and said—

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"Must we, noble earl, forego our invasion of France through those Welsh rebels?" And there was an impetuosity in his otherwise kingly bearing as he continued—"Say at once; we are impatient to know what course must be taken, and thou knowest the Welsh rebels better than we."

The earl saw the large flashing eye, which even in its boyish time ever swayed the heart of every one upon whom it chanced to fall; and the red tinge upon the royal cheek, with the clenched hand, told him that the young king, like his father, would bear no trifling.

"My liege," said the earl, "methinks there is a plan not yet tried, and it remains for your royal wisdom to decide. To leave Wales in its present state would be impolitic, and yet to keep down the rising spirit of rebellion requires more troops than can be spared; besides, your gracious majesty requires many of the nobles who are now in Wales to take part in the invasion of France. The Welsh, my liege, with but few exceptions, would readily accept peace. A treaty then, my liege, might be effected, even though England should think well, when the war with France is over, to break it."

"But, if accepted on our own terms, England would not break it," replied the king; "and we would not grant a treaty unless the terms were entirely our own."

"Then Wales will never accept it," thought the earl; though, as he gazed at the king, he said—

"It may be your gracious majesty will consider some terms of treaty."

"We will," was the reply; "and we thank thee, noble earl, for thy timely advice."

The words which had given such offence to Henry the Fourth were better received by his son, and the news soon spread that the young warlike sovereign of England was about to negotiate terms of peace with the nation which fifteen long years of strife and warfare had not subdued.

How much is told in this one act. Glendower was acknowledged mighty, and though the Welsh nation was overrun and cruelly oppressed by the English, they had spirit and power enough to resent their oppression; and Henry the Fifth was willing to negotiate for that peace which all the power of England had failed in obtaining by force.

They had met at Windsor Castle, and as the moon at night rose high in the heavens, her gentle beams fell upon many warlike men who lay down to rest beneath the shelter of those ancient towers.

There had been no festive gathering, yet many strangers had come to the castle, some had again departed, but many remained.

Foremost of the guests—the one indeed to whom a royal chamber was allotted—was Sir Gilbert Talbot. In years gone by, this same nobleman had headed troops, and carried a royal deed, investing him with power to seize the outlaw Glendower; but time had proved the outlaw to be a powerful hero; and now this same nobleman lies down to rest in Windsor Castle, to rise on the morrow and bear a second mandate to Wales. Far different indeed was the aspect under which he was to travel now; there was

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a little pride remaining, for two hundred men were to accompany him; but he bore no vaunting deed of punishment; it was full of mild terms, offering a repeal of some harsh and cruel laws, and a full pardon, especially to Glendower, for the attempt he had made to throw off the English sovereignty.

As all England had known and severely felt the strife which for fifteen years had harassed the two nations, they now heard with pleasure of the mercy of their king, in his offer of a general pardon. It was heard also in Wales, and while one nation thought their king merciful, and fully expected peace would be restored, the other panted to hear the articles of treaty with a determination not to still the beatings which had urged them to struggle for their freedom, unless the sovereign of England made them in every way equal to his English subjects.

Glendower heard of Sir Gilbert Talbot's approach to Snowdon, and sent one of his chiefs to hear England's lenient offer; and as the others gathered round their prince, they thought there was little indication of a yielding spirit in his stately bearing, and the determined expression of his face.

A week had passed, David Holpetch, the chieftain who had gone to meet Sir Gilbert Talbot, returned with the terms of treaty, and again the chieftains met to hear what England offered.

There was a deep frown upon Glendower's brow, as he intently read the deed bearing the signature of England's young monarch; but he turned from it, and addressed the assembly.

"Brave sons of Wales, ye have indeed fought well

the battles of your country, and if need be will stand forth again. Freedom, the exemption from a cruel bondage under which our country writhed, was the spur that urged us to take up arms, and now the King of England offers pardon if we will cease to strive against his power. Here, take his terms of peace, and read for yourselves. If ye have offended him, and are willing to accept his pardon, let it be so; but if ye feel ye have not offended, and refuse to accept his rule, we will return the mandate, and still maintain our right to be free from any other sovereignty than that of our own royal race."

The mandate was read aloud; every chieftain present refused to accept the offered boon; and as the hero rose from his seat, he said to the chieftain Hol-petch—

"Return in one week hence, and tell Sir Gilbert Talbot, that Glendower, Prince of Wales, and the acknowledged sovereign of his people, refuses, while his arm is strong enough to wield a sword, to barter the freedom of his country for such terms as these."

One long-continued burst of joy followed the hero's speech, and the harpers struck the chords while minstrels chanted many a warlike song; then an aged bard rose up, and, as he raised his hands, and turned eastward, he said, "Oh, England, thou mayest oppress for a time, but the Red Dragon will conquer thee yet, and rule thee as thou hast ruled."

The words of the bard came like some forgotten spell back upon the chieftains; every bosom heaved with excitement, and again they revelled and rejoiced,

for what cared they for the nation which would some day be ruled by their own.

That same night, when the brave men who lingered with undying devotion round their prince, thought well to reject, and even to scorn the offers of England, they missed him at their festive board, and knew nothing of the struggle in his heart.

Age, and the cares inseparable from his position, with disappointment in many of his dearest hopes, had not been without their effect upon his frame, and he felt, too surely, that the vigour of his life had departed. He had thought of his children, all far away from him. For his sons, sleeping by the hill-side, he had ceased to mourn; but many a sad story of the sorrows of his beautiful Jane had been told him, and he had not yet ceased to mourn for her. But the world knew nothing of this, though it was often told that his rich dark hair was tinged deeply with grey, and there were deep furrows upon his brow. How often in his silent hours had he thought of his daughter Margaret? indeed, his chieftains had felt that he had changed since she left him. Next to his country, came she, the last child of his love, but her soothing influence was gone, and in the shadows of night, when he once again walked through the chamber that had been her own, he determined to set out to Monnington on the morrow.

The message to England, though not gone, had been given, and he cared little for its effect upon the king to whom it was sent, and his son Meredith could remain at Snowdon to reply to any further ne-

gotiation, while he, with more of the father than the hero, took the way to his daughter's home.

Perhaps something whispered that his strength, like his glory, was waning, and that it would cheer his future way to see his favourite daughter again, or he may have had forebodings of some coming evil. It was noontide, they had gathered round the castle-door over which the dragon glittered in the summer sun, and as the prince came out to go on his journey, two of the chieftains who were to remain at Snowdon, came before him, and thus addressed him—

“Most noble and beloved prince, the terror of England, the Star of Uthur, we see you going from home with a trembling step. We know you are fearless of danger, and care nothing for the nation which overruns our own, yet your noble bearing is less firm, and we sorrow lest your strength is failing. Beloved prince, we had rather see you tarry here until your strength returns, for it is a long, dreary road to Monnington, and the sun is hot; yet if the heart bids you go, let it comfort you that your chieftains recognise you in your son, and maintain your glory even though you are absent, and when you shall return, most noble descendant of the great Llewelyn, our hearts will bid you welcome with that fervour that dwells only in patriots.”

Glendower felt that the chieftain's speech contained all the eloquence of devoted hearts, and turning to the speaker he said—

“He is a happy prince that feels secure in the bosom of his people; and yet thy words trouble me, for had our whole nation been as true and unswerving

in their fidelity as thou art, England had now asked of Wales the terms she offers. We only leave you, noble heroes, to return again long before the summer sun has waned; and if our step appears less firm, it only needs a call to arms to bear us at your head with all the spirit we have ever known. Farewell, brave chiefs; as you have hitherto maintained the honour of Wales, maintain it again until we return."

They were slumbering in the town of Monnington when Glendower, and the few who accompanied him, arrived, and as they passed in the morning twilight through the silent streets, none save him who kept watch through the night saw them, and starting from a stolen nap, he wished them good morrow, which they returned and passed on.

The journey had been weary; and though unwilling to acknowledge fatigue, the prince frequently desired his chieftains to stay, and alighting from his steed, he sat down upon the cloak spread upon the heather to rest; he spoke little to his chieftains, and their quick eyes soon caught the change that appeared stealing over him, and they were not a little overjoyed when they neared the dwelling of his daughter.

The lovely lady of Monnington had risen early, for she knew her father was approaching, and her husband, with a few vassals, went out to meet him. It was only a few, Roger Monnington had no fear, for he knew the hearts of those who dwelt around him, and felt that an army, nothing smaller than those that had supported the prince in other years, could be gathered to welcome him, if one word

was spoken that he was coming amongst them. But Glendower had sent word to that loved daughter, and told her what he had endeavoured to conceal from the chieftains at Snowdon, and Roger Monnington went out more to meet an invalid than welcome a princely hero.

They were nearing the castle; the noble lady had watched them from her window, and the heart which had begun to be sorrowful from anxiety, beat as high as ever when she saw the majestic form of her father as bold and warlike as ever, and she hastened to the entrance-door to meet him.

"Oh! my child, my Margaret!" said the prince, clasping her to his heart, "why didst thou leave me?" But it was all he said, and releasing her from his embrace, he walked with her into the castle. Glendower was happy now; a lightness came upon his spirit, and the careworn expression of his face fled under Margaret's happy influence. Many a woe had thrown dark shadows over the hero's heart since Margaret had become the light of another home, and many a hardening influence had told its tale upon him, yet the fountains of nature were not quite dried by the hot wind of his desert, and the flower of a father's love still bloomed in the hero's bosom.

Let us turn to England. Sir Gilbert Talbot had reached Windsor, and told that the Welsh had refused the terms of treaty. Far less provocation had in the late reign caused armies to be raised, castles to be garrisoned, and writs to be signed, delegating even those to take up arms who were bound by laws, both human and divine, to be neutral. But things were

altered now. The young, noble-hearted monarch listened calmly to the answer sent back by Glendower, and though his eye flashed, and his fine face was overshadowed by a frown, it was but momentary, for turning to the Earl of Arundel, he said—

“The plan proposed by thee, noble earl, has not succeeded; perhaps thou canst give some reason for the refusal.”

“My liege,” replied the earl, “your servant did indeed suggest that a treaty should be made with the Welsh, and the matter seems not to have been repugnant to the people, else they had never condescended to listen to the terms: it may be they have not thought your royal pleasure lenient enough.”

At any other time, perhaps, the king would have accused the earl of endeavouring to screen the conduct of the Welsh, but France was about to be thrown into the balance of his battle-deeds, and his heart was too deeply set upon his future glory there to think of turning to the narrow yet harassing field on which his father fought; so he commissioned Sir Gilbert Talbot to return to Wales, and ascertain, if possible, the reason of the treaty being refused.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

\* \* \* May grateful Cambria ne'er forget  
Thy noontide blaze, but o'er thy tomb  
Never-fading laurels bloom.

JOLO GOCH.

MANY an unexpected change had passed over both nations during the last sixteen years. One king was deposed, then murdered; and his murderer, like a scourge upon the land, excited wars which swept thousands to the grave, into which he also prematurely sunk, utterly unmourned.

The Welsh had in that brief time resented injuries which had been accumulating for more than a hundred years, and had taken a stand once again amongst the nations of the earth.

It was the month of September: the first dying leaves were wafting on with the breeze. Sir Gilbert Talbot was in Wales, and Glendower was still at Monnington. He had promised to return to Snowdon before the summer ended, yet the chieftains there ascended day by day the highest summit, to catch a glimpse of his coming.

A story that sudden sickness had befallen the prince was told in Evan's home, and but for the harpers' songs, mingled with prophetic assurances of success, the chieftains and vassals would have yielded to despair.

Meanwhile, far away at Monnington lay the

dying hero. He had lost his vigour as the summer closed, and the first calm, sultry month of autumn did not help to invigorate him. They brought him word that England again wished to negotiate for peace, and it was only then that the fire of his eye returned, when he again refused to barter the little freedom he had striven so hard to win. Free indeed he felt his people, in a measure, were, for they swore fealty to none but their own native prince; and, under the influence of superstition and prophecy, they could see the long-promised Star of Uthur which should not only beam upon them liberated from every bond, but ruling the very nation that had so long oppressed them. Such, indeed, were the mainsprings of men's actions in the dark ages of Britain. Some mysterious words, uttered often by the most illiterate of men, explained as often by the same class craftily for gain, became the ruling theme, and influenced not only individuals but nations. Wales had never risen to throw off subjection, had it not been for the effect superstition and prophetic legend produced, and Wales had never suffered a second subjugation, had it not been from the same cause. But let us turn again to the last hero of his country.

They had gathered round his couch, and the setting sun fell softly on his brow; not a sound was heard, even that gentle autumn moan, like nature crying for its departing glories, was hushed.

A monk with the last comforts of religion had just moved away, and the hero, breathing softly, lay with his hand clasped in his daughter's. No other name but Margaret's had that day escaped his lips, and she,

who felt all the bitterness of the last link of life being severed, watched with anxious fondness over the last hours of her royal father. "Nearer, Margaret," fell like an echo on her ear, and she passed her arm beneath his head, when a spark of the hero returning, he spoke aloud.

"For you, my people, and you, my country, I would have lived to struggle on for freedom. Tell it to the faithful at Snowdon, and tell England, that Glendower, your prince, owned no allegiance but that of his own royal line, and was faithful to Wales. For thee, oh Margaret, for thee!" But the life had flickered as he spoke, and as the sun's last rays tipped the western hills, the hero died.

Never before had such a cry gone up from Snowdon as that which followed the news of Glendower's death.

Their *last* hope, the centre of their devotion, the fire at which their patriotism glowed, the one who had raised them from slavery to feel that they were men, was cut down by the fell sickle of the Destroyer, exposing them again to the abject servitude of a cruel nation, and the woe came upon them like a mighty torrent, against which the most powerful was not able to stand.

"Glendower is dead," swept on from town to town, and friend and foe alike felt a chill creep through the bosom when they heard it.

Glendower—dead! Yes; the unconquered hero, the last that struggled for the freedom of Wales, had passed away, and though centuries have rolled by, and his devoted country has at last become so completely incorporated with England, that we feel loath

to look back upon it as a nation distinct, yet the heart spontaneously warms to the memory of him, who, though unsuccessful, oftentimes rapacious, and wanting sometimes in moderation, defied the whole power of England, and struggled to restore once again that position and freedom which England had so successfully ruined.

They buried the hero. Meredith, his son, possessing his father's virtues without his bravery, accepted the terms of treaty with England, and thus after fifteen long years of strife and warfare, the bond of union was sealed. But we would rather say the struggle was over, for the mighty chieftain was dead.

They had all wept at Maelor Castle; neither the bards nor monks could give them hope, for a dark future seemed to lower; it was soon, however, known that Meredith had accepted the terms of peace, and had agreed to sign it in three months. Lady Maelor's cheek turned pale when she heard of it, and Gilbert and David expressed contempt for the son who could so easily sign away his father's cause.

"My sons," said Lady Maelor, "you cannot feel it more than your mother does. When the tidings first came, I said many bitter things against it; but I have since thought, that to attempt to contend with England, with a prince less mighty than he whom we shall never cease to lament, would ensure utter destruction."

"Only a little earlier," replied David; "for as it is we shall be exterminated, and it had been better to fall fighting for one's country than pass away dishonoured. But, mother, I've a sword, and an arm

strong enough to wield it, and, by the Holy Mother, I shall do so before I shall humble to England."

Lady Maelor's heart, though bowed down by the late calamity and completely softened by the sorrows of the frail Ida, who was still so great a dependant on her sympathy, had not quite lost its patriotism; yet she had weighed well the position of her country, and said—

"David, my brave son, what will thy valour boot thee if it stands alone? We must not think that Meredith accepts the treaty of England without the consent of many hearts as brave as thine own. Nay, my son, Wales feels too truly that she has lost her last hope of freedom, and now yields to the necessity of making peace with the foe."

David turned away. His mother's mild words had come like a sure weight upon his impetuous heart; for, ever influenced by *her* both in words and actions, he felt indeed that his last hope *was* gone when, instead of joining in his resentment, she appeared to submit to the fate of her country.

They had gathered round the wintry fire at Maelor Castle. Eleanor, whose life, amidst all the storms of her country, had been more peaceful than one might have expected, happy in the love of a devoted husband and two lovely children, moved like some gentle spirit amongst those who had taken so great a part in her country's battles.

The faithful Gelert lay, as he had done years before, beside the fire; Lady Maelor, deep in thought, sat gazing upon a piece of unfinished embroidery which seemed to possess some sad associations; and Ida,

still beautiful, like a lovely flower gradually dying without losing its beauty, reclined upon a couch near the fire: a small harp, upon which for hours she loved to play some melancholy air, rested beside her, for all the lightness of her bosom was still far away in Evan's dungeon. They had all hoped, but the hope had died, for Evan's liberation. They had petitioned, but still he was a prisoner, and the heart had sickened under repeated disappointment. Now the latent spark of hope grew bright again. Ida had heard of the treaty, and had listened with breathless anxiety to the monk as he told the various articles it contained; but he had come again now, and told them that the Sovereign of England had consented to restore all the Welsh prisoners.

"*All!*" said Ida, starting from her couch; "oh, then nothing can keep Evan now: *all!* you say, holy father; oh, Heaven be thanked! Evan! Evan! Oh, Lady Maelor, lay your hand upon my heart, and feel its beating. Evan will come now—I'm sure he will."

As Lady Maelor passed her arm round Ida and drew her to her side, she said to the monk—

"Is it long since the promise of which you speak was given?"

"Some weeks, lady—two have even passed since it was told to me; perhaps I should have mentioned it before, but I knew our young daughter there had a frail heart, which I feared to raise too high with hope, lest disappointment should follow."

"Why hast thou then told me now?" said Ida, clasping her hands; "oh! why hast thou told me?"

"Because, my daughter," said the monk, "I have

hope that he whom thou hast so long mourned will indeed return, and happiness will yet be thine ; but thou must nerve thy heart, it is too tender—too like the trembling aspen.”

Ida did indeed tremble and listen with a pale face to the monk, whose few words had so affected her, for something whispered that Evan was not far away. Yet hopes so often blighted forbade her hoping now ; and, burying her face in her hands, she sank back upon the couch again.

Ida had heard the ringing of a bell as the monk spoke to her, the ponderous gates of the castle swinging back also fell upon her ear, but she was too deeply absorbed to notice them. The barking of the hounds and loud voices now rose high, and Lady Maelor softly whispered, “Listen, Ida, listen !”

Perhaps Lady Maelor knew, for something had made her voice tremulous ; and Ida, as she started up and grasped her hand, said—

“It is Evan ; oh, I know it is Evan !”

“Stay, Ida !” said Lady Maelor, grasping at her hand to prevent her rushing from the room ; but she had reached the door, which at that moment opened, and she fell once more into Evan’s arms.

“Evan !” “Ida !” burst at the same moment from their lips, and the hearts so long severed were united again.

“Never, never will I leave you more, my own—my beautiful !” said Evan, as he strained her to his heart. “Oh, Ida ! Ida ! mine now for ever ;—fondest, dearest Ida !” and, bending his head over her, he wept some of the most joyous tears he had ever wept in his life.

Lady Maelor and Eleanor, with Gilbert and David, had closed round Evan, as he wept over Ida; but he did not notice them, until Lady Maelor, taking his hand, said—

“Evan! Evan!—say one word to us.”

He started, and gazed at her.

“Another time, Lady Maelor,” was all he uttered; and his head drooped again over the gentle being who still clung to his bosom.

Gilbert and David, one by one, left the scene, which was too much for them to witness unmoved, and as Lady Maelor and Eleanor were following them, Evan said—

“Go comfort an old man that waits below.” Then, alone with Ida, he poured out all his sorrow, and breathed again all his undying love.

“Oh, Ida!” he said, “ours has been a checkered life. But the worst is over now; and if there is joy for us on earth, we will share it, as we have so long shared sorrow. Weep no more, Ida; the bitterness of our life has surely gone;” and again he pressed her to his heart.

Lady Maelor and Eleanor returned to the room, and Evan, with a full heart, greeted them. But he had scarcely finished speaking, when Gilbert and David appeared, supporting between them an aged man. Evan turned to *them* now, greeted them as he had their mother, and then, as he took the old man’s hand, he said—

“It was not thus I had intended it should be, for I have not yet mentioned thy name—but it must be now. Ida, this is thy father. See, Rhys Gwyn, this

is thy child; not the little one from whom thou parted long years ago, but a suffering daughter of Wales."

Ida gazed at the old man, and he, leaning on his staff, stood still, without speaking a word, scanning her features—

"My child?" he said at last. "No! it is not my Ida!—Stay! ah, yes! that is the mother's eye.—Oh, it is!—Yes, it is—it is my child!"

Nothing brave remained in the old man's heart; grief and joy alike overcame him, and he sank down in a chair.

"It is indeed your father, Ida," said Evan, "released, like myself, from a dungeon! Go comfort him."

"My father!" said Ida, "impossible! I thought him dead! Oh! this is too much joy!" But, approaching him, she put one arm gently round his neck, as she said, "Father, dear father, I *am* Ida!"

"Thou art indeed—I know it now," said the old man, clasping her to his bosom. "It was enough to hear thee call me father; but none but my child could have said, 'I am Ida,' as thou hast said it. Oh, Heaven! I heard thy mother then. Yes, indeed thou art my child."

It was a happy union; and, after the first burst of joy was over, Evan told them of his prison-doors being suddenly thrown open, and his meeting with Rhys Gwyn outside the castle-gate. The old man had wandered to Snowdon, where he heard of Evan's captivity, and after another weary journey he reached Chester, and lingered for months round the castle, as

the last possibility of hearing of that loved child which he had left to the captive's care. The old man had told his tale of woe to the warder at the castle-gate; but he was a stern man, as stern as the new governor, and gave but little hope to the old man's heart. Still, day by day that same white-haired man bent on his staff before the gate, looking at every passer-out, hoping to see Evan. He came at last. The face had lost its youthful bloom, but there was no change in that bright dark eye, and the footsteps were as firm; then, as the released captive threw off the prison cap, and drew from beneath his tunic the one with the heron's feather, the old man screamed out 'Evan,' and the released captive stayed. Long years had passed since Evan heard that Rhys Gwyn slept with the dead, and he started back when the old man told his name; it needed no second telling, and, linked arm in arm, they hastened on to the Berwyns together.

Of the more rigid captivity Evan had endured under the new governor of Chester Castle, he said nothing to Lady Maelor or those around him, but with some of the warmth of heart which his imprisonment had not chilled, he said—

"Compulsory obedience to England is now no longer demanded of us. England offers terms of peace, and Wales accepts: some may, indeed, refuse, but it will avail nothing now. We have all done our duty, so let us calm resentment, and show that we can regard a treaty as he, our loved and noble prince, would have bade us, had he lived to give his royal hand to it, even though it does incorporate us with a nation we hate."

"Amen!" said the old man; but neither David nor Gilbert spoke, though Lady Maelor said, as she took Evan's hand—

"We know that thou hast not sheathed thy sword because thou hast lost thy bravery, but trouble such as thou hast known may well make thee shrink from encountering the like again, when to hope for success were folly. As thou hast said, it is to a treaty, not to a conqueror, we now yield; though, had a spirit like Glendower's beat in the bosom of his son, we had never been compelled to accept terms which, if thou knewest them, thou wouldst say were the very least England could offer."

"And the very least Wales could accept, for I do know them," replied Evan; "but a time may yet come when England may regret she was not more lenient."

"Nay! nay! my son," said the monk; "may she never regret it, but rather may she rejoice that Wales, more noble than herself, knows how to keep a treaty; and should she require hearts more valiant, or more faithful than her own sons, she can turn to the heroes of Wales, and find all that is noble there. Such a time *will* come, and then (if I mistake not signs and old prophecies) the ancient British rule shall sway the sceptre of both nations."

Ever influenced by the words of ancient legend, and unwilling, and indeed unable to depart from their inherent superstition, they all listened to the monk, and much of the bitterness which had filled their hearts passed away in the hope that the long promised Star of Uther would beam upon them yet.

There was another marriage at Maelor Castle, and the little chapel once more was adorned with the richest decorations Lady Maelor could command. One hundred, all that remained of Evan's vassals, had come from Snowdon, and bards and harpers, as in years gone by, took their places amongst the assembly.

No longer contending with England, the castle doors were thrown open, and many a noble guest came to be present at the scene. Evan's name had appeared upon the list of the pardoned, and as he stood before his vassals in the courtyard, he told them to restore the heron's feather to their caps, for they might wear it freely now.

It was a touching incident that followed. Each man, upon leaving Snowdon, unconscious of what was to follow, had taken from his cap that hated badge; but at the desire of their chief they drew it from the bosom of their tunic, where, near the heart, they had enshrined that last relic of their chieftain's glory, and which they still loved too well to part with.

A bright sun shone upon them as they placed their caps upon their heads, and the feather glittered in its beams, as they moved on and stood around the chapel doors.

It was noontide when the guests arrived, and as Rhys Gwyn approached the altar, supporting Ida on his arm, his tottering step and silvery brow contrasted with the gentle bearing and the raven tresses of his lovely daughter.

"Take her, best and bravest," said the old man, as he linked her hand in Evan's; "children of the same

sorrow, may ye be happy now : take her, Evan, and be blessed."

But we will not dwell upon the scene. The bridal was over, the hearts so long severed were united at last, and a fervent prayer for long happy years was upon Evan's tongue as he folded Ida to his bosom.

Sounds of rejoicing, such as had not been heard at Maelor Castle for many years, rose high upon the air, and Lady Maelor's eye was the only one that grew dim ; she tried to be joyous, and so she was until she saw the lovely being who had suffered so much, and yet had been such a source of comfort to herself and Eleanor, come to bid her adieu. She had rather they had never parted ; but then she knew how ardently Rhys Gwyn and Evan longed to return to their mountain homes at Snowdon, though it was not until they were all ready, and the vassals waited round the door, that she could say farewell.

"Thou'lt come again, I know," said Lady Maelor, "dearest, happy Ida;" and as she pressed her to her motherly bosom, she said, as her tears fell fast, "God bless and shield thee."

Ida wept too, but it was only at parting with the kind woman who had so long watched over her with a mother's care ; she had no other regrets, and as she returned the fond kiss, she said—

"Yes, I will come again, dearest, kindest friend ; but we must see thee at Snowdon in the spring-time."

Lady Maelor and Eleanor both went down to the castle-door, where they once more fondly embraced her, and the beautiful Ida was gone.

They revelled long at Maelor Castle at this happy time, and never were sounds more joyous than those that rung from out that festive scene ; and often in after years, when later generations filled the homes of their fathers, and moved in and out that ancient dwelling, the marriage of the noble Evan and the beautiful Ida was a familiar theme.

The bridal party reached Snowdon, and again loud rejoicings echoed there. Once more lights glimmered on the hills, and bards and harpers welcomed home the long-lost Gwyn, their noble master, and the lovely Ida ; and oh ! how happy were their future years, the storm-cloud of their lives had passed off for ever, though it were not possible after such a career to have no regrets ; and their hearts often turned with sadness to the memory of the many heroes who had fallen in the struggle, yet there came the consciousness that though they had fallen in answering the agonizing cry of their oppressed country, it was not until they had terribly avenged it.

Let us now turn to the noble chiefs who gathered round Glendower to the last. He, their mighty leader, the unconquered hero, was gone, but where were they ? They could not forget their cause, and the spirit which had led them to resent the rapacity and the provocations of England, refused now to accept the terms of treaty which, though harsh at first, brought peace and union at last ; and rather than see their country fettered for a time again, they sought an asylum on another shore. Thus, while they revelled at Snowdon and rejoiced at the marriage feast in the Berwyns, a vessel ploughed a stormy sea, bear-

ing to a distant home that brave band who could neither accept pardon, nor forget the hero to whom they had plighted their allegiance; and in a little vale in Ireland, when they had braved the ocean, they sought refuge from the storms of life. Many of them lived to a good old age, and left descendants to hand down to succeeding generations the story of their migration from their native country.

Reader, we would linger yet—we would stay a moment and reflect.

Who of us can turn to the last struggle made by the Welsh to recover their independence, and not see in it something both noble and mighty. But when we consider the local position of the two nations, separated by no great natural features, we can rejoice that their efforts were not successful, but that a union has been consummated from which the greatest blessings have sprung. How many ages of long-continued strife desolated Britain in the feudal times, but when united under one sovereign, the sword was sheathed—civilization spread, and Britain has risen to be one of the mightiest nations upon earth.

There was much to make the Welsh try to throw off the English rule, for they were a brave people, descended from the ancient inhabitants of the island, and still clung to the superstition of Druidism in the teaching of the infatuated bards; and the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans had each in turn more or less oppressed them.

The death of Llewelyn the Great brought them into close proximity with England, which, still rude in itself, knew not how to be mild towards the con-

quered people ; and in the century and a quarter that succeeded that event, the animosities of the two nations were in no wise mitigated. King Richard, milder than his predecessors, won their hearts, and the sequel is known.

It was their furnace of affliction ; but the fire at last died out, and united under *one* sovereign, Wales and England have since grown in peace together, enjoying as one family all the blessings of love and unity, and they can look back with pride and satisfaction upon Tudor's scion, the mighty Elizabeth, and say that the Star of Uthur did indeed beam.

THE END.

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